

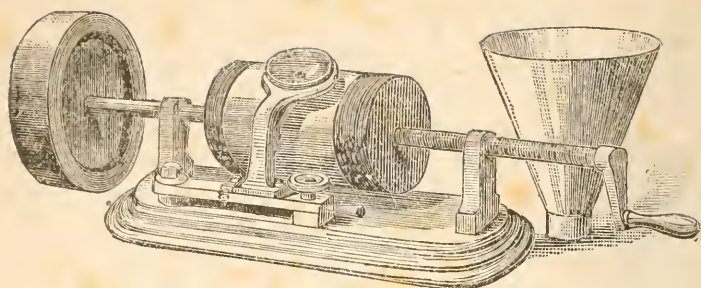
**ENTERTAINING
ANECDOTES.**

J. B. McCLORE.









The Phonograph.



The Phonograph in Operation, p. 103.

ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES

FROM EVERY AVAILABLE SOURCE.



"That reminds me of a story."

EDITED BY

J. B. McCLURE,

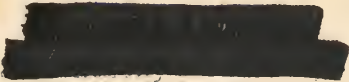
COMPILER OF "MOODY'S ANECDOTES," "MOODY'S CHILD STORIES," Etc

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A good story always entertains and enlightens, and when personal, reveals in a striking manner the essential elements in character. To say that Geo. Washington was truthful is well; but to narrate the story of "the hatchet" seals the fact with the signet of immortality. The appropriate anecdote pleasingly imparts zest and interest to all conversation, and adds invariably to conversational ease and power. In this volume the compiler has aimed to present a great and wholesome variety of fresh, interesting and instructive anecdotes, adapted for the general reader, and also applicable for illustrations. They have been written and selected with much care, and will be found in every instance, pleasing and entertaining. Classifications have been made for the reader's convenience, and "Falling Leaves" are added at the close of the volume to give variety. Acknowledging his indebtedness to the press and friends, the compiler respectfully dedicates the volume to the public.

J. B. McCLURE,

Chicago, Ill.

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Entertaining Anecdotes.

AMUSING.

A Brick Story.

A well-known citizen living not many blocks from Union Square in New York city, relates an incident in this wise :

One bright morning in the month of November, some years ago, I was preparing to go down-town, when the servant informed me that a man was waiting to see me. "Tell him I'll be down in a moment," said I. On going to the door a man of tall stature and robust appearance, calling me by name, requested assistance, saying that he had a large family, a wife in delicate health, and no means to procure food for them. "You appear to be strong and healthy; why don't you work?" asked I. "Simply, sir, for the reason that I cannot procure work."

Not having any work to give him, I thought I would test the sincerity of his intentions. "If I would give you work, what pay do you want?" "Anything, sir, you choose to give me, so long as I can obtain means for my suffering family." "Very well," said I, "I will give you twenty-five cents an hour if you will carry a brick on your arm around the block for five hours without stopping." "Thank you, sir; I will do it." After hunting awhile I found a brick, placed it on the man's arm, started him on his walk, and then went down-town to my business.

Not having the least faith in the man's promise, I thought but little more of it, yet as I knew I should be back within five hours

I determined to see if he performed his work. My business kept me away rather later than I expected, so I had to forego my usual walk home, and took a Fourth avenue car to be back within the five hours.

As I approached the corner of the street where I reside I found a great crowd of persons gathered—two fire-engines, a hose-cart, and a hook-and-ladder-truck. Upon inquiring where the fire was, I was informed that it was a false alarm, and that what brought the people together and occasioned the agitation was the spectacle of a tall man carrying a brick on his arm around the block for nearly five hours. The neighbors were looking at him from the windows and doors as he passed along; some thought he was crazy, but when spoken to his answer was: "Don't stop me: it's all right." As he interfered with no one, he was allowed to walk on undisturbed. "Where is the man now?" I asked. "There, you can see him at the other end of the block, walking with his head down," was the answer.

He was just about turning the corner, and I waited till he had performed the circuit, then taking him quietly by the arm, I marched him to my house, followed by a lot of boys. In the meantime, the firemen, engines, and hose-cart rattled off. The man was thoroughly tired out when I took him into my hall and seated him on a chair, while my servant went for a little wine and something to eat. I paid him forthwith a dollar and a half. He informed me that, while making one of his turns, a lady came out of a house and inquired why he was carrying that brick, and on his giving her the reasons he received a dollar. The object soon became known, for as he passed the houses, small sums were given to him by different persons, and he was well satisfied with his day's work. "But," said he, "what shall I do to-morrow?" "Why," I replied, "go early in the morning to the houses from which you received the money, and ask for work, and no doubt you will find some one who will put you in the way of getting it, then report to me." The following afternoon he informed that he had been sent to a German, who kept a pork establishment in Third avenue, and who wanted a clerk

to keep his books. He was to get \$5 a week if his work proved satisfactory, and his duties began on the following day. Before leaving me, he asked me for the brick which had brought him such good luck, and I gave it to him. Within the year I ascertained that the man had been transferred to a larger establishment of the same kind, with a salary of \$1000.

Three or four years after this I was riding in a street-car, when a well-dressed man accosted me with a smile, and asked me if I knew him. Seeing me hesitate, he said: "Don't you recollect the man who carried the brick?"

He then informed me that he was doing a prosperous business on his own account, had laid up money, and expected soon to build himself a house up-town.

"What became of the brick?" I inquired.

"That brick, sir, has always occupied a place on our mantle-piece, and we value it as the most precious of our little possessions. It has made our fortune."

Daniel Webster's Fish Story.

Webster liked to commune with plain people, living in out-of-the-way places, whom he encountered. On one of his fishing excursions he went to make trial of a certain brook, and drove to the house of a Mr. Baker, whom he knew by name, and asked permission of the old man to fasten his horse for an hour or two. This was readily granted, and as he was preparing his rod and line, the following conversation occurred: Webster—"I have heard that there was very good fishing in this brook, Mr. Baker." Baker—"Well a good many folks have been here, and taken a good many trout out sometimes." Webster—"We must try and see what we can do this morning. Where do they usually begin to fish?" Baker—"O I'll show you." The old man accompanied Mr. Webster to the brook, and pointed out the spot. It was where the brook was thickly overhung with alders, and the ground was very miry. Mr. Webster sank into the mud half-way up his leg. Webster—"Rather miry here, Mr. Baker."

Baker—"Yes, I know it, and that's the worst on't." After throwing several times and catching his hook in the alders: Webster—"These alders are rather in the way, Mr. Baker." Baker—"Yes, I know it. That's the worst on't." The mosquitoes now began to bite most annoyingly. One hand was busy all the time slapping them off the face and the other hand. Webster—"These mosquitoes are pretty thick and very hungry, Mr. Baker." Baker—"Yes, I know it. That's the worst on't." Now the heat in the low ground, without a breath of air, had become intense. Mr. W. wiped his forehead and rested a moment. Webster—"It is very hot down in these bushes, Mr. Baker." Baker—"Yes, I know it. That's the worst on't. Mr. Webster resumed his fishing, and after an hour's struggle with the heat, the bushes, the mire and the mosquitoes: Webster—"There seems to be no fish here, Mr. Baker." Baker—"Yes, I know it. That's the worst on't." There was no resisting this. Mr. Webster put up his rod and departed; but he laughed all the way home at the "worst on't," and always took pleasure in recalling the occurrence to mind.

Insurance on the Tiber.

"Marcus Cælius," Cicero said to his legal friend, meeting him one morning on the other side of a screen under the Capitol, "I wish you would get out the necessary papers some time to-day, and bring suit for me against the Yellow Tiber Fire & Marine Insurance Company for the amount of its policies on my villa at Tusculum and my town house.

M. Cælius looked up in amazement.

"Why," he exclaimed, "when did they burn down? And what was it? Accident? Mob? Some of Clodius' people?"

"No," Cicero said, "they are intact as yet, and, in fact, I haven't insured them yet, but I am going to do so to-morrow, and I want to bring suit against the Company now, so that if they ever should happen to burn, I won't have quite so long to wait for the money."



The Home o' the Trout.

Cælius saw that the orator's head was level, and brought suit that afternoon. Eleven years afterwards the villa at Tusculum and the town house were both destroyed by fire. The suit had by that time been in five different courts, and had been confirmed, and reversed, and remanded and refferred to the master to take proof, and stricken from the docket; and amended, and rebutted, and sur-rebutted, and impleaded, and rejoindered, and filed, and quashed, and continued, until nobody knew what it was about, and Cicero was notified three weeks after the fire that he would have to prove willful and long-continued absence and neglect, as he could not get a decree simply on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament. And when he went to the Secretary of the Company, that official told him the Company didn't know anything about the fire, and had no time to attend to such things. The Company's business, the Secretary said, was to insure houses, not to run around to fires, asking about the insurance. If he wanted any information on those points, he would have to ask the firemen or the newspaper reporters.

The more a man reads in these old histories, the more he is convinced that the insurance business in the days of the Prætors was a great deal more like it is to-day."

Juvenile Generosity.

I'm glad to say that our child, remarked an indulgent father, is a generous little body. The other day her grandfather gave her a cent to buy herself some candy. As she was going out, she discovered a little beggar boy on the front steps. She stopped, and looked first at him and then at her cent; then looked down on the ground, apparently lost in thought. Finally, with the sweetest smile on her beautiful face, she stepped up to the forlorn child, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, said, in a gentle tone, "Here, little boy, take this cent, and go and buy yourself a suit of clothes and some dinner.

Anecdote of General Jackson.

The following anecdote is told of General Jackson, at the time when, as military commander in Florida, during the administration of President Monroe, he had tried, at a drum-head court martial, sentenced, and hung two Englishmen, who had incited, it was said, an insurrection among the Indians. President Monroe feared that Great Britain would make trouble about this, and summoned his bold Brigadier to this city, where he was arraigned at a meeting of the Cabinet. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, who had instructed Jackson to govern with a firm hand in Florida, defended him, and read a long argument in which he quoted international law as expounded by Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf. Jackson listened in sullen silence, but that evening, when asked at a dinner party whether he was not comforted by Mr. Adams' citation of authorities, he exclaimed: "What do I care about those old musty chaps? Blast Grotius, blast Vattel, and blast the Puffen-chap. This is a fight between Joe Monroe and me, and I propose to fight it out." Old Hickory cared little about arguments and authorities, and he believed that "To the victors belong the spoils."

The Old War Elephant.

In the autumn of 1876 I was living in the interior of Bengal, and I went to spend Christmas with my friend Maj. Daly. The Major's bungalow was on the banks of the Ganges, near Cawnpore. He had lived there a good many years, being Chief of the Quartermaster's Department at that station, and had a great many natives, elephants, bullocks carts and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of early tea (often taken before daylight in India), I sat smoking with my friend in the veranda of his bungalow, looking out upon the windings of the sacred river. And, directly, I asked the Major about his

children (a boy and a girl), whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Soupramany your great war elephant?" I cried.

"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany!

"Of course not. I was here you know, when he had that fight with the elephant who went mad while loading a transport with bags of rice down yonder. I saw the mad elephant when he suddenly began to fling the rice into the river. His 'mahout' tried to stop him, and he killed the mahout. The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting charged into this enclosure. Old Soupramany was here and so were Jim and Bessie. When he saw the mad animal he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced."

"Yes," said the Major, Old Soup was one hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt then."

"And yet," said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, what a gallant fight it was. Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit old Soupramany? Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears, which had been badly torn, with his head bruised, and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Major. "Well, since then he is more devoted to my little ones than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge. I don't like trusting Christian children to the care of natives; but with old Soup I know they can come to no harm."

"What! you trust children under 10 years of age to Soup, without any other protection?"

"I do," replied the Major. "Come along with me, if you doubt, and we will surprise them at their fishing."

I followed Maj. Daly, and after walking half a mile along the wooded banks of the river, we came upon the little group. The two children—Jim, the elder, being about 10—both sat still and silent, for a wonder, each holding a rod, with line, cork, hook, and bait, anxiously watching the gay corks bobbing in the water. Beside them stood Old Soup, with an extremely large bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait, and cork, like the children's. I need not say I took small notice of the children, but turned all my attention to their big companion. I had not watched him long before he had a bite, for, as the religion of the Hindoos forbids them to take life, the river swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not stir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice in "the gentle craft." He was waiting till it was time to draw in his prize.

At the end of his line as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench so abundant in the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low, gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy; and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out and you'll see fun now!" Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to see what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his willful friend to help him, he turned round as

if struck by a sudden thought, and, snatching up in his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the Major's feet; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master.

"What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup?" said the Major.

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took Jimmy's part, and picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children.

The Major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and to make my peace with the fine old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does, when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled on the ripples of the River.

The Toddygraph.

"Officer Warlow bring up Moses in the bullrushes," said Justice Bixby.

The officer brought up a seed-cucumbery-looking individual, and placed him at the railing.

"The officer found you last night," said the Judge, "lying in the bullrushes round the Union Square fountain, dead drunk. What have you to say?"

"Well, Judge, I'll tell you how it was," said the prisoner, "I'm an inventor."

"Of what?" asked his Honor.

"Of the toddygraph."

"What's that?"

"Why, you wind a cylinder with tinfoil," said the prisoner,

"and drop into a liquor-saloon and take a drink. You have the cylinder under your coat, and when the barkeeper ain't looking, you breathe on the tinfoil; when you get out you turn a crank and repeat the drink as often as you please."

"A very dangerous invention," said his Honor.

"By no means," said the prisoner, "for it ruins the landlord's business. One drink will last a week."

"Yes," said his Honor, "but it kills the imbibers."

"But if there were no landlords there would be no imbibers," said the prisoner.

"That may be so: but what has all this to do with your being found drunk in a public park?"

"I'll tell you. Last night I was testing a new machine, and I think—I won't be positive—but I think I turned the crank just once too often."

"Very well," said his Honor, "I will send you up for ten days. As you tarry in classic Blackwell, I advise you to turn your inventive genius to something more useful. Invent a dinnergraph, for instance, so that a poor man can repeat a square meal often. Millions yet unborn will bless you, and your name will go down to posterity along with Peter Cooper and Florence Nightingale."

The Priest and the Lawyers.

The boys up on the Northwestern Railroad were telling us about an old Catholic priest who lived until quite recently out at Boone, and was, in his way, decidedly and characteristically original. It seems that on a certain occasion, some or many years ago, we don't remember which, he became a party, or a witness, in some law suits, and, as is the legal custom, was soundly berated and abused by the learned counsel on the other side, for having the temerity to have anything whatever to do with a case at law, of any kind. The result was that a very bitter feeling grew up between the old prelate and the two young lawyers, and time did not appear to soften this feeling at all. But one day the old man fell very ill. He was very old, and his

sickness sat so heavily upon him that he feared he would never arise from the bed upon which he had lain down. So when he thought his last hour was approaching, he sent for these two lawyers, and they obeyed the summons and came into his presence. With great difficulty he accosted them and begged them to stand one on either side of his bed, and remain there until he passed away. Deeply affected, the two lawyers did as he desired, and when they were standing on each side of him, with solemn faces, one of them, in low, earnest tones, told the old man how glad they were that in his dying hour he should forgive them, and feel no bitterness towards them, for any innocent or even excessive display of professional zeal.

The old priest slowly opened his eyes. "It is not that," he said, and the two young men bent forward eagerly to listen.

"It isn't that," gasped the old priest. "It isn't that. But I feel that I am a dying man. And I want to die like my dear Master."

The words came slowly and very painfully, and the young barristers held their breath while they leaned forward to catch the next sentence. The old man turned his eyes upon them:

"Between—two—thieves."

Two crestfallen young men tiptoed silently towards the door. Two blank looking faces stared at each other out on the sidewalk, and two rising young barristers didn't know whether to laugh or get angry. But the old priest didn't die. There was enough good humor in his old heart to conquer a dozen diseases, and send even death away smiling, and we believe the old man is still alive and living in Fort Madison.

A Disgusted Widow.

Capt. W—— has just returned from the Warm Springs. The Captain is a widower. At the Springs was a widow who rather set her cap for the Captain. The girls told him to look out, and the Captain replied, well, he was ready.

Sitting out in the portico one evening, the cool breeze fanning

like a ten-cent palm-leaf, and thinking of his daughters far away at school, the widow moved up close by and opened conversation.

"I hear, Captain, you have grown-up daughters."

"Yes, madam, I have."

"How I should like to see their pictures."

"I will show you a picture of my eldest daughter," said the Captain, handing her one.

"Oh, such a sweet face," said the widow; "and such a fine eye! Isn't she called like you, Captain?"

"I don't know, madam, that she is."

"It is a wonder to me, Capt. W——, you do not get married."

"Well, ma'am, I never think of it; for the woman I'd have might not have me, and then, you know, vice-versa."

"Yes, but what kind of a lady would suit you?" and the widow looked her sweetest.

It was right here the Captain's wonderful nerve never forsook him; but, setting his eye steadily at the widow's, he hardened his heart, and replied: "Madam, she must be 95 years old to a second, and worth \$200,000."

"It is getting so chilly out here I must go for my shawl," said the widow; and she looked frigid zones at the Captain as she brushed him by with a toss of her head.

The Editor's Snake Story.

The Ohio Editors visited the Zoological Garden one day in Philadelphia. The brown bears, the moment they saw them, plunged into the water and never came out till the editors left. The chimpanzees appeared pleased, and frisked about and extended their hands numerous times in token of hearty welcome. The editors didn't like their familiarity, and withdrew to the snakes. There was one man in the party who eyed the boa-constrictor and other large reptiles that are wont to arouse the wonder of spectators with such indifference that he attracted the attention of all who saw him. But among the other editors a

whisper went round that he was the man who had the recent experience with a large snake in Ohio. Some had not heard of the affair, and after they got out in the shade and seated themselves on benches near the sea-lions, by dint of a good deal of urging he was prevailed on to relate the story, as follows:

"About a month ago, feeling the need of relaxation, and knowing I had an able substitute in my partner and business manager, I took a brief vacation from my editorial duties, and went down to visit my brother on his farm on the Sciota. The farmhouse stands on a sloping piece of ground; below them flows the Sciota River, clear and cool, and above them the ground ascends to a gentle knoll. It is very rocky in that region, and rattlesnakes, blacksnakes of the racer species, and copperheads are said to be thicker here than in any other part of Ohio. I had never seen any myself, and so went there thinking little or nothing about them. My brother's wife is a great woman for raising chickens. At the Ohio State Fair, last year, her chickens took the first and second prize for choice of breed and for large size. When I got down to the farm I found Mrs. — in great distress. All her large chickens had disappeared but two or three, and nobody could tell what became of them. Varmints were not plenty about there, so the blame could not lay on foxes. Neither could it be put on persons, for all the folks about there were honest farmers and belonged to the church. One day I was up on the hill-side, seated in the shade, as we are now, reading. Presently, I happened to look up, and saw, not twenty yards from me, one of Mrs. —'s large shanghai roosters. It was almost as large as a turkey, and I remember, as I watched him strutting around, I wondered whether it wasn't his great size that had kept him from going with the rest. I resumed my reading again, but in less than a minute I heard a flutter of wings and looked up. The rooster was nowhere to be seen. The ground was clear for an area of half a mile. I got up, and noticed a short distance away, near where I had last seen the rooster, what I took to be feathers in the hollow of a black stump. I went to the spot. They were feathers. The stump,

as I came closer, seemed to recede a short way into the group, and the feathers with it.

Here the editor paused; and swept the perspiration from his brow with a red handkerchief, while the crowd, with horror depicted on their faces as plainly as these words are printed on paper, drew their seats up closer and pushed their heads nearer.

"Gentlemen," said the editor, carefully placing his handkerchief in his breast-pocket, "if I live to be 900 years old I shall never forget the cold sensation that seemed to creep through my blood, when I saw that stump had two glittering eyes and a white ring around its neck. It was a racer, and I saw the tail of the rooster sticking out of its yawning mouth. I got down to the house and my legs seemed like limber pipe-stems as I went. Half an hour later my brother, myself and three or four of the neighbors returned to the scene with ropes and a log-chain. We knew it would only be a waste of powder and lead to try to shoot the snake, so we got above him and rolled stones down the hill till he drew his head into the ground. Then we quickly laid the log-chain around the hole in a sort of draw-loop. To the other end of the chain we attached the rope. Then we got down the hill with the end of the rope and waited. We did not have long to wait. In less than thirty minutes he came out. We waited till his neck protruded for about half a foot, and then we jerked the rope. The next moment we had him fast. Three of us pulled the rope, while the other two got handspikes. Yard after yard we drew out, till we had him tail and all. His body seemed a foot in diameter and his length—" Here the crowd with one accord thrust their heads so close that the narrator was obliged to move back a little for more room. "—his length was thirteen feet and six or eight—let me see; I made a note of it;" and he fumbled for his note-book, but the crowd said never mind; they'd take his word for it. "I've left it in my other coat-pocket," he said. "But never mind. It was either thirteen feet six or thirteen feet eight inches; my impression is that it was thirteen feet eight, but I want to be correct, and we'll give veracity the benefit of the doubt and say thirteen six. We killed

him with handspikes, and afterward cut him open. In his body we found the rooster he had last swallowed, and every one of the other chickens that had so mysteriously disappeared. There were nine, all told, and every one living."

"Living!" ejaculated the crowd in chorus.

"Living," said the editor calmly. "Before I returned from my vacation I had the satisfaction of seeing three as fine broods of chickens as I ever expect to see anywhere hatched by three of these same hens that had been so long imprisoned in that snake's body.

The party said no more, but sat in deep silence for about one minute, when somebody suggested that they be going, and they arose and repaired thoughtfully to the place where they keep the polar bears.

Mark Twain's Watch.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened

to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the time-pieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a toling bell. I began to be left by trains; I failed all appointments; I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again.—He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct

average is only a mild virtue in a watch and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there seemed to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it and then gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make out the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—

“She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-

wrench on the safety-valve!"

I floored him on the spot.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until he had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

Giving Her Census.

When the census-taker rapped at the door of a certain cottage on Crawford street the other day, and wondered if the woman would set the dog on him or douse him with dish water, a great disappointment awaited him. She opened the door softly, snuffed the air to see if he smelled of lightning-rods, and then threw it open for him to enter.

"Madam, I am making a canvass of the city," he began.

"Ah! sit down," she replied, and as he began opening his book she continued:

"There are five of us in the family, and we paid one hundred down on this place. My husband's name is Peter, his age is forty-two, and he came from a mean family. His father was always having law-suits about dogs, and his mother was the greatest gossip in Elmira. Have you got that down?"

He nodded assent, and she continued:

"My name is Alvinah Sarah, and I was born in ——."

"I do not care to know where you was born, madam," he interrupted.

"Well, I care!" she exclaimed; "it makes a great deal of difference whether I was born in Africa or Boston, and I want it put down. As I was saying, I was born in Boston in 1838. Put down that I came of a good family."

"Madam, you don't understand; you——"

"Don't I understand that I came of a good family? I'd like to know of a Boston family which carried their noses higher than the Rogerses! Put down that my father was in the Mexican war."

"You have three children, madam!"

"I haven't any such thing, sir! Put down that my mother was killed by an explosion in a quarry. Her father were——"

"How many children have you, madam?"

"Have you got mother down?"

"No, madam. You see I am taking the census of the city."

"Well," she said, giving him a dangerous look, "I had the typhoid fever, at the age of 15, and for weeks and weeks I hung on the age of the grave. I bore up as well as I was able, and——"

"Five in the family—how many children?" he suddenly asked.

"Put down that I bore up," she commanded. "And that one night when the watchers were asleep I crept out of bed and took a drink of——"

"This is foreign to the subject, madam. How old are your children?"

"Haven't you put down that I hung on the edge of the grave?"

"No, Madam."

"Aren't you going to?"

"No, madam. You see, I am simply taking the census of Detroit. I desire to ascertain ——"

"You can't ascertain it here, sir!" she snapped. "If my sickness, which cost over \$200, isn't good enough to go in the book, then you don't get a line here!"

Let me ask you ——"

"No use asking for any of our photographs, sir! If you get 'em anywhere and put our pictures in that book, we'll make it hot for you! Good day, sir,—good day!"

He stood on the step, sighing, and she called through the door:

"My grandfather was also bitten to death by an alligator, but I won't give you any of the particulars! You want to walk!"

He passed on, sorrowfully wondering if the next woman's mother was blown off a bridge or carried down the river on a hay-stack.

Malapropos.

Charles Dickens once wrote to a friend: "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady unknown down to dinner, and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives." Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the condition of the three "insides" of the London-bound coach, who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett, until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciations was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife; when, much to his dismay, the solitary lady passenger, who had hitherto sat a silent listener, remarked: "Pardon me, sir; a kinder husband and father never breathed; and I ought to know, for I am William Cobbett's wife!"

Mr. Giles, of Virginia, and Judge Duval, of Maryland, members of Congress during Washington's Administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughters were well on in years, and remarkable for talkativeness. When Jefferson became President, Duval was Comptroller of the Treasury, and Giles a Senator. Meeting one day in Washington, they fell to chatting over old times, and the Senator asked the Comptroller if he knew what had become of "that cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon." "She is Mrs. Duval, sir, was the unexpected reply.—Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr. Tuberville unwisely did. This unhappy blunderer resembled the Irish gentleman who complained that he could not open his mouth without putting his foot into it. Happening to observe to a fellow-guest at Dunraven Castle that the lady who had sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld, the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife so ill-looking. "I have made a mistake," said the horrified

Tubervillè; "I meant the lady who sat on my left." "Well, sir, she is my sister," was the response to the well-intentioned fib, bringing from the desperate connoisseur of beauty and frank avowal: "It can't be helped, sir, then; for, if what you say be true, I confess I never saw such an ugly family in the course of my life!"

An honest expression of opinion, perhaps not so easily forgiven by the individual concerned, was that wrung from Mark Twain, who, standing right before a young lady in a Parisian public garden, cried out to his friend: "Dan, just look at this girl; how beautiful she is!" to be rebuked by "this girl" saying in excellent English: "I thank you more for the evident sincerity of the compliment, sir, than for the extraordinary publicity you have given it!" Mark took a walk, but did not feel just comfortable for some time afterwards.

After doing his office for a young couple, a clergyman was inveigled into proposing the health of bride and bridegroom at the wedding breakfast. He wound up a neat little speech by expressing the hope that result of the union of the happy pair might prove strictly analogous to that of the bride's honored parents. The groom looked angry, the bride went into hysterics, the bridesmaids blushed and became interested in the pattern of the carpet, the master of the house blew his nose with extraordinary violence, and the speaker sat down wondering at the effect he had created; till his better-informed neighbor whispered that the lady was not the daughter of the host and hostess, but a niece who came to live with them when her mother and father were divorced.

When a note was handed to Dr. Fletcher in his pulpit intimating that the presence of a medical gentleman, supposed to be in the church, was urgently required elsewhere, the preacher read the letter out, and, as the Doctor was making for the door, fervently ejaculated, "May the Lord have mercy on his patient!"

An unpleasant way of putting the thing was innocently adopted by the New York car-driver, who, blissfully ignorant that his interlocutor was Mr. Beecher, replied to that gentleman's query

whether he did not think it possible to dispense with running the cars all day on Sunday: "Yes, sir, I do; but there's no hope for it so long as they keep that Beecher theatre open in Brooklyn; the cars have to run to accommodate that."

An Anecdote of Prof. Henry.

"I met him," writes a Boston friend, "but once at Montreal.—I noticed that this fine looking man, when he arrived at the hotel in Montreal, was placed at the head of our table, but did not know who he was. He came home by the same route, and at the same time with us, and was very kind and courteous to my traveling companions, as well as myself. What I remember more distinctly than anything else was a 'happening' at Rouse's Point while we were waiting for the steamer. The Professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure. Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the Professor sat upon the wharf looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself and said: 'I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer, where the sun shines upon her' (it was almost sunset.) 'I wonder what the cause of it is? I have seen phosphorescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see! there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, certainly that is very curious.' We looked, and indeed it seemed remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer, and then upon the dark side, would appear those curious flashes of light, and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was beautiful as well as strange. Our reveries were rudely disturbed, however, by one of the customs inspectors approaching.

" 'Looking at them flashes?'

" 'Yes,' said the Professor. 'I wonder what they are?'

" 'Oh, them's hot ashes they are throwing out of the ash-pits.'

"The Professor was nonplussed for a moment. Then saying quietly, 'Well, well, live and learn—live and learn,' he lapsed into silence."

Judgment Invited on the Evidence.

Hugo Richards tells a laughable story of two friends who were attacked by Indians in Arizona. They were both on muleback and the Indians right at their heels letting the arrows fly past them as thick as a swarm of grasshoppers in Kansas. One of the mules could outrun the other, and its rider became alarmed for the safety of his friend, who was spurring, whipping and yelling at the animal to urge it along, but it could not keep up. The foremost man looked back, saw the peril of his friend, and, in a frenzy bordering on despair, sang out:

"Joe, why don't you come along?"

Joe, whose legs and hands were flying in the air like the arms of a runaway windmill in a storm, could not let the opportunity pass, and as an arrow flitted by his ear, which, if possible, increased his exertions, he exclaimed, "Do I act like a man that was throwing off?"

An Exciting Railroad Story.

There were four of us in one of the cars on the Lyons Railroad. Four smokers—a fact which had naturally a tendency to bring us into sympathetic relations. I forgot exactly how we fell into conversation, but at any rate, by the time we had got to Villeneuve the conversation was general on the subject of railroad accidents. We had all told stories of more or less interest, garnished with the greatest amount of danger possible, when the only one among us who had not yet furnished a budget of adventure said:

"All that, gentlemen, is undoubtedly extremely interesting, but will you allow me to say that the whole of the singular accidents of which you have spoken are as nothing compared to a railroad catastrophe which happened some years ago in England, and at which I was unwillingly present!"

Very naturally, this beginning awakened our interest, and we entreated him to go on. "Willingly, gentlemen," said our traveling companion. "As I said before, it was in England, about five

years ago. I had taken the Bristol train at six o'clock in the morning—a morning that I shall never forget—for a little village some twenty miles off. We had been going along very smoothly, when, from the railroad carriage in which I was placed—the first on the train—the noise of a violent quarrel reached me. I looked out of the window. The noise came from the locomotive, where a fight had begun between the engineer and the fireman. I learned later the cause of the dispute, which, I might as well say now, arose from jealousy of some woman. It had long burned in their hearts, and now that the explosion had come it was violent.

"I was, as I said, gentlemen, at the window looking out, when the noise was redoubled. The struggle was becoming furious. The two men were fighting like wild beasts. You shudder, gentlemen. Ah! I shudder still when I saw—what I shall never cease to see. The two men writhed out of the engine in their agony and rolled off. The train was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Left to itself the engine went faster and faster. The fields, the trees, the houses disappeared in a way that made my head swim. We passed a station. We scarcely had time to see it. Another one was passed, a third, a fourth. Cries of horror were heard from the different coaches. We felt that we were lost. Already I could see the little depot at the end of the route; nothing could save us from being dashed to pieces. I resigned myself to fate and shut my eyes."

"Fontainebleau! Fontainebleau!" broke in the voice of the conductor, interrupting the story of our companion. "Sorry, gentlemen, but I get out here."

And, bowing politely, he disappeared. None of us ever heard the end of that story.

Excuse for Second Marriage.

A negro minister who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brederen and sisters, my grief was greater dan I could bear. I turned ebery way for

peace and comfort, but none came. I sarched de scripturs from Ginisee to Rebelation, and found plenty promises to de widder, but nary one to de widderer. So I took it dat de good Lord dindn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort hisself; and habin a fuss-rate chance to marry in de Lord, I did so, and would do so again. Besides, brederen, I consider dat poor Patsey was juss as dead as she would ever be."

Daniel Webster and his Tenant.

When Webster was practicing law in Portsmouth, N. H., early in the legal career which was to become so brilliant, he purchased a small farm near the White Movntains, with its buildings. He left the tenant who was living there at the time he acquired the legal title to "the farm," in possession. After his removal to Boston, he heard nothing of his White Mountain estate for several years. One summer, as he journeyed north with his wife in quest of recreation, he resolved to turn aside from the traveled road and ascertain the true condition of his property. He found a very miserable hut upon it, occupied by an aged woman as the only tenant of his farm. He asked for a glass of water, which she readily served in a tin dipper. He then began to make inquiries about her prosperity, and the present condition of things around her. She said that she did not own the farm, but that it belonged to a lawyer down in Boston by the name of Webster.

"Does he often come to see you, my good woman?" said Mr. Webster.

"No," replied she; "he has never been near his land since I lived here."

"Well," said he, "what rent does he make you pay for the occupancy of his farm?"

"Rent?" she exclaimed, "I don't pay him any rent. It is bad enough living here without paying anything for it; and if he don't fix up the house, I don't mean to stay here freezing to death much longer!"

"Well, madam," returned the kind-hearted proprietor, "it is a pretty hard case, I confess. If you will accept this bill, [\$5] toward your holding on for another year, I will speak to Mr. Webster when I next see him, and perhaps he will do something more for you."

So he took final leave of his valuable farm and his interesting tenant.

Mark Twain's Amusing Sequels to Several Anecdotes.

All my life, from boyhood up, I have had the habit of reading a certain set of anecdotes written in the quaint vein of the *World's* ingenious Fabulist, for the lesson they taught me and the pleasure they gave me. They lay always convenient to my hand, and whenever I thought meanly of my kind I turned to them, and they banished that sentiment; whenever I felt myself to be selfish, sordid, and ignoble, I turned to them, and they told me what to do to win back my self-respect. Many times I wished that the charming anecdotes had not stopped with their happy climaxes, but had continued the pleasing history of the several benefactors and beneficiaries. This wish rose in my breast so persistently that at last I determined to satisfy it by seeking out the sequels of those anecdotes myself. So I set about it, and after great labor and tedious research accomplished my task. I will lay the result before you, giving you each anecdote in its turn, and following it with its sequel as I gathered it through my investigations.

THE GRATEFUL POODLE.—One day a benevolent physician (who had read the books), having found a stray poodle suffering from a broken leg, conveyed the poor creature home, and, after setting and bandaging the injured limb, gave the little out-cast his liberty again, and thought no more about the matter. But how great was his surprise, upon opening his door one morning, some days later, to find the grateful poodle patiently waiting there, and in its company another stray dog, one of whose legs, by some accident, had been broken. The kind physician at once

relieved the distressed animal, nor did he forget to admire the inscrutable goodness and mercy of God, who had been willing to use so humble an instrument as the poor outcast poodle for the inculcating of, etc., etc., etc.

Sequel.—The next morning the benevolent physician found the two dogs, beaming with gratitude, waiting at his door, and with them two other dogs,—cripples. The cripples were speedily healed, and the four went their way, leaving the benevolent physician more overcome by pious wonder than ever. The day passed, the morning came. There at the door sat now the four reconstructed dogs, and with them four others requiring reconstruction. This day also passed, and another morning came; and now sixteen dogs, eight of them newly crippled, occupied the sidewalk and the people were going around. By noon the broken legs were all set, but the pious wonder in the good physician's breast was beginning to get mixed with involuntary profanity. The sun rose once more, and exhibited thirty-two dogs, sixteen of them with broken legs, occupying the sidewalk and half of the street; the human spectators took up the rest of the room. The cries of the wounded, the songs of the healed brutes, and the comments of the on-looking citizens made great and inspiring cheer, but traffic was interrupted in that street. The good physician hired a couple of assistant surgeons and got through his benevolent work before dark, first taking the precaution to cancel his church membership, so that he might express himself with the latitude which the case required.

But some things have their limits. When once more the morning dawned, and the good physician looked out upon a massed and far-reaching multitude of clamorous and beseeching dogs, he said, "I might as well acknowledge it, I have been fooled by the books; they only tell the pretty part of the story, and then stop. Fetch me the shot-gun; this thing has gone along far enough."

He issued forth with his weapon, and chanced to step upon the tail of the original poodle, who promptly bit him in the leg. Now the great and good work which this poodle had been engaged in had engendered in him such a mighty and augmenting enthu-

siasm as to turn his weak head at last and drive him mad. A month later, when the benevolent physician lay in the death throes of hydrophobia, he called his weeping friends about him, and said:

"Beware of the books, They tell but half of the story. Whenever a poor wretch asks you for help, and you feel a doubt as to what result may follow from your benevolence, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and kill the applicant."

And so saying, he turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

THE GRATEFUL HUSBAND.—One day a lady was driving through the principal street of a great city with her little boy, when the horses took fright and dashed madly away, hurling the coachman from his box and leaving the occupants of the carriage paralyzed with terror. But a brave youth who was driving a grocery wagon threw himself before the plunging animals, and succeeded in arresting their flight at the peril of his own.* The grateful lady took his number, and upon arriving at her home related the heroic act to her husband (who had read the books), who listened with streaming eyes to the moving recital, and who, after returning thanks, in conjunction with his restored loved ones, to Him who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, sent for the brave young person, and, placing a check for \$500 in his hand, said: "Take this as a reward for your noble act, William Ferguson, and, if ever you shall need a friend, remember that Thompson McSpadden has a grateful heart."

Let us learn from this that a good deed cannot fail to benefit the doer, however humble he may be.

Sequel.—William Ferguson called the next week and asked Mr. McSpadden, to use his influence to get him a higher employment, he feeling capable of better things than driving a grocer's wagon. Mr. McSpadden got him an under-clerkship at a good salary.

Presently William Ferguson's mother fell sick, and William—well, to cut the story short, Mr. McSpadden consented to take her into his house. Before long she yearned for the society of

*This is probably a misprint.—*M. T.*

her younger children: so Mary and Julia were admitted also, and little Jimmy, their brother. Jimmy had a pocket-knife, and he wandered into the drawing-room with it one day, alone, and reduced \$10,000 worth of furniture to an indeterminable value in rather less than three quarters of an hour. A day or two later he fell down-stairs and broke his neck, and seventeen of his family's relatives came to the house to attend the funeral. This made them acquainted, and they kept the kitchen occupied after that, and likewise kept the McSpaddens busy hunting up situations of various sorts for them, and hunting up more when they wore these out. The old woman drank a good deal and swore a good deal; but the grateful McSpaddens knew 'it was their duty to reform her, considering what her son had done for them, so they clave nobly to their generous task. William came often and got decreasing sums of money, and asked for higher and more lucrative employments,—which the grateful McSpadden more or less promptly procured for him. McSpadden consented also, after some demur, to fit William for college; but when the first vacation came, and the hero requested to be sent to Europe for his health, the persecuted McSpadden rose against the tyrant and revolted. He plainly and squarely refused. William Ferguson's mother was so astounded that she let her gin-bottle drop and her profane lips refused to do their office. When she recovered, she said in a half-gasp, "Is this your gratitude? Where would your wife and boy be now but for my son?"

William said, "Is this your gratitude! Did I save your wife's life or not? Tell me that!"

Seven relations swarmed in from the kitchen and each said, "And this is his gratitude!"

William's sisters stared, bewildered, and said, "And this is his grat——" but were interrupted by their mother, who burst into tears and exclaimed, "To think that my sainted little Jimmy threw away his life in the service of such a reptile!"

Then the pluck of the revolutionary McSpadden rose to the occasion, and he replied with fervor, "Out of my house, the whole beggarly tribe of you! I was beguiled by the books, but

shall never be beguiled again,—once is sufficient for me.” And turning to William, he shouted, “Yes you did save my wife’s life, and the next man that does it shall die in his tracks!”

Not being a clergyman, I place my text at the end of my sermon instead of at the beginning. Here it is, from Mr. Noah Brooks’ Recollections of President Lincoln.

“J. H. Hackett, in his part of *Falstaff*, was an actor who gave Mr Lincoln great delight. With his usual desire to signify to others his sense of obligation, Mr. Lincoln wrote a genial little note to the actor, expressing his pleasure at witnessing his performance. Mr. Hackett, in reply, sent a book of some sort; perhaps it was one of his own authorship. He also wrote several notes to the President. One night, quite late, when the episode had passed out of my mind, I went to the White House in answer to a message. Passing into the President’s office, I noticed, to my surprise, Hackett sitting in the anteroom as if waiting for an audience. The President asked me if any one was outside, On being told, he said, half sadly, ‘Oh, I can’t see him, I can’t see him: I was in hopes he had gone away.’ Then he added, ‘Now this just illustrates the difficulty of having pleasant friends and acquaintances in this place. You know how I liked Hackett as an actor and how I wrote to tell him so. He sent me that book and there I thought the matter would end. He is a master of his place in the profession, I suppose, and well fixed in it; but just because we had a little friendly correspondence, such as any two men might have, he wants something. What do you suppose he wants? I could not guess, and Mr. Lincoln added. ‘Well, he wants to be Consul to London. Oh, dear!’”

I will observe, in conclusion, that the William Ferguson incident occurred, and within my personal knowledge, though I have changed the nature of the details to keep William from recognizing himself in it.

All the readers of this article have in some sweet and gushing hour of their lives played the role of Magnanimous-Incident hero. I wish I knew how many there are among them who are willing to talk about that episode, and like to be reminded of the consequences that flowed from it.

Catfish Stories, as told by Sambo, Et. Al.

A negro does not like to be excelled in the telling of a story, as the following shows: Two of them were seated on the lee side of a stack of skids, down on the Levee at Memphis, sunning themselves and taking a noonday rest, when a couple of small boys came along with fishing-poles slung over their shoulders, and each one carrying an oyster-can filled with bait.

"Wish I was goin' fishin' to-day," remarked Sambo, one of the darkies

"Wat you want to fish heah fur: Can't ketch nuthin' anyhow. Jes ought to go down 'bout de mouf of de Red Riber, ef yer ketch fish. Tell you, I'se seen bigger fish hauled out der river down dar an' at Orleans dan you eber saw, chile!"

"Not much. I'se saw a catfish dat weighed nigh onto 500 pounds hauled out at Memfis, an' I help ketch him, too."

"No! how's dat?"

"O you'd say it was a confounded lie if I should tell it; but I'll tell ye anyhow. I was runnin' on de Susie Silber at de time, an' we'd heared lots 'bout big catfish bein' in de riber dat yeah. One day while we's layin at de wharf at Memfis, 'nuther fellah an' me thought we'd try fer some ob de tings. So we got hold one dese big whale-hooks 'bout a foot long, an' baited it wid a side er bacon we hooked from de hole——"

Hold on, dar now, ole fellar, you's lyin'. Can't palm dat off on me," interrupted his companion.

"Yas, sah, dat's de truf, suah's I'm a livin', niggah. We tied de line to de gang-plank to keep 'em from runnin' off wid de hook an' line; but might as well tied it roun' a straw, for a big whale of a catfish jus' took de hook, line, gang-plank an all, an' 'way he went."

"Run off wid de gang-plank," said the second darkey; "'shaw, dat's nuffin'! I saw one dem cats run off wid a whole boat 'onet, an' I'se on de boat at de time."

"Now, niggah, jes look yah, dat's too much for me; how he do it?"

We throwed de anchor one rainy night; one dem big catfish jus' swallowed de anchor an' off he darted for New Orleans."

"No!"

"Yes, he did fur fac', I swar he did. 'Twas when I'se on de old Natchez, and you kin eat me ef we wasn't goin down de riber fas' we could nex' mornin', an' de anchor still overboard. When we went to haul her in, blame me if der was any anchor der,—doggoned catfish jus' eat it up."

A third darkey joined the party in time to hear the second story.

"You fellahs don't know nuffin' 'bout catfish," said he; "why, I knows a catfish dot got away wid foah great big barges at one time."

"De mischief yer say," and Yes, yeah do," from the other two.

"Yes, sah!"

Daniel Webster and the Farmer.

Webster was out one day on the marshes near Marshfield, busily shooting birds. It was a hot afternoon in August. The farmers were getting their salt hay on the marshes:

He came, in the course of his rambles, to the Green-Harbor River, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat, which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over, and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment, with Yankee curiosity, to question the stranger. He surmised who Mr. Webster was, and with some hesitation, remarked:

"This is Daniel Webster, I believe."

"That is my name," replied the sportsman.

"Well, now," said the farmer, "I am told you can make from \$3 to \$5 a day, pleading cases up in Boston."

Mr. Webster replied that he was sometimes so fortunate as to receive that amount for his services.

"Well, now," returned the rustic, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get as much in the city pleadin' law-cases, I would not be a-wadin' over these marshes this hot weather, shootin' little birds."

He Wanted a Better Dog.

A "digger" from California, eulogizing the climate, says:—"There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Navady, they call it—with a valley on each side of it—the one hot, and t'other cold. Well? Get on the top of that mountain with a double-barreled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either Summer or Winter game, just as you will." "What! have you ever tried it?"—"Tried! often—and should have done pretty well but for one thing." "Well, what was that?" "I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze off his tail while pintin' on the Summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the Winter side, you see."

The Phonograph in Georgia.

"Unc. Remus," asked a tall, awkward looking negro, who was one of a crowd surrounding the old man in front of James' Bank, "W'at's dis 'ere wa't dey calls de fongraf—dis 'ere inst'ument wa't kin holler 'roun' like little chillum in de back yard?" "I ain't seed um," said Uncle Remus, feeling in his pocket for a fresh chew of tobacco, "I ain't seed um, but I hear talk un um. Miss Sally wuz a readin' in de papers las' Chuesday, an' she say dat it's a mighty big whatyoumaycallem." "A mighty big which," asked one of the crowd. "A mighty big whatshisname," answered Uncle Remus. "I wuzzent up dar close to whar Miss Sa'ah was reedin' but I kinder geddered in dat it wuz one er dese 'ere whatshisnamzes w'at holler into one year an' it comes out at de odder. Hit's mighty funny unto me how dese folks kin go an' prognosticate dere eckoes intu one er deze yer i'on boxes, an' dar hit'll stay ontwell de man comes 'long an' turns de handle an' lets de fuss come pilin' out. Bimeby dey'll git ter makin' shore-nuff people, an' den dere'll be a racket 'roun here.—Dey tells me dat it goes off like one er dese 'ere torpedoes."—"You hear dat, don't you?" said one or two of the younger negroes. "Dat's w'at dey tells me," continued Uncle Remus.—"Dat's w'at dey sez. Hit's one er dese yer kinder w'atsiznames

dat sasses back when you hollers at it." "Wat dey fix um up fer den?" asked one of the practical negroes. "Dat's wat I want er know," said Uncle Remus, contemplatively. "But dat's wat Miss Sally was reedin' in de paper. All you gotter do is holler at de box, an' dar's no remarks. Dey goes in, an' dar dey are tooken, an' dar dey hangs on twell you shakes de box, an' den dey drops out des er dese yere fishes wat you git from Savannah, an' you ain't got time fer ter look at dere gills needer?"

"Dot Mexico Through."

Two Germans met in San Francisco recently. After affectionate greeting, the following dialogue ensued:

"Fen you said you hef arrived?"

"Yesterday."

"You came dot horn around?"

"No."

"Oh! I see, you come dot Isthmus across?"

"No."

"Den you hef not arrived."

"Oh, yes! I hef arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

Uncle Sile's Gospel Horn.

Early in the summer of 1869, Ralf Elmore erected a log cabin upon the south fork of Clear Creek, about a mile above the present mining village of Georgetown, in Clear Creek County, Colorado. He was a young man of liberal education, a book-reader, and an atheist. Upon a shelf that ranged over the fireplace of his cabin might be seen a few smoky volumes, consisting of Bible, Volney's "Ruins," Payne's "Age of Reason," and a part of the works of Rousseau and Voltaire. He was a calm, unexcitable, good-natured fellow, and nothing seemed to delight him so much as a controversy with one of those Gospel heralds that were often met with in those days upon the border, calling it to repentance and a remembrance of the Sabbath day.—

Perhaps the most noted of them was Silas G. Clark, or "Uncle Sile," as he was familiarly called. These Gospel pioneers were often camp-meeting converts from among the hunters of Missouri, Kentucky, and Illinois, who had crossed the Great American Desert with Hawkins' long flint-lock rifle upon their shoulders in pursuit of adventure associated with missionary labors; and having provided themselves with a hymn-book and Bible, tin horn and a venerable pony, meek with years and lowly in flesh, they would sally forth among the mining-camps of the border, hewing away the roughness of the pioneer, that he might be prepared for the coming of a more educated ministry.

Uncle Sile was always a welcome guest at our cabin, and on one occasion as we were preparing for him its evening hospitality, Elmore came in, being on his way home from Denver: he had hardly become seated when "Uncle Sile" turning upon his seat towards him, threw his head downward so as to bring his gaze to bear from over the top of his spectacles, and after eyeing him for a time, he observed: "Young man, do you believe in the soundings of the Gospel-horn?" Elmore paused for a moment to make a survey of the source from which this unexpected question came, and then led off with a reply that soon led to a warm Biblical discussion. Uncle Sile would occasionally get a little confused, when he would stop short, give a toot upon his horn, the Gospel soundings of which would seem to rouse him up, when he would start off anew, with seemingly more clear and vigorous ideas. Presently Elmore began to weave around him the net-work of his atheistical doctrines, and at length, having crowded the old man into a tight place, Uncle Sile began to cough and breathe heavily, occasionally wiping the perspiration from his brow with his coat-sleeve, when, in the midst of a sentence, he paused and became silent. Turning to look upon him, we discovered that a cloud of wrath had settled upon his brow, which was fast spreading downward over the features of his face, and as it culminated upon his quivering lip he sprang to his feet, and, bringing his fists together, he exclaimed: "You ungodly heathen, I ken lick more Gospel into you than

you deserve, an' I'll do it.!" Thereupon uncle Sile began to throw his buckskins, when Elmore made for the outlet of the cabin, and we saw him no more that night. The old man paced up and down the room for a time, occasionally going to the door and throwing upon the stillness of the night a blast of triumph from his horn, when at length he observed: "I know'd wen I got rite up I could make that ongodly heathen take water mity quick. Yer see, capun," bringing his fist down upon the table, "the Gospel will win every time if yer will only give her a fair show."

The horn of the old man has long since ceased to sound its Gospel-calls along the rocky windings of Clear Creek Valley, and on the mountain side; among the silver firs, the miners dug his grave, and carved his name upon the moaning pine. Here is the exordium of a sermon delivered by him to a gathering of miners one Sunday morning:

"My beloved brethren, the sarmin that I shell talk on is about this, 'Remember the Sabbeth day an' keep it holy.' Now, my friends, it were las' Saterdag nite a week ago, when Ike Miller santered over to my cabin, an' sez he, 'Uncle Sile, s'pose we take a hunt ter nite fur that bob-tail wildcat that's hangen 'round arter my last chicken.' An' sez I, 'Agreed.' I were always mighty fond o' coon-huntin' down in the Ohio bottoms, an' so we tuck down on Clare Creek, an' arter santerin' round thro' the timber and shien keerfully along up the north fork an' the moon had got smartly up, an' nary cat out, we kinder leaned towards hum, when Ike's dog opened on Spring Branch with his nateral yelp, an' when we got thar the cat had tuk a fur tree, an' Ike hed chopt his foot rite smartly the day afore, helpen' Joe Chappy thro a shingle tree. An' so, my beloved hearers, it kinder fell on me to go up arter the varmint, an' when I got up to war the critter sot, an' war about to grab him by the stump an' slat him down, I seed by the shinin' of his eyes that he had an onusal long tail. An' just then thar was a Gospel feelin' come over me rite smartly, an' sez I, 'Ike, 'bout what time mout it be?' an' says he, 'Why Uncle Sile, I reckon it's clus on to mornin,' an'

sez I, 'If that's so, it's the Sabbath day, an' this here varmint may go.' An' so I clum down agin, an' now, my beloved hearers, that's what the gospel sez—"Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Here Uncle Sile gave a toot upon his horn, took a drink from a tin cup, and then launched forth into his discourse.

His Melons.

A policeman discovered a negro and a big watermelon in close company in an alley, and refusing the tempting slice held out to him, he said:

"You stole that melon on the market!"

"Dars whar' yer off de tow-path, boss—way off one side," was the calm reply.

"Did you buy it? Come along and point out the man you bought it from."

"No, I didn't buy de melon, boss—I traded fur it."

"What did you trade?"

"Now, boss, what's de use? Heah I is, heah am de melon, an' we am jes' eatin' each odder up like a tornady."

"What did you trade?" persisted the officer.

"Wall, if I mus' tell, den I mus'. I traded a mule an' a wag-in' fur dis melon."

"I don't believe it."

"I spected you wouldn't, boss, kase you doan' realize like I do how cheap mules an' wagins hez become, an' how de price of melons hez scooted up."

"You'll have to come along," said the officer.

"Now, boss!"

The officer stepped forward and discovered two more melons behind a box. He turned for an explanation, and the negro said:

"De man frew in dese odder two melons kase I frew in a halter 'long wid de mule! De price of halters am way down, boss."

Colorado Distances.

A Denver correspondent writes: "All accustomed and habitual notions of distance brought hither from the East are worse than useless in this rare and transparent atmosphere. From the windows of Denver the Rocky Mountains look not more than five miles distant, and an eastern tourist, lately arrived, remarked to his friends the other evening that he believed he could walk out to the mountains the next morning and return before breakfast. He was permitted to depart, as he had announced, and after an hour or two a carriage was dispatched to overtake and bring him in. The exhausted pedestrian was found partially undressed on the edge of one of the little irrigating ditches, two or three feet wide, which intersect the field in every direction, and when asked what he intended to do, he answered that he "proposed to swim that river." "Why don't you jump across?" "How do I know but it's half a mile wide?" answered the tired and disgusted traveler, who will not soon repeat his experiment of walking twenty miles before breakfast.

No Use Fighting Against Fate.

A boy, about 13 years old, was Saturday forenoon dragging a big, sneakish-looking cur along High street to find an owner for the canine. Ringing a door-bell he said to the housemaid who answered it:

"I've brought your dog home."

"My dog!" she exclaimed, as she looked down upon the embarrassed dog.

"Yes; you gimme two shillings and I'll tie him up in the back yard."

"I'll give you a broom-sticking if you don't leave!" she screamed, as she grabbed for him.

He dragged the dog across the street to where a girl was scrubbing the front steps, and, bringing a smile to his face, he said:

"Your feller in Chicago sent you this dorg by express to put

in your Christmas stocking. The charges are fifty cents. Where shall I tie him up?"

"Git out with ye—I'm no geeenhorn!" she said, as she raised the brush to hit him.

The boy pulled on the rope with both hands and got the reluctant dog half a block farther, when he met a boy carrying home ten pounds of buckwheat flour. He blocked the way and said:

"Bub, yer father told me to bring this dorg up to you and col-thirty cents."

"I hain't got no farther," answered the lad.

"Who said you had—I was only fooling. Say, bub, this 'ere is the beautifulest dorg you ever sot eyes on. He kin sing, dance, clean off the snow from the walk, and bring in rabbits from the country. I'll take a quarter for him,"

"I hain't got no money," replied the boy.

"I'll trade him for a knife."

"I hain't got no knife."

"Any old skates?"

"No," answered the boy with the flour, as he dodged around the dog and hurried on.

The other looked down on the canine with mingled sadness and indignation. The dog braced back at an acute angle, his eyes shut, and his tail lying on the walk, waiting for the boy to say:

"Oh you dog! I kept you hid away for a week, and I've nauled you all over town, and you ain't even a three-cent dog. I've fit fate for more'n a month to get some chink for Christmas, and here I am, dead broke and no assets but you, you old sole leather colored skulk! I've got desperate."

He slackened on the rope to administer a kick, and the dog made a jump and gained his liberty. He ran off around the corner, and the boy leaned against a tree-box and mused:

"There's only one plan left. I'll take paregoric enough to make me sleep from Monday night to Wednesday morning, and I won't know nothin' 'bout Christmas nor nothin'!"

The Bankruptcy Question.

"Boggs," said Mrs. B. suddenly, looking up from the paper she was reading, "why don't you go into bankruptcy and have some style about you?"

"Go into bankruptcy?" repeated Boggs, what for?"

"Because it is the fashion," replied Mrs. B. "Everybody who is any body goes into Bankruptcy now-a-days. Our neighbors are all getting the start of us. Here's Soggs, who lives across the street, he is in the list to-day. Now we have lived in this town a good deal longer than Soggs has. Why couldn't you have got your name in the papers as well as he?"

"I don't want my name in the papers in that way," said Boggs.

"That's the way; always behind everybody else. We never could hold our own along with our neighbors."

"But we couldn't hold our own if I went into bankruptcy," persisted Boggs.

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. B. "Don't the Squiggsses, who went into bankruptcy last summer, live just as well, if not a little better than before? Now, Boggs, do oblige me by buying a file."

"Buying a file? What for?"

"So that you can file your petition. Do it this very day and it will be in the morning papers. Then your wife and children can hold their heads up with the best of 'em. Somehow I feel that we are under a sort of cloud now. People look at us as much as to say: 'There's something the matter with the Boggses.'"

* * *

Then you won't become a bankrupt to maintain our social position?"

"No! I won't," said Boggs, bluntly."

"Then I give you due notice that I shall receive or make no more calls. I shall give up our pew in church and take the children out of school. I shall close up the house, give out that we have gone into the country, and we will all live in the kitchen. If we can't do like the rest of folks and be somebody, there is no use trying to live."

The Horrors of Boston Water.

Prof. Reinsch of Boston having carefully tested the water used by the Bostonians, announced that the microscope revealed the existence of fourteen distinct animals in Boston water, belonging to the following order: Rhizopoda, lobeza, dinobryina, periclinia, rotiferæ, entomostraca, cladocera, and malacostraca.

Soon after, at a confessional experience meeting of professed Boston drunkards, the following confessions were made: "Yes," said the first speaker, who clung tottering to the back of his seat, "I could have reformed but for the diabolical Rhizopoda in the water of Boston. Every swallow I took sent hundreds of these Rhizopodas into my system. They reveled in my entrails.— They permeated to every nook and cranny of my being. They made my life a torment and drove me again to rum."

"It was the Lobeza that ruined me," said another red-nosed, ragged object. "Vainly I tried to reform. Vainly I essayed cold water. With myriads of Lobeza in every drop pouring in hordes through the diaphragm and rioting in my duodenum, destroying appetite and consuming all the tissues, could I avoid the temporary relief afforded by rum? I could not, and here I am!"

A strong taint of bucket-shop gin pervaded the air as the next speaker opened his mouth, while delirium glared in his eye.— "The Devils of Dinobryina are in me even now. I feel them in every nerve like consuming fire. Gin, gin, give me gin!" and he rushed howling from the room.

"Five years ago," said the fourth speaker, "I swore never to touch another drop of liquor. That very day, for the first time, I swallowed a glass of Boston Water. A Rotiferæ lay there in ambush. I swallowed him. Neither by day nor by night has that Rotiferæ within me ceased his rotations. Sometimes he is in my head; sometimes in my heels. Whisky alone will quiet his rotations and my misery."

"If the prohibitionists," said the next party, "can prohibit Periclinia and Entomostracas, let 'em try it on me. I am their victim."

"And I have the Cladoceras," said another. "What avails total abstinence and cold water when every draught brings a new army of such monsters to devastate one's innards?"

The last man said: "Mine is the Malacostraca, from the Boston water. Dislodge him I cannot. Gin and bitters only will quiet him. I have to choose between the agony of the Malacostracas devouring me and drunkenness."

Then they all went off together to a forlorn looking saloon, and as they huddled at the bar were heard calling, one after another, "I want something for my Rhizopodaz" "Give us an anti-Lo-beza cocktail!" "Some Periclinia antidote from the jug in the coner there!" "Rotiferæ curative bitters!" "Make me an Entomostraca punch exterminator!" "Gim-me some o' that brandy to knock the spots out o' them Cladoceras!" "Quick, bar-keeper, some gin! The Malacostracas inside o' me are bitin' like thunder!"

Didn't Find Richmond.

A dozen or more idlers around the Central Market, New York, were taking a deep interest in a war map published in a New York daily paper, when Brother Gardner, the old colored man, pushed his way into the throng and closely studied the map for a minute or two.

"Whar' bouts on dis map is ole Virginny?" he suddenly called out.

"It isn't on there at all," answered one of the crowd.

"Whar' bouts on dis map is Richmond!" continued Gardner, running his finger over the paper in a wild way.

How do you expect to find Richmond on this map of Europe?" asked a bystander.

"How do I'spect? Why sah, what has de map of Europe to do widout Richmond? Wasn't dar more fightin', aroun' Richmond den you could scare up in all Europe in ten years? Have dey gone an' ignored dat fact? Have dey got out a map an' left dat town out in de cold? Somebody find de town for me,

an' I'll show you de exact spot where I was hit in de chin by a cannon ball, an' wounded all to pieces.

"Go away—this is a war map of Turkey and Russia."

"Widout any Richmond on it?"

"No, sir—Richmond isn't here."

"Den I am gwine right away—gwine to git right out'n dis crowd, in a hurry! After all us folks fought an' bled, an' died down dar, an' left our bones to bleech in de sun, it's a perfeck insult, sah, to come aroun' heah wid a new wah-map showin' de Black Sea as big as a meetin-house, an' leavin Richmond clar off de fair-grounds entirely! Come away from dat fraud, you cull'd folks."

She Meant Business.

There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to "cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes" shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in every person's hand—"price twenty-five cents; no cure, no pay." Therefore, the long-legged chap who pulled a door-bell violently on John R. Street had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag-buyers, lightning-rod men, and solicitors for the fire sufferers. He had a good thing, and he knew it, and he wanted other folks to know it. When the door opened and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age confronted him, he pleasantly went to business, and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with the catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead seven years be troubled with the catarrh?" she grimly replied.

"But the children are liable to be attacked at any hour this season," he remarked.

"Whose children?"

"Yours, madam."

"I Never had any, sir! What brought you here any how?—Why do you come asking those questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It

is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh sky-high in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what's all this to me."

"Why madam—why—" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?" she demanded, as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not for the world have you think that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked, as well as the strong and brave."

"And what have I to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam," he whispered, backing down one step, "I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh."

"Whose catarrh?"

"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down a second step, and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for the catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care! Must you ring my door bell to tell me that you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear off the steps, and he tried hard to look beautiful around the mouth as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir, and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave, sir?"

"No, madam, I do not, I'm sorry he's dead, but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good-by, madam."

"Here, sir, hold a minute!" she called, "what was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase, and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir, you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do—you—want—a—bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir: give me two of them: here's your money! Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy, don't begin to talk around about the discovery of America. Here you've bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you I didn't bring the broom to the door!"

He retreated backward through the gate, his left eye squinting up and his mouth open. He shut the gate, leaned over it and looked long at the front door. By-and-by he said:

"Well, well! You can never tell where to find 'em."

Marc Antony's Oration Over Cæsar.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears:

I will return them next Saturday. I come

To bury Cæsar, because the times are hard,

And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.

The evil that men do lives after them

In the shape of progeny, who reap

The benefit of their life insurance.

So let it be with the deceased.

Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.

What does Brutus know about it?

It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!

Here under leave of you I come to

Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

He loaned me \$5 once when I was in a pinch,

And signed my petition for a post-office.

But Brutus says he was ambitious.

Brutus should wipe off his chin.

Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome

Who broke rock on the streets until their ransoms

Did the general coffers fill.

When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept,

Because it didn't cost anything, and

Made him solid with the masses.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar, and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
Was that ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country,
But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on.
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering 90° in the shade;
But it was an ulster to be proud of,
And cost him \$7 at Marcius Swartzmeyer's,
Corner of Broad and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
Old Swartz wanted \$40 for it,
But finally came down to \$7, because it was Cæsar!
Was this ambitious? If Brutus says it was
He is a greater liar than old Satan!
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
Through the son of a gun of a Brutus stabbed.
And when he plucked his cursed steel away,
Marc Antony, how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no thief as Brutus is.
Brutus has the monopoly in all that business,
And if he had his deserts he would be
In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.
Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
And as it looks like rain,
The pall-bearers will please place the coffin in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Cæsar,
Not to praise him.

A Scared Conductor.

Sweet are the uses of retributive justice. In passing through a train on the New York Central Railroad to collect tickets, the conductor encountered, east of Utica, a colored man who had neither ticket nor medium of exchange, and, after a desultory discussion, stopped the cars and kicked him off the platform.— A few weeks afterward, the conductor took a chair in a barber-shop in Albany, under the ministrations of a colored man. The barber covered his customer's face with lather, whipped out a glittering razor, and, while he was improving its edge by means of a strop that dangled from the wall, remarked to the gentleman in the chair: "Say, boss, you doesn't know me, does you?" Does you remember de fellah you lambled from your train up at Tribes Hill?" Dat was a bad thing for you to do, sah, an' I remembers it well." Right here the conductor bounded from his chair and danced around the room with the lather dripping from his chin and his hair standing on end. He was finally induced to resume his seat, on the barber's pledging himself to do no mischief, but he did not enjoy the shave, and breathed more freely when he was outside of the shop.

Anchoring a Horse.

They tell a good story of an old mariner who keeps a little hotel down here (writes a correspondent from Coney Island, New York's celebrated seaside resort). His wife was very anxious to have a horse, an animal in which the old gentleman took but little stock, and the old lady finally won her point, and got her horse.

The steed was of an erratic and playful disposition, and used, on the least provocation, to tear madly along the beach, and succeeded in spilling the old lady out several times. At last the Captain, who had never driven the beast, volunteered to break him of his vicious habit; so, getting another old salt to assist him, he procured a kedge anchor with a stout line attached.

Fastening the end of the line around the axle, and putting the anchor in the wagon, the fiery untamed was hitched up, and

the two old gents started out for a drive along the shore. Soon the vivacious charger espied something which gave him an excuse to run away, and immediately dashed off with frightful velocity.

The Captain dropped the reins, and summoned all hands to "let go the anchor." The anchor was let go, and caught firmly in the sand. The unsuspecting quadruped pranced joyously along until he got to the end of the rope, and then he paused—paused so suddenly that the wagon was demolished, and the two old gentlemen shot up into the air, like a couple of sky-rockets, coming down in a fearfully-dilapidated condition.

— There is a boy in Dublin so bright, that his mother looks at him through smoked glass.

— Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage. A scotch paper relating the accident, said, "We are happy to say, that he was able to appear the following evening in *three pieces*."

— A man seeing a child playing with a chisel, informed its mother that her son had the chisel. "Mercy on me," said the woman, "I knew something was the matter, for the child has been *ailing* for some time."

— An old woman unable to read, on receiving a letter from an absent son, asked a friend to read it to her. It read, "Dear mother." Upon the reader making a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was rather bad, the old lady exclaimed, "Oh, it's from poor Jerry, he *always stutted*."

— "John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones!" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I wur in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was, and it wur *on my head* all the time."

— A Frenchman showed a sword, which he said was the one Balaam had. A spectator said "Balaam, had no sword, only wished for one. "Vel, zis is ze sword he *wished for*."

— During the debate in the Federal Congress, on the establishment of an army, a member offered a resolution that it should never exceed three thousand men, whereupon Washington moved an amendment, that no enemy should ever *invade* the Country with over two thousand men.

— A young lady being asked where her *native* place was, replied, "I have none, I am the daughter of a Methodist preacher."

— "It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweet heart is *wid you*."

— A Scotch minister said he had preached two and a half hours the previous day. A man asked him whether he was not tired to death. "Aw, na," said he. "I was as fresh as a rose, but it would ha done your heart good to see how tired the *congregation* was."

— A mother down east was so kind that she gave her child chloroform, before she whipped it."

— "Father, havn't you had another wife? The Bible says you married Anno Domini 1835."

— Two Irishmen took refuge under the bed clothes from the mosquitoes. At last one of them ventured to peep out, and seeing a firefly, said to his companion, "Mickey, it's no use, here's one of the craythers searching for us *wid a lantern*."

— "Are you the mate of this ship?" said a passenger to the cook. "No, sir, I am the man that *cooks the mate*," said the Irishman.

— "Are these pure canaries," said a young lady. "Yes, ma'am," said the dealer, "I raised them ere birds from canary *seed*."

— "Do you like cod-fish balls, Mr. Stubb?" "I do'nt know, Miss, I never *attend* any."

— A tourist was found at Mt. Vernon weeping over the supposed tomb of Washington, but which turned out to be the ice house.

— Upon reading the Declaration of Independence, in an eastern town, by a citizen, a countryman being present made this comment: "Oh, he read it well enough, but I'm blamed if I believe he *ever wrote it*."

— "Do you think raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes, he replied, "I never knew one to complain."

— The Chinese think dancing a useless fatigue. When Com. Anson gave a ball at Canton, a Chinaman, observing the dancing, said: "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

— A car conductor said to a lady from the country, Miss, *your fare*." "I want none of your impertinence," was the response.

— Verdict of a jury. "We find the man who stole the horse "not guilty."

— Pat having blistered his fingers in trying on a new pair of boots, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all, until I wear them a day or two."

— A man suddenly made rich bought an expensive carpet— He said to a visitor: "There, sir, is one of the best carpets Mr. Brussels ever made."

— A little Scotch peasant girl arriving at the turnpike gate, on the outskirts of Glasgow, asked, "Is this Glasgow?" On being answered affirmatively, she said: "Is Peggy in?" Somewhat like Dickens, who, on his landing in America, asked the first man he met, if he could tell him where Bryant lived.

— A clergyman who bought his sermon ready written, but supposed that fact unknown, preached at a distant church, and believing his sermon popular, asked the sexton how it was liked: "Very much, we always *did like that sermon*," was his response,

— A robust countryman hid as a doctor approached, saying: "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look at a physician in the face."





Thomas A Edison

PERSONAL.

Solving The Problem.

During a critical period of the war, two gentlemen were consulting with Mr. Lincoln on an important matter which required a prompt decision. Observing that other persons were waiting one of them remarked that his work seemed to be endless, for as soon as one matter was adjusted another arose, and that many matters must be brought before him which it would be impossible for any man to settle. "That reminds me of a man out West," said Mr. Lincoln. "He lived away out West, where he had no neighbors, and worked his farm himself. One day some friends visited him and walked out to look at the place. The host pointed out the use of this and that lot, and in one which he said he was going to plow, the visitors observed an immense tree which had been cut down recently. They asked him what he was going to do with that big tree. 'Well,' said he, that tree has caused me considerable perplexity. I couldn't make up my mind just what to do about it. It is so green that I can't burn it; it would take ten pair of oxen to drag it off, and I have only one pair; and if I take the time necessary to dig a hole to bury it in it will make me late with my plowing. This morning, however, I solved the problem. I determined just to plow around it.' "

Anecdote of Geo. Washington and Thos. Jefferson.

The^d following extract is from a letter written by the noted publicist, Francis Lieber, a short time before his death, and was directed to his friend, Gen. James A. Garfield. It was dated at New York, and, after the formal introduction, it proceeded as follows:

An incident of more than usual interest occurred to-day, just after the class in Constitutional Law was dismissed, at the University. I had been lecturing upon the advantages of the bi-cameral system, had dismissed the class, and was about to leave the room, when a young man, who I knew had taken instruction under Laboulaye, in Paris, approached me, and said that what I had urged in regard to the bi-cameral system reminded him of a story which he had heard Laboulaye relate. I was interested, of course, and as the class gathered around, he proceeded with the following:

Laboulaye said, in one of his lectures, that Jefferson, who had become so completely imbued with French ideas as even to admire the unicameral system of legislation, one day visited Washington at Mt. Vernon, and, in the course of the conversation that ensued, the comparative excellence of the two systems came up for consideration. After considerable had been said upon both sides, finally, at the tea-table, Washington turning sharply to Jefferson, said:

"You, sir, have just demonstrated the superior excellence of the bi-cameral system, by your own hand."

"I! How is that?" said Jefferson, not a little surprised.

"You have poured your tea from your cup out into the saucer to cool. We want the bi-cameral system to cool things. A measure originates in one House, and in heat is passed. The other House will serve as a wonderful cooler; and, by the time it is debated and modified by various amendments there, it is much more likely to become an equitable law. No, we can't get along without the saucer in our system."

Jefferson, of course, saw that a point had been made against

his argument; but whether he was frank enough to say so, the story-teller did not relate.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

The doctor once engaged to preach, by way of exchange, for a country minister, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively cold and stormy. It was mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the doctor urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed, and went in. As yet, there was no person in the house, and after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat.

The hour came for commencing service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and that he had no right to refuse to do it, because one man only could reap benefit; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and benediction, with *one* hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to the "congregation," but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after, a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with this service. The good doctor was traveling somewhere in Ohio, and on alighting from the stage in a pleasant village, a gentleman stepped up to him and familiarly called him by his name. "I do not remember you," said Dr. B. "I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house, alone, once, in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old minister; "pray, where was it?" "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wish-

ing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio!"

So striking a result made no little impression on the doctor's mind. He learned that the man was at the time a lawyer, who was in the town on business, and tired of a Sunday morning at a country hotel, went despite of the storm, to church, and heard that sermon. The doctor added, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

Duke of Wellington's Coolness.

Once, when in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of his men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing; but on some prisoners being brought in, and being asked what French division and how many men were in the village, they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army were there. All he said was, quite coolly, "Oh, they are all there, are they? Well, we must mind a little what we are about, then." Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeyda, one morning suddenly and early Lord Almeyda came in to him, whilst he was shaving, to tell him the French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone; the consequence of which movement relieved them entirely, gave him Almeyda, and preserved Portugal. He only took the razor off for a moment, and said, "Ay, I thought they meant to be off; very well." And then another shave, just as before, and not another word till he was dressed. I find, however, it is said he magnifies the French now and then: sees double as to the number of blue uniforms, and cannot see all the scarlet; but I believe most men in his situation do this more or less.

Prof. Henry and President Lincoln.

One day early in the War a loyalist went with much mystery to Mr. Lincoln, to whom he desired to communicate information of great importance. He looked suspiciously at an elderly and grave gentleman who was seated with the President. "O, you needn't mind him," said Mr. Lincoln, "he is my friend, and I can trust him." The man went on to say that he had observed a light displayed on the tower of the Smithsonian Institution every night, at regular intervals, a mysterious light, with mysterious motions, like a signal light. "And," he added in a suggestive whisper, "they do say that some of them Professors over there are Secesh, and maybe they are communicating with the rebels." The President, with a comical smile turned to his companion and said, "What have you to say to that, Prof. Henry?" The Professor, who had sat uneasily during the first part of the interview, burst into a hearty laugh. The mysterious light was in the lantern of an observer, whose business it was to look after the meteorological apparatus by night.

William III.

There is a pleasant little anecdote about the Hero of the Boyne—the hard, stern warrior, with his eagle eye and nose—that belongs to Kensington Palace, which we relate in Leigh Hunt's words. "A tap was heard one day, at his closet door, while his secretary was in attendance. 'Who is there?' said the King. 'Lord Buck,' answered the little voice of a child of four years of age. It was Lord Buckhurst, the son of His Majesty's Lord High Chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset. 'And what does Lord Buck want?' returned William, opening the door. 'You to be a horse to my coach,' rejoined the little magnate; 'I've wanted you a long time.' William smiled upon his little friend with an amiableness which the secretary had never before thought his countenance capable of expressing, and, taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied. How one likes the story! It opens a window in William's harrassed breast, which shows

there were genial, loving, and fatherly affections there. It is a pity he had not a little boy of his own to play with.

The Great Economist, Thomas Guy.

This man was so complete an exemplar of economy, that the celebrated Vulture Hopkins once called upon him to learn a lesson in the art of saving. On being introduced into the parlor, Guy, not knowing his visitor, lighted a candle; but when Hopkins said, "Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money, but being told that you far exceeded me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you to be satisfied on this subject." "If this is all your business," replied Guy, "we can as well talk it over in the dark as in the light," at the same time carefully putting out his farthing candle with the the extinguisher. This was evidence enough to Hopkins, who acknowledged Guy to be his master, and took his leave.

Anecdote of Chief Justice Chase's Parents.

The late Chief Justice Chase's mother once bore her part in a little comedy which was almost Shakspearean. With her husband she was visiting two of his brothers, who were also married. The three gentlemen, sitting and talking together, made some playful wagers on the subjects of their wives' tempers, and agreed to test them. So, walking into the room where the three ladies were seated at the fireside making caps, which at that time were very fashionable, the trial began. The first brother, after some slighting remarks concerning caps in general, and his wife's handiwork in particular, commanded her to throw it in the fire. Naturally the indignant lady paid small attention to the order. The next brother's attempt met with the same result; but no sooner did the Chief Justice's father command his wife to toss her cap into the fire, than the cap went into the flames, and that in the most prompt, sweet and serene manner. It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to add that of the three husbands he was the one most thoroughly well managed.

The True Story of Mary's Little Lamb.

Among the visitors one day, at aunt Tabitha's bee, in the Old South Church, in Boston, was the real Mary, who, when a little girl, had the pet lamb for her own, and of which it was written :

"Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow ;
And every where that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

She was very willing to tell the story; suppose we listen with the rest. Little Mary's name was Mary Sawyer, and she lived in Sterling, Mass. She is now Mrs. Tyler, of Somerville, a vigorous lady, over seventy years old. One morning she went out to the barn and found two little lambs, which had been born in the night. One was so weak and small that her father said it was of no use to try to raise it. Mary's tender heart pitied the tiny creature, and she begged her father to let her try to save it. He gave it to her care, promising that if it lived it should be her lamb. Mary took it into the house, wrapped it up, laid it in a warm place, and fed it carefully with milk. All day she watched it, and all night too. In the morning how glad she was to hear her father say that the lamb would live!

It was no wonder that the pet lamb loved its small mistress, and wanted to go everywhere with her. The day that it went to school and was turned out, it happened that a young man was there who saw the whole, and wrote out the story in the verses which the children know so well. The lamb lived and thrived, and had lambs of its own: it ran in the fields with the cattle, till one day a cow with sharp horns, while playing, tossed it into the air, and it fell bleeding at the feet of Mary, who happened to be in the field. With deep grief she watched its life go out.—From the lamb's wool a quantity of yarn had been spun, and Mrs. Tyler brought some of it to aunt Tabitha's bee, and sold it at twenty-five cents for each piece, so that Mary's little lamb earned sixty dollars towards paying for the Old South Church in Boston. This is the true story of Mary's little lamb.

Injustice Illustrated.

One of the Moorish kings of Spain wished to build a pavilion on a field near his garden, and offered to purchase it of the woman to whom it belonged, but she would not consent to part with the inheritance of her fathers. The field, however, was seized, and the building erected. The poor woman complained to a *cadi*, who promised to do all in his power to serve her. One day, while the king was in the field, the *cadi* came with an empty sack, and asked permission to fill it with the earth upon which he was treading. He obtained leave, and when the sack was filled, requested the king to complete his kindness by assisting him to load his ass with it. The monarch laughed, and tried to lift it, but soon let it fall, complaining of its enormous weight. "It is, however," said the *cadi*, "only a small part of the ground which thou hast wrested from one of thy subjects; how then wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field, when thou shalt appear before the Great Judge laden with this iniquity?" The King thanked him for his reproof, and not only restored the field to its owner, but gave her the building which he had erected, and all the wealth it contained.

Webster and Calhoun. *

Peter Harvey says: When Mr. Webster was about to deliver his 7th of March speech, (1850) he invited me to come on to Washington to hear it. He intended to make it a great effort, the crowning address of his later public life; and, as he knew beforehand that his actions and motives would be misconstrued, and that the speech would bring down upon him condemnation from many quarters, he was resolved that he would make use of all his powers to render it worthy of his really high motives and his fame. Early on the morning of the 7th, I was sitting with him in his house, when the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate came in. He told Mr. Webster that already not only the Senate-

chamber itself, but all the approaches to it, were crowded by an eager multitude.—A great speech from Mr. Webster was a national event. Mr. Webster looked at me, and, in a sad voice, spoke of this as being one of the last times he should ever address listening masses on the floor of the Senate, and of the rapidly-approaching close of his public life. Recovering his spirits again in a moment, he turned to the Sergeant-at-Arms and said:

“However crowded the Senate-chamber is, I want you to be sure and save two good seats,—one for Mrs. Webster, and the other for my old friend Harvey here, who has come all the way from Boston to hear my speech.”

The Sergeant-at-Arms promised that he would do so. On going to the Senate-chamber at the proper time, I found an excellent seat reserved for me, near and a little in front of the spot where Mr. Webster would stand when he made his speech. While he was speaking, an affecting incident occurred, which illustrated the warmth of feeling between Mr. Calhoun and himself. It appeared that, several days before, Mr. Webster had paid a visit to Mr. Calhoun in his sick-room at the Old Capitol Building. The venerable South Carolina Senator was very ill, and it was thought that he would never be able to appear in his seat again. The conversation turning upon the speech that Mr. Webster was about to make, the sick statesman expressed an earnest wish to hear it.

Mr. Webster replied that he hoped he would be able to get to the Senate, as he himself was anxious that Mr. Calhoun should be present. Mr. Calhoun shook his head sadly, and said that he feared he was on his death-bed; and Mr. Webster parted from him fully impressed with the belief that the venerable invalid must soon pass away.

Mr. Webster had not been speaking long on this occasion, when I saw a tall, gaunt figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, with deep, cavernous black eyes, and a thick mass of snow-white hair brushed back from the large brow and falling to the shoulders, advance with slow and feeble steps through the lobby behind the Vice-President's chair, and then, aided by one of the

Senators, approach and sink into a chair on the opposite side of the chamber. I looked at Mr. Webster, and observed that as he spoke his face was turned the other way, so that he had not seen the almost ghostly figure come in. He went on speaking in his deep and sonorous tones; and at last came to a passage wherein he alluded to something Mr. Calhoun had once said in debate, "as the utterance of the distinguished and venerable Senator from South Carolina, who, I deeply regret, is prevented by serious illness from being in his seat to-day. At this I glanced forward to the tall, gaunt figure across the chamber. He was moving restlessly in his chair; his head and body were bent eagerly forward, and he made an effort as if trying to rise and interrupt the orator. But the effort seemed to be too much for him, for he sank back in his chair, evidently exhausted. The noble current of Websterian eloquence flowed majestically on, all unconscious of the intended interruption. Presently the speaker once more had occasion to refer to some statement of Mr. Calhoun; and again he alluded to him as the "eminent Senator from South Carolina, whom we all regret so much to miss, from such a cause, from his seat to-day."

The figure grew restless; the hands nervously grasped both arms of his chair; the black eyes glared and shone in their eagerness; and now, half-rising from his seat, and unable any longer to bear the thought that Mr. Webster should remain unconscious of his presence, he exclaimed, in a feeble and hollow voice, which yet was heard throughout the chamber:

"The Senator from South Carolina is in his seat!"

Mr. Webster turned towards him with something like a start, and when he saw that his friend had actually risen from the bed of death, and had indeed dared death itself to creep to the Capitol and hear his speech, he for a moment betrayed visible signs of deep emotion. Then, acknowledging this touching compliment by a low bow and a smile of profound satisfaction, he went on with his speech.

A few days more, and Calhoun lay dead, in state, within those very walls.

How Barnum Became a Teetotaler.

Mr. P. T. Barnum told a reporter of a Buffalo paper in these words, how he came to be a teetotaler: "One evening, in 1847, I went to Saratoga with a party of friends, and, without noticing what I was coming to, suddenly found myself talking thick.— I knew that I was boozy. The next morning I said I never should drink another drop of liquor, and I never have. I did not, at the time stop drinking champagne; I did not then consider that drinking. I became from that day very much interested in the cause of temperance, and was instrumental in getting the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin to lecture on the subject at Bridgeport. To my surprise, the chief target of his eloquence was moderate drinkers and champagne-suppers. It changed my views considerably, and the next morning I took Dr. Chapin into my wine-cellar, and told him to look at the effect of his arguments. I had knocked the heads off all my champagne bottles. He was astonished, and said he thought I was a teetotaler. 'I am,' replied."

Facetious Letter from Horace Greely.

This letter was written by Mr. Greely to the President of a Horse Fair, in Northern Ohio, in response to an urgent invitation from that gentleman to be present at the great show: The idea that he should be called upon to address a few country sporting-men at a rural horse-race could only strike him as a fit subject for a joke, which he immediately proceeded to crack:

NEW YORK, March 5, 1864.—DEAR SIR:—Your note to hand. I am sorry to reply that my engagements are such that I shall not be able to comply with your request to address your Horse Fair next summer. I am a very busy man. I would refer you to Abe Lincoln,—a man who, I think, would draw well, and who has plenty of time to attend to such matters.—

Yours, truly,

HORACE GREELY.

Governor Stewart's Gratitude.

When Doniphan's expedition was organized to go through New Mexico and co-operate with the main United States Army in 1847, Robert M. Stewart was a member of a company raised in Buchanan County. Four days out his gun was accidentally discharged, the contents entering one of his legs, shattering a bone and disabling him. One of the Company, William Grover, was detailed to remain with Stewart. Grover watched over his friend with the care of a brother, and Stewart, not then dreaming of his future distinction, said, "Bill, old fellow, I'll pay you back some day. The time will come."

Ten years later, Bill Grover, the friend of Stewart, was arrested as a participant in a political crime, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for ten years. Not long after his conviction, Stewart was nominated for Governor. He saw his friend just before he was incarcerated, and said, "Bill, the first thing I do after I am inaugurated will be to pardon you out.—And I'm sure to be elected."

"Bob was elected and inaugurated. True to his word and the native instincts of gratitude, he went to the Penitentiary and inquired for Bill Grover. He was not there. He was one of a detail called out to dig a well in Jefferson City, and was then engaged in that work.

Off the Governor posted to the well in which Grover was at work. On reaching the place, he leaned over the well and cried out:

"Bill, are you there?"

"Who's that?" asked a voice from the subterranean depths below.

"It's me, Bob Stewart! Come out o' there, confound you!—I've pardoned you."

In a few minutes Grover was hauled up out of the well.—Then was exhibited the curious spectacle of the Governor of a great state walking through the streets of the Capital, arm-in-arm with a striped-suit convict. He took his old friend up to

a clothing store, rigged him out in a new suit, and made him a guest at the Governor's mansion, afterward providing for him a start in business.

General Lee and the Newspapers.

"We made a great mistake," said Gen. Lee to Mr. Hill, "in the beginning of our struggle, and I fear, in spite of all we can do, it will prove to be a fatal mistake."

"What mistake is that, General."

"Why, sir, in the beginning we appointed all our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit newspapers. As you know I have planned some campaigns, and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes, when my plans were completed, as far as I could see, they seemed to be perfect.— But when I have fought them through, I have discovered defects in advance. When it was all over, I found, by reading a newspaper, that these best editor-generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately, they did not communicate their knowledge to me until it was too late." Then, after a pause, he added: "I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy; I do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, but I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and I will do my best for the cause editing a newspaper."

A Bottle of Whiskey that Went Through the Mexican War

In the spring of 1861, while on an inspection tour to Norfolk, a friend there insisted that Gen. R. E. Lee should take two bottles of very fine old "London Dock" brandy, remarking that he would be certain to need it, and would find it very difficult to obtain so good an article. Gen. declined the offer, saying that

he was sure he would not need it. "As a proof that I will not," he said, "I may tell you that just as I was starting to the Mexican war, a lady in Virginia prevailed on me to take a bottle of fine old whiskey, which she thought I could not get on without. I carried that bottle all through the war without having had the slightest occasion to use it, and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend, that she might be convinced that I could get on without liquor." Upon another occasion Gen. Lee proposed to "treat" some of his officers, remarking, "I have just received a demijohn which I know *is of the best.*" The demijohn, tightly covered, was produced, drinking vessels were brought out, and all gathered around in eager expectancy, when the general filled the glass and cups to the brim—not with old "Cognac," or "Bourbon,"—but with *fresh buttermilk*, which a kind lady, knowing his taste had sent him.

Boyish Trick.

While Webster and his brother were living at home, they on one occasion made a journey to the upper part of Vermont to visit their Uncle Benjamin. On the way they overtook a teamster with a heavy load, whose horses had stopped and refused to go further when the team was half way up a steep hill. The horses and wagon were so situated across the road that it was impossible for the brothers to pass in their chaise. After some time spent by the teamster in trying to start his horses, he left them and went in search of help. Daniel said to Ezekiel—"Come, we can start this team. You put your shoulder to the hind wheel, and I will mount the near horse."

This was no sooner said than done. Ezekiel put his sturdy shoulder to the wheel; Daniel mounted the horse, whipped and shouted at him. The horses pulled together, and away they went; and the load was soon drawn to the top of the hill.—When the man returned he found the horses quietly resting by the roadside at the summit, and the Websters out of sight.

Moody Getting out of a Tight Place.

Mr. Moody's biographer, W. H. Daniels. D. D., tells the following interesting story concerning the early life of the great Evangelist: "Once when he was creeping under a heavy fence, it fell down upon him and caught him, so that he could not get away. He struggled till he was quite exhausted, and then began to cry for help; but he was far from any house, and no one heard him. At last he got safely out; and this was the account he gave of the escape:

"I tried and tried, and I couldn't lift them awful heavy rails: Then I hollered for help, but nobody came; and then I began to think I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that, maybe, God would help me, and so I asked Him. And after that I could lift up the rails, just as easy!"

Gen. Stark and "His Molly."

A gentleman from Manchester, N. H., gives us the true account of Gen. Stark on that memorable occasion when he used the expression so often quoted, "You see the red coats! They are ours! or Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night." The true story is as follows:

As midday approached, the Americans were massed to receive orders, the locality being a large field, the entrance to which was by sliding bars and tall posts peculiar to the vicinity. Stark leaped to the the topmost rail, steadied himself by the tall post, and harrangued his troops. * * "Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians; they were bought for £7 10 pence a man. Are you worth more? Prove it. To-night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow." Although the fact of his jumping on a rail fence, rather than delivering the speech from his horse's back, seems less General-like to the Martial reader, yet it was like the man, and the story as told here came from one who heard it from the lips of a survivor of the battle.

Mr . Lieut. Helm's Story of the Fort Dearborn
(Chicago) Massacre.

"Mrs. Helm, in giving an account of the battle, or massacre, at Fort Dearborn, says: the horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained, as the balls whistled around them.— She drew off to one side and gazed upon Lieut. Helm, her husband, who was yet unharmed. She says: "I felt that my hour was come and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate. While I was thus engaged, the surgeon. Dr. V. came up; he was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his countenance was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me, "Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is any chance?"

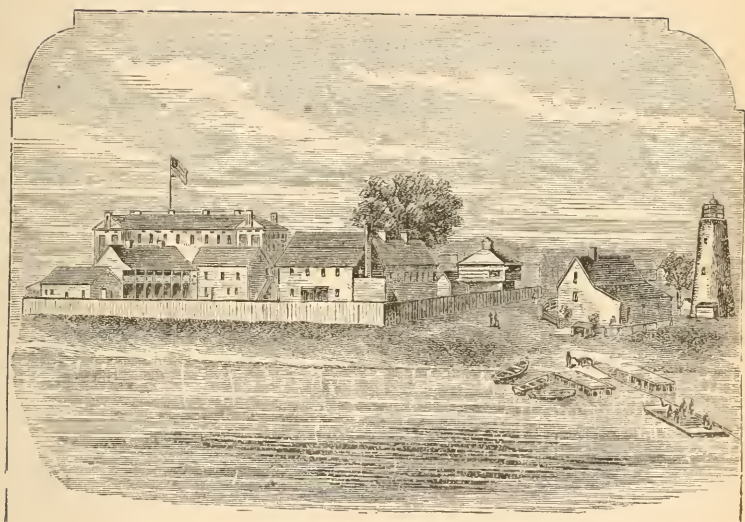
" 'Dr. V.,' said I, 'do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable. In a few moments we must appear before the bar of God. Let us endeavor to make what preparation is yet in our power.'— 'Oh! I cannot die!" exclaimed he! 'I am not fit to die—if I had but a short time to prepare—death is awful!" I pointed to ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded, and nearly down, was still fighting with desperation upon one knee.

" 'Look at that man,' said I, 'at least he dies like a soldier!"

" 'Yes,' replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive gasp, 'but he has no terrors of the future—he is an unbeliever!"

"At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside I avoided the blow which was aimed at my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and older Indian.

"The latter bore me, struggling and resisting, towards the



Fort Dearborn, Chicago.

lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.

"I was immediately plunged into the water and held there with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, as he held me firmly in such a position as to place my head above the water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, *The Black Partridge*.

"When the firing had somewhat subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sand-banks. It was a burning August morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition, was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stopped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand, with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw seized and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them. When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe, and but slightly wounded. They led me gently back toward the Chicago river, along the southern bank of which was the Pottawotomie encampment. At one time I was placed upon a horse without a saddle, but soon finding the motion insupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, and partly by another Indian, *Pee-sol-om*, who held dangling in his hand the scalp of Capt. Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

"The wife of *Wau-bee nee-mah*, a chief from the Illinois river, was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition, she seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a little stream that flowed near, threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand, gave it to me to drink. This act of kindness, in the midst of so many atrocities, touched me most sensibly, but my attention was soon diverted to another object. The fort had become a scene of plunder to such as remained

after the troops marched out. The cattle had been shot down as they ran at large and lay dead or dying around.

"As the noise of the firing grew gradually less, and the stragglers from the victorious party dropped in, I received confirmation of what my father had hurriedly communicated in our rencontre on the lake shore; namely, that the whites had surrendered after the loss of about two-thirds their number. They had stipulated for the preservation of their lives, and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in the stipulation, and a horrible scene occurred on their being brought into Camp.

"An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed by a demoniac ferocity. She seized a stable fork and assaulted one miserable victim who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected under such circumstances, *Wau-bee-nee-mah* stretched a mat across two poles between me and this dreadful scene. I was thus spared, in some degree, a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer.

The following night five more of the prisoners were tomahawked."

But why dwell upon this painful subject? Why describe the butchery of the children, twelve of whom, placed together on one baggage-wagon, fell beneath the merciless tomahawk of one young savage? This atrocious act was committed after the whites, twenty-seven in number, had surrendered. When Capt. Wells beheld it he exclaimed; "Is that their game? Then I will kill too!" So saying, he turned his horse's head and started for the Indian camp near the Fort, where had been left their squaws and children.

Several Indians pursued him, firing at him as he galloped

along. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position; at length the balls of his pursuers took effect, killing his horse and severely wounding himself.— At this moment he was met by Winnemeg and Wau-ban-see, who endeavored to save him from the savages who had now overtaken him; but as they supported him along, after having disengaged him from his horse, he received his death-blow from one of the party, (*Pee-sol-om*), who stabbed him in the back. * * * * *

Lieut. Helm was wounded in the action and taken prisoner; and afterwards taken by some friendly Indians to the Au Sable, and from thence to St. Louis, and liberated from captivity through the agency of Thomas Forsyth. Mrs. Helm received a slight wound in the ankle; had her horse shot from under her; and, after passing through the agonizing scenes described, went with the family of Mr. Kinzie to Detroit.

How Spurgeon Got a Hat.

About five thousand butchers and their female relatives were present at an entertainment given to them by the butchers' trade committee in London, recently, in the Metropolitan tabernacle, Newington. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon addressed the assembly, and in the course of a characteristic speech said that when he was a very young man of sixteen, he was minister of a chapel. Rather young to begin; yet he had a fine large house. His salary was £45 a year, not "all found," but you found yourself. He had to find himself a good suit of black, go about like a gentleman with nothing in his pocket—yet he never wanted, for he was God's servant. The other day he was down in that village where he preached, and was told that the biggest "screw" who ever lived had recently died. This man came down from up stairs to die, in order that no one should earn sixpence by removing him. He directed he should be buried in his own garden to save expense, and was never known to give anything away in his life. He (Mr. Spurgeon) interrupted

his informant, and told him that this man on one occasion gave him money. He wanted a new hat to look decent in on Sundays. In the country, if one did not wear a respectable hat his reputation was at stake; but he never wore a tall hat now, for his reputation was established—and he could wear any hat he liked. Well, upon this occasion he wanted to buy a respectable hat, and where the money was to come from he did not know.—One day this “screw” of a man squeezed into his hands three half-crowns, and accordingly the hat was bought. On the following Sunday this monster of covetousness said to him, “I am afraid of your being covetous, but the Lord told me to give you half-a-sovereign, and I stopped half-a-crown out of it. Pray take the other half-crown. I cannot sleep at night without you have it.” He (Mr. Spurgeon) took the half-crown to ease the man’s conscience, and God, who knew he wanted the hat, made that old gentleman “fork out that ten shillings.”

Incident of the Revolution.

The history of Enfield, Conn., issued by the town Centennial Committee, brought a letter from Mayor J. J. R. Pease, of Janesville, Wis., who relates, in the words of his grandfather, the incident at the old First Church, New Haven, which followed the reception of the news of the fight at Lexington, at the beginning of the Revolution:

“On the Sunday after that fight a message to Captain Thomas Abbe, giving an account of it, was brought to him while he was at Church. Captain Abbe was the best known ‘man-of-war’ in the town: he had seen service in the old French war, and withal was an accomplished player on the drum. He left the church very quietly, went to his house not far away, and forthwith returned as far as the steps or entrance to the church, and commenced playing on his drum, and played on till the people came out of church, leaving the parson alone. Captain Abbe then told the people of the fight at Lexington, made them a rousing ‘war speech,’ closing with the announcement that he should

march to Boston the next day, and invited all who had a mind to march with him to fall into line as he stepped off. He then began to play upon the drum and march around the church until one hundred and forty-seven men had volunteered to go with him.

How Dan Hung his Scythe.

During one of the college vacations, Webster and his brother returned to their father's, in Salsbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put schythes into their hands, and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting on his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with the scythe, and it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet: "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel with great composure, hung it in the next tree, and retired.

Narrow Escape of General Washington.

Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the hussars under Kniphausen, during some skirmishing a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular incident, which he thus relates in a letter to a friend. It illustrates, in a most forcible manner, the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least of all aware of it.

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, but not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled

the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone.

"The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in, and told us, that they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a huzzar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."

Moody and Reynolds.

The first meeting that I ever saw Mr. Moody at, says Mr. Reynolds, was in an old shanty abandoned by a saloon keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold a meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out and had to skip. I thought if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for His honor and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, Reynolds, I have got only one talent: I have no education, but love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him; and I want you to pray for me. I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and evening, to pray for that devoted christian soldier.

I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and I know him thoroughly; and for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. He astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day, shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over into Ireland.—The last time I heard him, his injunction was, “pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble!”

How Young Ulysses Loaded the Wagon.

General Grant’s biographer tells the following anecdote about young Ulysses, who at the time, was only twelve years old!—“One cloudy April morning when rain was threatened, Ulysses went as usual for his load. After a long trip, he came back with his logs, and as Jesse—his father—and the hired man were unloading them, he remarked: “Father, it’s hardly worth while for me to go again to-day; none of the hewers are in the woods.—There is only one load left; if I get that now there will be none for me to haul in the morning.”

“Where are the hewers?”

“At home, I suppose.” They haven’t been in the woods this morning.”

“Who loaded these logs?”

“Dave and me.”

“What do you mean by telling me such a story?” asked the clear headed, indignant father.”

“It is the truth; I loaded the logs with no help but Dave’s.”

It was the truth. For this hauling, the body of the wagon had been removed, and the logs were carried upon the axles.—It was a hard job for several men to load. They would take the wheels off on one side, let the axles down to the ground, lift on the squared logs with handspikes, then pry the axles up with levers, and put the wheels on again. That a mere boy could do this alone was incredible; and Jesse inquired:—

"How in the world did you load the wagon?"

"Well, father, you know that sugar-tree we saw yesterday, which is half fallen, and lies slanting, with the top caught in another tree. I hitched Dave to the logs and drew them up on that; then backed the wagon up to it, and hitched Dave to them again, and one at a time, snaked them forward upon the axles."

The ingenious lad had used the trunk of the fallen tree as an inclined plane, and after hauling the logs upon it, so that they nearly balanced, had drawn them endwise upon his wagon underneath with little difficulty. The feat made him quite celebrated in the neighborhood.

Colonel Horry.

A ludicrous story is told of Colonel Horry, who was once ordered to await the approach of a British detachment in ambuscade; a service he performed with such skill, that he had them completely within his power, when from a dreadful impediment in his speech, by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word "fire." In vain he made the attempt—it was fi, fi, fi, fi—but he could get no further. At length, irritated to almost madness, he exclaimed, "Shoot—blast you—shoot—you know very well what I would say!—Shoot—sho-ot——and be——bl—asted to you."

At Quimby, Col. Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out:—

"I am a wounded man, Col. Horry." Horry replied;

"Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post."

"But I can't stand, Colonel. I am wounded a second time."

"Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post."

"Colonel," cried the wounded man, "they have shot me again, and if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces."—"Be it so, Baxter, but stir not." He obeyed the order and actually received the fourth wound before the engagement ended.

Napoleon and Dugazon.

Dugazon was the scenic artist of the principal theatre in Paris. On hearing that Napoleon was interested in such a work as his, he conceived the bold idea of gaining a private audience and getting the Emperor's opinion of some scenic effects he was cogitating. The Emperor was fond of strolling about alone in the park at Malmaison. At such times no one dared to disturb his reveries. Dugazon dressed himself as a simple cure or village priest, got into the park on the strength of his garb and threw himself in the way of the Emperor, who saluted him in deference to his faith, and opened a conversation.

The scenic artist repeated his visit frequently, and branching off from religious topics, gradually interested Napoleon in secular ones, and as extremes meet, from holy church he went to the play-house. At length he unfolded who he was. So far from being offended, the great General made it a point of invariably giving audience to the scenic artist, and suggested the working of what is now called the "transformation scene." The interviews were never broken in upon, for the reason that Dugazon always wore the garb of a priest, and the Emperor was supposed to be engaged in his religious devotions, instead of plotting and planning the effects of gold and silver foil, or revolving coryphees and opening birds and flowers.

Napoleon was partial also to private theatricals, and the Bonaparte family used to cast pieces, sharing the parts between them. It was not in accord with the dignity of an Emperor to act, but he would be present at the entertainments.

Lucien, his brother, was playing one evening in the palace at Neuilly, the role of Zamore, in "Alzire." Napoleon strongly reprimanded him for appearing in costume not historically correct. Napoleon said in a severe tone to Lucien: "When I am striving to build up a taste for good manners and decency, the members of my family, at least, should throw no obstacle in the way of my projects."

Rosa Bonheur and the Journalist.

"Rosa Bonheur's workshop is far away from the breweries of Mont Breda, or the chestnuts of the Luxembourg. You must take the Lyons line; get out at Fontainebleau, and ask the first individual you meet, the road to Chateau Bay. After an hour's walk, in a thick wood, you perceive at an opening of the Thourmey woods an airy-looking building, in which the architect has combined iron, brick, and wood with rare artistic taste. From the cellar to the roof everything is graceful and coquettish in this miniature castle. Its irregularity is its greatest charm, and your eyes could feast all day on the turrets hung with ivy and the balconies entwined with honey-suckle, if your ears did not ring with a peculiar harmony which detracts from your admiration. You imagine that in the barn near by an Orpheus transformed into an animal is chanting forth a chorus of Richard Wagner; but, after listening attentively, this strange concert is found to proceed from the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cows, the neighing of horses, and the yelping of dogs.

"The servant pointed out to me a funny-looking little man, coming towards me knitting his eyebrows. He had on an enormous straw hat. Looking under it, I perceived a soft, beardless face, browned by the sun and lighted up by two moderate-sized chestnut-colored eyes. The small nose rather exaggerated the size of the large mouth, showing two rows of superb teeth. Long hair flowed from under her large peasant hat in great negligence.

"'Who are you?' 'Where do you come from?' and 'What do you want?' said she to me sharply. She stopped in front of me, and thrust her hands in the pockets of a pair of gray-ribbed velvet pants. I had been struck with the minuteness of those hands, and looked at her feet, which were equally microscopic, in spite of their thick covering of calf-skin undressed, with pegged soles.

"This Cæsar-like apostrophe disconcerted me a little, but recovering my coolness, I answered, 'I am a journalist, and I wish to see Miss Bonheur'

"Well, look at her," said the little peasant, taking off his head-gear.

"She continued in a milder tone, 'You must excuse me; you understand that I am obliged to keep intruders away. If talent makes a wild beast of a person, it is scarcely worth desiring. You know, also, the loss of time occasioned by the visits of strangers; the weariness caused by their questions. Come now with me; I am going to show you my sheep: If it tires you I can't help it; hurry, because I left one half shorn, and if the fleece is not taken off at once the poor beast burns on one side and freezes on the other. I was born to be a farmer, but fate decided otherwise. I am a painter, and out of my element.' "

Jenny Lind's Hat Full of Pearls.

Jenny Lind reached London in April, 1847, and soon began her rehearsals at the Queen's Theatre. When her voice was first heard in that spacious edifice at a rehearsal, no one was so enchanted as Lablasche, the celebrated basso.

"Every note," he exclaimed, "is like a pearl."

She was pleased with the simile, and when they had become better acquainted, she reminded him of it in a very agreeable manner. She came up to him one morning at rehearsal, and said to him:—

"Will you do me the favor, Signor Lablasche, to lend me your hat?"

Much surprised, he nevertheless handed her his hat, which she took with a deep courtesy, and, tripping away with it to the back part of the stage, began to sing an air into it. She then brought back the hat to Lablasche, and, ordering that portly personage to kneel, she returned it to him with the remark:—

"I have made you a rich man, signor, for I have given you a hat full of pearls!"

Everything a favorite does seems graceful and pleasant. This trifling act delighted the whole company.

Dr. Franklin Turning the Grindstone.

"When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning," says Dr. Franklin, "I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "O yes, sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop."

"And you will, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full.

"How old are you, and what's your name," continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest fellows that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with,

"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school, or you'll rue it."

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.—When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a

single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

Fanny Fern's Story of Gail Hamilton's Three Kittens, Etc.

In her life of Mary Abigail Dodge, Mrs. Parton tells the following story of young Gail's surroundings:

"Little Mary had other companions less aggressive in the birds, bees, and grasshoppers. She went Maying, too, on May mornings, as every true-born New England child should, as I myself have done, whether the sky wore blue or black; whether she shivered or was warm in a white gown; whether the May flowers were in blossom for May-wreaths, or the snow-flakes were coming down instead. She had chickens, too, and when they first came, she fed them with soaked and sweetened cracker; later, she made fricassees of them, and omelets of their eggs. She had three cats; one, named Molly after herself;—another, a hideous, saffron-colored, forlorn, little wretch, that was abandoned by an Irish family, and which she felicitously baptized Rory O'More. This cat one day crept into the oven.—Mary, ignorant of the fact, shut the door, wishing to retain the heat. Hearing a stifled "mew," she opened it, and out flew the cat and plunged through the house outside into the nearest snow bank, from whence she emerged, with true Irish elasticity, right-end up, and as good as new. The third cat little Mary housed was a perfect savage; her mistress never being able to catch sight of her save in her fierce and lightning-like transits through the house. These cats fought each other, scratched, and made the fur fly, stole chickens, and gave that zest and excitement to her childish days which might well astonish our city-prisoned urchins—shut up with a cross French nurse, to keep their silk dresses clean, in a nursery, from whose windows the only view is a dead brick wall.

Florence Nightingale.

One of the wounded soldiers to whom this angel of mercy, Miss Florence Nightingale, ministered, in speaking of her wonderful influence in the wards, says: "She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to many more; but she couldn't do it to all, you know; we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content."

Grace Greenwood's Story of Queen Victoria's Discipline.

The following anecdote of Queen Victoria's strict discipline was told to the relator—Grace Greenwood—by one who witnessed the occurrence:

"One day, when the Queen was present in her carriage, at a military review, the princess royal, then rather a wilful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her Majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail; 'winked at her, but she wouldn't stay winked'—At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it,—too evidently *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her fair hand; but the awful voice of royalty stayed them.

"'Stop, gentlemen!' exclaimed the queen; 'leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief.'

"There was no help for it. The royal footman let down the steps for the little, royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough. But the mortifying lesson may have nipped in the bud her first impulse towards coquetry.

Bishop Hutton's Gratitude.

While Dr. Hutton, Bishop of Durham, was once traveling between Wesleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, and retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down, and continued for some time in prayer.—On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy he traveled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favors He had since shown him.

Wesley and Nelson in Cornwall.

These indefatigable missionaries rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom, or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopped his horse at some brambles to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said he, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food. Do people think we can live by preaching?"—They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. "All that time," says John, "Mr Wesley and I laid on the floor: he had my great-coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.'

How a Half-Guinea made Dr. Clarke's Commentaries.

During Dr. Adam Clarke's short stay at Kingswood, he often worked in the garden for exercise. "Observing one day," says he, "a small plat which had been awkwardly turned over by one of the boys, I took the spade and began to dress it: in breaking one of the clods, I knocked a half guinea out of it. I took it up and immediately said to myself, This is not mine; it belongs not to any of my family, for they have never been here; I will take the first opportunity to give it to Mr. Simpson. Shortly after, I perceived him walking in the garden. I went to him, told him the circumstance, and presented the half-guinea to him; he took it, looked at it, and said, 'It may be mine, as several hundred pounds pass through my hands in the course of the year, for the expense of this school; but I do not recollect that I ever lost any money since I came here. Probably one of the gentlemen has; keep it, and in the mean time I will inquire.'—I said, "Sir, it is not mine, take you the money: if you meet the right owner, well; if not, throw it in the funds of the school." He answered, 'You must keep it till I make the inquiry.' I took it again with reluctance. The next day he told me that Mr. *Bayley* had lost a half-guinea, and I might give it to him the first time I saw him; I did so:—three days afterwards Mr. *Bayley* came to me and said, 'Mr. C., it is true that I lost a half-guinea, but I am not sure that *this* is the half-guinea I lost; unless I were so, I could not conscientiously keep it; therefore you must take it again.' I said it is not *mine*, probably it is *yours*; therefore I cannot take it. He answered, 'I will not keep it; *I have been uneasy in my mind ever since it came into my possession*;' and in saying this, he forced the gold into my hand. Mr. Simpson was present: I then presented it to him, saying, 'Here, Mr. S., take you it, and apply it to the use of the school.' He turned away hastily as from something ominous, and said 'I declare I will have nothing to do with it.' So it was obliged to remain with its *finder*, and formed a grand addition to a purse that already possessed only three half-pence.

"Was this providential? 1. I was poor, not worth two pence in the world, and needed some important articles. 2. I was out of the reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from *heaven*.

"The story is before the reader; he may draw what inference he pleases. One thing, however, I may add:—besides two or three necessary articles which I purchased, I gave Mr. Bayley 6s. as my subscription for his *Hebrew Grammar*: by which work I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that language, which ultimately led me to read over the *Hebrew Bible* and make those short notes which formed the basis of the *Commentary* since published! Had I not got that Grammar I probably should never have turned my mind to Hebrew learning; and most certainly had never written a *Commentary* on Divine Revelation! Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth! My pocket was not entirely empty of the remains of this half-guinea, till other supplies, in the ordinary course of God's providence, came in! O God! the silver and the gold are thine: so are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

Ole Bull, Camille Urso, and Miss Topp.

Ole Bull, Camille Urso, and Miss Alida Topp met once at a party.

"You play beautifully, my child," said the Norwegian to Miss Topp, "but you can't do the great music. No *woman* can; it takes the biceps of a man."

"My arm is strong enough," answered the brilliant young pianist, laughing; "I break *my* pianos as well as a man could, and Steinway has to send me a new one every week."

"You see," responded Ole Bull, turning to Madam Urso, "you see how these people treat their pianos. They bang them, they beat them, they kick them, they smash them to pieces; but our fiddles! *how we love them!*"

"Oh, yes, indeed," was Camille's earnest answer, with a flash of her most expressive eyes.

Rev. John Brown--Haddington.

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, when a boy, was engaged in the service of a farmer in East Lothian. Having one day gone to Edinburgh market with grain, while his horses were resting and his companions asleep, he went to a bookseller's in Parliament Close, in search of a Greek Testament. The proprietor, standing at his door, was surprised to hear a poor boy ask for such a book, and inquired what he would do with it? "Why, read it, if it please your honor." "Can you read it?" "Why," replied the lad, "I will try at it." One of the shop men, having found one, put it into his hand, and the master said, "If you can read it, you shall have it for nothing." The boy took it, and having read a page, translated it with great ease. The bookseller would receive no money, though the boy, who had pulled out half a crown from a purse in his pocket, urged him to take it, knowing that to be the price of the book. About twenty years after this, a well-dressed man, with a wig and staff, came to the same shop. He addressed the book-seller, who, as formerly, was walking before the door, saying, "Sir, I believe I am your debtor." The book-seller said, "I do not know, but step in, and any of the young men will tell you." "But," replied he, "it is to you personally that I am indebted." Looking in his face, the other said, "Sir, I do not know that you owe me anything." "Yes, I certainly do. Do you recollect that, about about twenty years ago, a poor boy came and got a Greek Testament from you, and did not pay for it?" "Yes, perfectly," replied the book-seller, "and have often thought of it; and the boy was no sooner gone, than I was angry with myself for not asking his name, and where he resided." "I," replied the clergyman, "was the boy; my name is Brown, and I live at Haddington." Upon looking again in his face, and giving him his hand, he said, "Mr. Brown, I am glad to see you, and have often heard of you. We have here in our shop your self-Interpreting Bible, your Church History, &c., which have brought me in much money; will you be so obliging as to dine with me?"

The invitation was accepted, and a lasting friendship formed between them.

Luther on Pilate's Stair Case.

For some time after the light of truth began to dawn on the mind of Luther, he submitted to all the vain practices which the Romish Church enjoins, in order to purchase the remission of sins. One day, during his visit to Rome, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the Pope to any one who should ascend, on his knees, what is called *Pilate's Staircase*, the poor Saxon monk was slowly climbing those steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But while he was going through with the meritorious work, he thought he heard a voice, like thunder, speaking from the depth of his heart, "*The just shall live by faith.*" He started up in terror on the steps up which he had been crawling; he was horrified at himself; and struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had debased him, he fled from the scene of his folly. This was the decisive epoch in the inward life of Luther.

Whitfield and the Little Boy.

When visiting America, the Rev. G. Whitfield often stood on the outsteps of the court-house in Philadelphia, and preached to thousands who crowded the streets below. On one of these occasions, a youth pressed as near to his favorite preacher as possible; and, to testify his respect, held a lantern for his accommodation. Soon after the sermon began, he became so absorbed in the subject, that the lantern fell from his hand, and was dashed to pieces; and that part of the audience in the immediate vicinity of the speaker's station were not a little discomposed by the occurrence.

Some years after, Mr. Whitfield, in the course of his fifth visit to America, about the year 1754, on a journey from the south-

ward, called at St. George's, in Delaware, where Mr. Rodgers was then settled in the ministry, and spent some time with him. In the course of this visit, Mr. Rodgers, riding one day with his visitor in a close carriage, asked him whether he recollected the occurrence of the little boy who was so much affected with his preaching as to let the lantern fall. Mr. Whitfield answered, "O yes! I remember it well; and have often thought I would give anything in my power to know who that little boy was, and what had become of him." Mr. Rodgers replied, with a smile, "I am that little boy." Mr. Whitfield, with tears of joy, started from his seat, clasped him in his arms, and with strong emotions remarked, that he was the fourteenth person then in the ministry, whom he had discovered in the course of that visit to America, of whose hopeful conversion he had been the instrument.

Haydn and His "Creation"--Thrilling Scene.

In Haydn's "Creation" there occurs a passage, which cannot be easily equaled, much less surpassed, either for its sublimity or for the simplicity of the means employed. The point referred to is that wonderful transition from minor to major on the words, "Let there be light, and there was light," connected with which there is an interesting anecdote:

In the year 1808, a grand performance of the "Creation" took place in Vienna. Haydn was present, but he was so old and feeble that he had to be wheeled in a chair in the theatre, where a princess of the house of Esterhazy took her seat by his side.—This was the last time that Haydn appeared in public, and a very impressive sight it must have been to see the aged father of music listening to the "Creation" of his younger days, but too old to take any share in the performance. The presence of the old man roused intense enthusiasm among the audience, which could no longer be suppressed as the chorus and orchestra burst in full power upon the superb passage, "And there was light!"

Amid the tumult of the enraptured audience the old compo-

ser was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet, he mustered up all his strength, and, in reply to the applause of the audience, he cried out as loud as he was able: "No, no! not from me, but" pointing to Heaven, "from there—from Heaven above—comes all! Saying which, he fell back in his chair, faint and exhausted, and had to be carried out of the room.

Dickens' Illustrations.

On one occasion Charles Dickens was upholding the theory that whatever trials and difficulties might stand in a man's path, there was also something that he might be thankful for. "Let me in proof thereof," said Dickens, "relate a story. Two men were to be hanged at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulcher's began to toll; the convicts were pinioned; the procession was formed; it advanced to the fatal beam; the ropes were adjusted round the poor men's necks. There were thousands of motley sight-seers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women and children in front of the scaffold, when just at that second of time a bull, which was being driven to Smithfield, broke its rope and charged the mob right and left, scattering the people everywhere with its horns.—Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his, too, equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, "I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd!"

Miss Thurston's Pleading Pigeon.

Miss Nellie Thurston made a balloon ascension from Oneida, in November, 1878, and after a journey of sixty miles, landed safely at Burlington Flats, Otsego county, making the distance in forty minutes. She took with her a pigeon from the Oneida Community, and when she reached an altitude of three miles undertook to release it. Miss Thurston opened the cage, but the bird would not fly. She then put it on the edge of the basket, and it immediately jumped down to the bottom and nestled by her in a manner which seemed to say: "Please protect me."

Miss Thurston says she felt sorry for the pretty little bird, and dreaded to throw it out, but thought she would try it again, and see if it would not go willingly; so she sat it on the edge of the basket again, when it immediately alighted on her shoulder. She then took it in her hand, gave it a toss, but instead of starting for the world below it sailed around the balloon several times and alighted again in the basket. She took it again into her hand, petted it, and with words of sympathy and assurance she gave it a kiss, saying: "Birdie, you will go home all right," and the pigeon, as if comprehending the words of kindness and assurance, flew from her hand and was soon lost sight of. It did not, however, reach its home until the next day.

Incident in Mrs. Partington's Early Life.

Mr. B. P. Shillaber has been writing a bright and graceful article concerning the good old lady—Mrs. Partington. Her first innocently wise saying was inspired by a remark of one of the newspaper men, on a night when a steamer from England had brought news of an advance in breadstuffs, who said he did not care, as he bought his flour by the half-dollar's worth.—"Mrs. Partington" was then made to say, in the little paragraph that Mr. Shillaber wrote, that it made "no difference to her whether flour was dear or cheap, as she always received just so much for a half dollar's worth." This was copied the next day, and the inducement was thus offered to try again. This meeting with like success, they were kept on, until Mrs. P., as she expressed it, had obtained a "memento" she could not check.—Mr. Shillaber adds: "Mrs. Partington" was an entirely new creation, for I had never seen the 'Rivals' acted, nor read it, and though I knew, from extracts in comic compilations, of Mrs. Malaprop's existence and character, it moved no pulse of my ambition. The real inspiration which prompted the effort to continue the Partington sayings, when the idea took positive form, was the constant hearing of expressions, by very excellent people, that seemed too funny to be allowed to pass into forgetfulness,—queer errors, inadvertantly made, and otherwise."

The News Boy.---The Scientist.---Anecdotes of Thomas A. Edison.

Many interesting anecdotes are told of the great inventor, Thomas Alva Edison. At the age of twelve, his father secured him the position of news boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad between Detroit and Port Huron. His average daily earnings during the four years he was engaged in selling periodicals on the train was one dollar. At times he employed as many as four assistants. In order to sell more of his papers, and thus do the greatest good to the greatest number, and at the same time make it pay, he would telegraph in advance the head lines of the war news columns, which proved a great success. While a news boy, he purchased three hundred pounds of type, and printed a weekly paper called "*The Grand Trunk Herald*." The work was done in a smoking car, and the impressions were taken by pressing the paper down upon the type with his hands. The columns were filled with railroad news and gossip contributed by conductors engineers, and others. The paper reached a circulation of several hundred, and attained a reputation that even crossed the Atlantic, and called forth a favorable notice in the London *Times*. George Stephenson, the engineer, who built the tubular bridge at Montreal, when passing over the road one day, found the young news boy hard at work upon the *Herald*, and at once ordered an extra edition printed for his own use. While engaged as train boy he also indulged in frequent chemical experiments. Leaving his phosphorus bottle on one occasion, uncorked, the water evaporated and the phosphorus set fire to the car. This sad accident of course attracted the attention of the conductor, who with difficulty extinguished the flames, and then tossed the young man's laboratory to the winds; and, it is said, closed the drama by "threshing Edison."

All this did not discourage the great boy. He soon after is found constructing a telegraph line between his home in Port Huron and the residence of his young friend, James Ward. Common stove pipe wire insulated with bottles placed on nails driven

into posts and trees constituted the line. The first magnets used were made with wire wound with rags for insulation, and a piece of spring brass formed the key. It is said the two boys were somewhat mixed as to the relative value of dynamic and static electricity for telegraphic purposes, and so the first attempt to generate a current was by means of a couple of cats rubbed vigorously at each end of the line at an appointed time! This effort proved a sad failure in every respect, excepting of course, the two cats, that vanished like streaks of lightning, the midnight mew-sic of which young Tom never heard again.

While an operator at one station, the telegraph office was greatly infested with cockroaches. Mr. Edison tacked several zinc strips to the walls at intervals of an eighth of an inch, and applied the positive and negative poles of a battery alternately to the strips. He next smeared the walls above the strips with molasses. The long legged bugs came up, and as they stepped from strip to strip, they 'closed the circuit,' received the electric shock and dropped dead by scores. Water pails put at the proper places received their bodies as they fell."

The turning point in his life occurred later. In 1868 a gawky young fellow appeared in the Boston office. He was assigned to the New York wire operated at the New York end by a telegrapher so rapid and expert that nobody could follow him. The New York man gave the new hand one trial at the top of his speed. It was a case of articulate lightning. But the gawky Western boy was equal to the occasion, and when he got through the New York man shouted through the Battery, "Who the devil are you, anyhow?" The reply went back like lightning. "I'm Tom Edison, old boy.—Shake hands and try it again!" The advice was good, but the New York operator did not see fit to take it. Here he tried his duplex system. It failed, and he was turned adrift again as an incorrigible Bohemian. Half in desperation, and half in hope that there might be a place for him somewhere, he turned up in New York, after his Boston adventure with duplex transmission: and here a happy accident proved the pivot upon which his career turned. The indicator of the Gold and Stock Company got

out of order at a critical moment, and the raw-looking country boy repaired it. His cause was now taken up by Mr. Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, with the quick insight that made that gentleman's success in the world; and his subsequent triumphs have justified the first impression of his distinguished patron. His duplex transmission has become quadruplex transmissions. He has amassed a fortune, married, and has a little Tom Edison in the nursery.

How Phil. Sheridan Disobeyed Orders.

The recent gathering of the military men in Indianapolis, and the recital of reminiscences of the war which gave occasion for the organization of the Army of the Tennessee, recalls an incident in the military experience of Gen. Phil. Sheridan which is not generally known, and which has doubtless been forgotten by many who were cognizant of it at the time, driven from their minds by the glorious achievements which have made the name of Sheridan loved and honored throughout the land. At the beginning of the war he was a Captain in the regular army, having graduated at West Point in 1853. In 1861 he was appointed Quartermaster of the Army of the Southwest, under Gen. Curtis, with headquarters at Springfield, Mo. An expedition to Arkansas was organized, and Gen. Curtis headed it in person. The march of the army was harassed by attacks from bushwhackers and guerillas, and there was great need of horses to meet and repulse these classes of combatants. Gen. Curtis dispatched a courier from Timber Hollows to Sheridan with instructions to forward immediately all the horses he could procure; if there was no money on hand with which to purchase them to go out and press them into the service. In those early days the war was not carried into Africa, so to speak, as in latter times, and Sheridan refused to run any risks by such an irregular proceeding, and sent word back to Curtis that he would send no horses for which he had no receipts; and, having no funds on hand, he could not procure them. Gen. Curtis was

furious at the presumption of the Quartermaster, and ordered the contumacious officer to forward his sword to the General and report to Gen. Halleck, in command of the department at St. Louis, under arrest. Gen. Sheridan left Springfield in pursuance of these orders, and that was the last heard of him in the Army of the Southwest. In the spring of 1862 he appeared again as Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, after which time his progress was rapid and brilliant, and known to the whole country. How he got out of the trouble with Gen. Curtis the archives of the War Department may be able to tell, but it is not known to those associated with him in Missouri. The stirring events of that period left but little time to look up the records of individuals, however famous. The episode was the making of Philip, though. Had he not disobeyed orders he might and would in all probability have served through the war, rising no higher than a Brigade or Division Quartermaster.

Too Much for General Washington.

A cheerful view of Washington is given in a story once told by Mrs. Madison to a little girl, who now repeats it in *Lippincott*. "One day in Philadelphia," said Mistress Dolly Madison, "I was sitting in my parlor with a very dear friend, Mrs. R. B. Lee, when in walked Payne Todd (her son) dressed in my calico bedgown. While we were laughing at the figure he cut, the servant threw open the door, and announced General and Mrs. Washington. What to do with that dreadful boy I didn't know. He could not face the President in that garb. Neither could he leave the room without meeting them, for the door they were entering was the only one. I made him crawl quickly under a low, broad settee on which I was sitting. I had just time to arrange the drapery when the Washingtons entered. After the courtly greeting, and the usual compliments of the season, there came from under the settee a heavy sigh, which evidently attracted the General's notice. However, I only talked and laughed a little louder, hoping to divert his attention, when—oh,

me!—there came an outcry and a kick that could not be ignored. So I stooped down and dragged Payne out by the leg. General Washington's dignity left him for once. Laugh! Why, he fairly roared! He nearly went into convulsions. The sight of that boy in that gown, all so unexpected, coming wrong end first from under my seat—it was too much.

Professor Alexander.

Professor Joseph Addison Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was considered somewhat eccentric respecting the society of young ladies. He seemed studiously to avoid their presence, and is said on one occasion to have gone down through a second story window rather than go out through a parlor filled with ladies. The compiler from his study window one day observed the learned Professor pacing up and down the long walk in front of his residence. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his head was down as if engaged in deep thought. While pacing towards the door several ladies entered the gateway. With his head still down he turned and walked slowly towards the ladies, evidently not observing them. Both parties gradually approached each other and a collision seemed inevitable. When the great scholar had almost run against the visitors he discovered their presence, and then with terrible celerity wheeled about and walked into the house.

He was very popular with the students and would never allow them to be abused in his classes by examining committees. The writer well remembers when during an examination a member of one of the committees propounded a question, which, in substance was about the same as calling for an explanation of the Trinity. Professor Alexander immediately announced that his class had not gone over that field; in fact, it did not belong to his department, but the class would await any explanations of the subject the member of the committee might see fit to make. This was carrying the war into Africa, and as the member preferred peace, he excused himself and asked no more questions.

Moody's Remarkable Anecdote of a Defaulter.

A man came to me in one of the Eastern cities last winter, and said: "Mr. Moody, I want to become a Christian, but I can't pray. I have tried to, but it seems as if the heavens protest, and all is dark." I probed him, and tried to find out the difficulty, and at last says I: "Isn't there some sin that you are covering up?" And the man colored to the roots of his hair, and says, "Mr. Moody, I will tell you. I am a defaulter for one thousand five hundred dollars." Says I, "Why don't you confess?" He says, "I am going into business, and am going to make it up. I have a lovely wife and family, and I can't confess. It would be the ruin of my family, and my ruin. I am just going into business, and expect to make that money, and to pay it back. I don't know but I may be wrong in that." "Yes," says I, "of course you can't pray with that difficulty over you. Going into business with other men's money! Just been robbing men!" "Oh! what shall I do?" "Make restitution." "I can't; it would be the ruin of me!" "How much have you got out of the one thousand five hundred dollars?" "Nine hundred,—some day I'll pay back every dollar. I can't go to my employers and confess. They will put me into the courts." "I don't know whether they will or not." He said he couldn't do it, and went away, wanting me to pray for him. "How can I, if you are not willing to make restitution?" I told him I would pray that God wouldn't give any sleep to his eyes or slumber to his eyelids until he gave back that money. The next day he came back and said he couldn't sleep. "Is there no other way out of this agony?" "No; do the right thing and God will set you right." He shrank from it. "How can I do it? I am sure they will put me into the courts, and it will ruin my family." Says I, "Do right, and the Lord will remember you." Finally he put into my hands nine hundred and eighty-one dollars and twenty-one cents in a sealed envelope, and says, "That money follows me, and I don't want it any longer. I have taken the last cent my wife and I have, and if my friends will not save me from the penitentiary, it will be the

death of us." I went to his employers, and got them into a room and told them the whole story. "There is some of your money, and I don't think you ought to ruin him." Tears ran down their cheeks, and I saw they would deal mercifully with him; so I went down stairs and brought him up, and those three men got on their knees and prayed together. Friends rallied around him, and he has gone into business, and been successful from that hour. God delivered him, and he is reconciled and at peace. He had sins, and set his face to do right. If you want power, if you want God to bless you, make restitution. That comes with confession. There is no use of confessing sins if you are not willing to make restitution and be honest; and when honest with man and your neighbors, God will hear and bless you.

An Incident in Prof. Swing's Early Life.

Professor Swing, of the Central Church, Chicago, is very fond of fishing. Many are the summer evenings in which, accompanied by his daughter, he may be seen enjoying the cool lake breeze at the pier with hook and line, filling his basket with the choicest bass. This laudable taste was very early developed, and is the occasion of a story the compiler heard the Professor relate in his own words. Near his native place a large stream was dammed for milling purposes, an event that happened about the time that young David appeared on the scene of action. The mill-dam, of course, soon abounded in a great variety of fish, and became celebrated as the best fishing place in all the region, but, alas, it was a dangerous place for little boys. On this account the "big boys" as the Professor styled them, would never allow him to accompany them in their fishing excursions if they could prevent it. Like the poor fellow that was cut in twain by the circular saw, who was pronounced a good citizen, but of limited knowledge concerning circular saws, young David, though ever so good a boy, was supposed to have but little knowledge of mill-dams. One evening he saw the "big boys" starting out for a fish. He knew if he could conceal his pres-

ence until all were so far away that it would be unsafe for those great fellows to allow him to return alone, they would then be compelled to let him go on to the mill-dam. But on this occasion he had not stolen his way very far, hiding in fence corners and behind trees, before he was discovered.

"Dave, you little rascal, go home or we'll skin you alive;" shouted one of the big boys. Frightful as were these awful words, "Dave" was not seriously intimidated, and when the big boys threw out their lines into the mill-pond, Dave, at a safe distance, and without their knowledge, threw out his.

It was not long before a kind of under tow movement occurred in the waters in front of the boy, and a fish nearly as big as Dave himself (he thought so), swallowed the tempting bait. Then followed a terrible splashing, as if trees were falling in the waters and the big boys rushed to see what on earth was the matter.

"Why Dave is that you?" exclaimed one.

"Golly, what a fish," exclaimed another.

"Dave you're a capital boy," cried another.

But the little man heeded not. He just gathered up that fish, line and all, with both hands, and pressing it to his heaving bosom struck for home as fast as he could run, with a few of the great fellows, this time following him! It was the largest fish ever taken from the pond, and "Dave the little rascal," instead of being "skinned alive" was covered with glory.

Jenny Lind's "Best Compliment."

It was the remark of Jenny Lind that the best compliment ever paid her was by an old lady who resided in one of the humble cottages of England. In her travels one day she took occasion to call at one of these unpretentious homes, where she was met by an old lady. "Have you ever heard Jenny Lind?" inquired the sweet singer. "No, I have not. It costs too much money for us poor folks; only the rich can hear her sing," responded the lady. Whereupon the sweet singer announced

her acquaintance with Jenny Lind, and whom she had frequently heard sing, and offered to give the old lady a song. The woman was greatly delighted and at once assumed the position of auditor, while Jenny Lind began the familiar ballad, "Home, Sweet Home." Ere the first verse was sung the old lady was in tears. She seemed entranced, and when the song was concluded, looking steadfastly at the singer, in earnest tones exclaimed, "*This must be Jenny Lind!*"

Surrender of Vincennes (Ind.) to Col. Clark.

It has been remarked that the conquests of Col. George Rogers Clark, in the far West during the Revolution, changed the boundaries of the Nation. But for his army of fearless Virginians the union of all the Indian tribes, from Maine to Georgia, might have been effected against the Colonies and the whole current of our history changed. Gov. Hamilton, the British commander of the north-west, with headquarters at Vincennes, deemed it his special mission to effect this great union; and with this accomplished, it is certain the war would have been prolonged, and quite probable, the Ohio river would have been our present Canadian boundary. How to break up the coalition was the problem which Col. Clark solved. He made up his mind to capture Gov. Hamilton. The story relating how the Colonel accomplished this important work is told by himself, as follows:

TO THE INHABITANTS OF VINCENNES.—*Gentlemen:* Being now within two miles of your village, with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses, and those, if any there be, that are friends to the king, will instantly repair to the fort and join the hair-buyer General and fight like men. And if any such as do not go to the fort shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated, and I once more re-

quest them to keep out of the streets. For every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat him as an enemy.

(Signed)

G. R. CLARK.

This notice had the desired effect. It inspired the friendly inhabitants with confidence and filled the enemy with terror. On the same day about sunset the little army set off to attack the fort. In order to convince Hamilton that the invaders consisted of a large army Col. Clark divided his men into platoons, each displaying a different flag, and after marching and counter-marching around some mounds within sight of the fort, and making other demonstrations of numbers and strength till dark, Lieut. Bayley, with fourteen men, was sent to attack the fort.— This party secured themselves within thirty yards of the fort, defended by a bank and safe from the enemy's fire, and as soon as a port hole was opened a dozen rifles were directed to the aperture. One soldier fell dead, and the rest could not be prevailed upon to stand to the guns. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, Col. Clark sent a flag of truce with the following letter to Col. Hamilton, while his men, for the first time in six days, were provided with breakfast:

Sir: In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc., etc. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend upon such treatment as is justly due to a *murderer*. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that may be in your possession, or hurting one house in town, for, by Heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you.

G. R. CLARK.

Col. Hamilton replied as follows:

Col. Hamilton begs leave to acquaint Col. Clark that he and his garrison are not disposed to be awed into any action unworthy of British subjects.

The attack was renewed with great vigor, and soon after Hamilton sent another message to the invader, as follows:

Gov. Hamilton proposes to Col. Clark a truce for three days,



Col. G. R. Clark.

during which time he promises that there shall be no defensive works carried on in the garrison, *on condition* that Col. Clark will observe, on his part, a like cessation of offensive work: that is, he wishes to confer with Col. Clark, as soon as can be, and promises that whatever may pass between the two and another mutually agreed on to be present, shall remain secret till matters be finished; as he wishes that whatever the result of the conference may be, it may tend to the honor and credit of each party. If Col. Clark makes a difficulty of coming into the fort, Lieut. Gov. Hamilton will speak with him by the gate.

HENRY HAMILTON.

This message was written on the 24th of February, 1779, and manifested a feeling that Clark had expected. His reply was: "Col. Clark's compliments to Gov. Hamilton, and begs leave to say that he will not agree to any terms other than Mr. Hamilton surrendering himself and garrison prisoners at discretion. If Mr. Hamilton wants to talk with Col. Clark, he will meet him at the church with Capt. Helm."

A conference was held as proposed, when Clark would agree only to a surrender, and threatened to massacre the leading men in the fort for supplying the indians with means of annoyance and purchasing scalps, if his terms were not accepted. In a few moments afterwards Col. Clark dictated the terms of surrender which were accepted. On the twenty-fifth of February 1779, the Fort was surrendered to the American troops and the garrison treated as prisoners of war. The stars and stripes were unfolded above its battlements and thirteen guns celebrated the victory.

Anecdote of Horace Greeley.

Samuel Sinclair, who, during the latter part of Mr. Greeley's life was the business manager of the *Tribune*, tells the following interesting anecdote concerning Mr. G. One winter Mrs. Greeley went to the West Indies for her health, and the following spring she sent for her husband to come after her and bring her home to New York. Now, if there was one thing the old man

hated, it was the sea. The very smell of salt water made him sick. But nevertheless he obeyed his wife's call, as he was accustomed to obey her every whim. In due time they got back to New York, and that morning, Mr. Sinclair received word that Greeley was not feeling well, owing to his voyage, and had decided to stay at home for the day. In the evening, Sinclair was going to Washington on business, and so, valise in hand, he called at Greeley's house an hour or two before the train was to start. He found Mr. Greeley in bed, and actually very ill, having suffered terribly from sea-sickness all the way out and all the way back. He was alone, the other members of the family being either ill or away from home, and so Sinclair determined to pass the night with him, giving up for that time his trip to the Capital. Presently Greeley wanted his back rubbed; and the impromptu nurse was somewhat surprised to find that his patient hadn't a stitch of clothing on his person, barring the sheets and quilts.

"Sinclair," said he in that querulous whine of his, "I'm as naked as the day I was born. My trunks haven't arrived yet, and I haven't got a night gown."

"But why not wear this?" pointing to the garment he had taken off before getting into bed.

"Oh, I expect to be out to-morrow, and I want that to wear then. How the blazes would it look after I'd slept in it?"

Well, in due time his luggage arrived, and Sinclair made a bolt for the article he wanted. After some rummaging he found it, and helped Mr. Greeley put it on. It was speedily fastened at the neck, and the nurse took up one of the wrists and tried to button it. There, however, he stuck fast. The ends wouldn't meet by fully two inches. He tugged and twisted to his utmost, but it was no go. Still, as the patient said nothing, he supposed it ought to be fastened, and redoubled his efforts for that purpose. For about twenty minutes he labored without success; then he said:

"This is a failure. It won't fasten."

"No," replied Greeley, with exasperating calmness; "I knew it wouldn't. The fact is, I never could button the infernal thing

myself. But you seemed to enjoy it, so I didn't disturb you."

He lay back on the pillow for a few moments, as if thinking deeply, and then, sitting bolt upright, he brought his fist down upon the quilt savagely:

"If Mormonism ever gets as far East as this, I'll be blamed if I don't have one wife to take care of my shirts!"

Two Remarkable Answers to Prayer.

The following instances where prayer seemed directly answered, came under the personal observation of the compiler:

A student in attendance at Princeton Seminary who was poor in purse, but a very worthy young man, desired a new coat in which to labor during a vacation. He tried in many ways to obtain the money with which to purchase the coat, but all his plans seemed to fail. It seemed to him, apparently as a last resort that he would make the possession of the new coat a matter of special prayer, which he did, no doubt earnestly and in good faith. Shortly after this resolution, and while engaged in prayer one day in his study, there was a gentle rap at the door. Mr. C. opened the door and an entire stranger entered bearing a package. The unknown gentleman stated to Mr. C. that when he was leaving New York, a friend gave him this package to deliver to some student in the Seminary. It was not intended for any special one, but if any student was in need of what the package contained he could have it. Mr. C. took the package and, opening it, found the coat, which he said God had given him in answer to his prayers.

The Rev. Geo. Paull, one of the most promising students that ever graduated at the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburg, began his labors at Morrison, Ill. While at this point, he resolved to carry out his long cherished intention of going to Africa as a missionary. No power could dissuade him from this purpose. The compiler endeavored to convince him that he would not live very long in such an unhealthy country, but Mr. P. remarked that his "bones would do more good in Africa than

his life in America!" So to Africa he went and, years ago, he was buried on the Island of Corisco. But before his departure from Morrison, Ill., Paull was in need of a considerable sum of money, over and above what the church owed him, to help him along in his purpose. This he made a matter of earnest prayer. It so happened that just before leaving, his congregation, which held him in the highest esteem, arranged for a farewell service to be held in the church. At the meeting, and entirely unknown to Mr. Paull, his friends brought a purse well filled with money, which the compiler in behalf of the congregation presented to Mr. Paull. After all was over and Mr. P. and myself had returned to his study, he took up this well filled purse in his right hand and stretching forth his arm said with great emphasis:—"Brother Mac, these good people think they gave this, but it is from God. I regard that (looking at the purse) as a direct answer to my prayers,"

Elder Seely's Experience in a Colored Church.

Many years since, Elder Seely, of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, attended the evening service of the colored Presbyterian Church on Third Avenue. He modestly took a seat in the rear of the church, but it was soon evident that the whole congregation was aware that "Brudder" Seely was present. At the close of the services a collection was taken up, and while it was in progress the colored pastor leaned over his desk and as he watched the money being deposited on the table below, kept up a running fire of comments. When Elder Seely was called upon for his contribution he could find nothing in his pocket smaller than a two dollar bill. Feeling that an officer of a "leading church" must give something, he told the collector to take the bill and bring back one dollar in change. It was evident the pastor's eye was on him, for no sooner did the bill strike the table than he called out in loud and triumphant tones: "Bress de Lord, Brudder Seeley has given two dollars." The brother did not wait for his change.

Dr. Rice on Matrimony.

Dr. Nathan L. Rice, the first professor of Didactic Theology in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the North-West, and one of the best biblical scholars this country has ever produced, desired among other good things, that his class should understand something concerning the subject of matrimony. The compiler well remembers a number of lectures delivered to the students on this important topic. In addition to this, the Doctor delivered the substance of these lectures before the North Presbyterian Church, of which, at the time, he was pastor. These lectures were also listened to by the students. In fact the boys were quite well "up" in matrimony at the conclusion of the series. But after all that was heard and said, the venerable Doctor gravely remarked to the class at the opening of a new subject the next morning: "Young gentlemen, I desire to sum up all I have said on the subject of matrimony in these words: *Never say the first unkind word, and then you will never say the second.*"

Dr. Breckenridge and the Advent Question.

An interesting anecdote is told of the celebrated Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, which, according to the good Doctor's interpretation, reflects the views then held by the Synod of Kentucky on the great advent question. He had just returned home from a meeting of the Synod when he was besought by a number of friends to give an account of the Synodical Sessions.

"What all did they do, Doctor?" inquired a member.

"Oh," said the Doctor, "some talking was done and some fighting was done over the advent question." "Ah?" exclaimed another, and without awaiting further details added: "Will y u tell us, Dr. Breckenridge, how the venerable Synod regarded that great question?"

"Well," said Dr. B., "Some thought He would come: and some thought He wouldn't; but the great majority *didn't care whether He came or not!*"

Gov. Seymour and the Baptist Deacon.

When Governor Seymour vetoed the Law restricting the sale of ardent spirits, he received many letters from philanthropists, ministers and temperance lecturers, censuring his course, and admonishing him that his nocturnal slumbers would be haunted by ghosts of deceased inebriates and the wail of widows and orphans. The governor perused them with his accustomed coolness, thinking the tide then so strong against him would eventually turn in his favor. Meanwhile he received several consoling epistles from citizens of position and influence who took his view of the matter and endorsed his action. Among the latter was a correspondent signing himself "A Baptist Deacon," who advised Gov. S. to keep his composure, use the veto power when necessary, and pay no heed to howling fanatics. After expressing his hearty concurrence with the governor's views, that the law, as submitted to him, was "clearly unconstitutional," he added: "Gov. Seymour, I have been a deacon, in good standing, in the Baptist Church, for thirty years. I have read my Bible carefully from Genesis to Revelation. I have read of our Savior and his disciples freely using (though never abusing) ardent spirits; and on one occasion we are told that he absolutely turned water into wine at a wedding supper; a fact cold water lunatics cannot deny. I repeat, governor, I have read my Bible from Genesis to Revelation; and in all my reading I have found but one man who called for *water*, and he was in *hades*, where he ought to be."

President White. •

President White, of Wabash College, was a fine looking, dignified, impressive and careful man. His words were always well chosen; his many addresses before college assemblies were always impressive. On the rostrum in the chapel one day, and before all the students, he was lecturing on friendship, and fidelity. He had just removed his gold spectacles from his face and placed them in the case which at the moment he held in his

right hand. Desiring to make his assertion very emphatic, he raised his right arm and exclaimed: "Young gentlemen, it is better to have the friendship of a *dog* than his dislike." The arm came down with good force on the word *dog*, and at the same instant out flew his gold spectacles, and went rattling in pieces over the floor. For a moment the President hesitated, and the boys were on the eve of a laugh, when Dr. White exclaimed, "There, gentlemen, is the *force of the argument!*"—Several hundred boys, and even the good President, lost their dignity, and the old chapel resounded with laughter.

An Incident in Dr. Hodge's Recitation Room.

A class of nearly a hundred students, of which the compiler was a member, was one day reciting before the venerable Dr. Charles Hodge, in exegesis at Princeton, when a remarkable scene transpired, that no member of that class can well forget. The venerable professor was seated in his high chair and held in his hand a pocket testament opened at the fifth chapter of Romans, the words of which he was critically examining and its profound truths ably expounding. This exposition continued as usual, the entire class being occupied in taking notes, until the professor reached the nineteenth verse, which reads: "for as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." After he had read and translated this verse he laid down the book and looked out over the class, apparently engaged in deep thought and after quite a while, in the most earnest and serious tones remarked: "Young gentlemen! *This is the pith of the whole matter.*" Every eye was now riveted. Not a pencil movement was heard. The good Doctor, still looking out upon the class, his eyes filling with tears, after another solemn pause, as if the study of a lifetime, and in fact, all study, was being crowded into that verse, repeated in tremulous tone: "Young gentlemen: *This is the pith of the whole matter.*" Under a still deeper emotion, these words were again repeated. The students were overwhelmed

by the solemnity and power of these strangely emphatic assertions, and nothing more was done in the way of exegesis, during the hour.

How Lincoln Dispatched Business.

The compiler called on President Lincoln one day at his office in Washington, when about twenty persons were present on business. Mr. Lincoln asked each one as he came forward, "What, sir, will you have me do?" A Senator wished to know the result of the engagement at Chancellorsville, a battle raging at the time. The President, referring to some special plans in the battle, remarked, "We have made a great attempt and failed, and it hurts me."

Another gentleman assured Mr. Lincoln that Massachusetts would stand by him. "Tell Massachusetts," said he, "if she will stick to me, I will stick to her as long as I can."

At this stage a soldier hobbled to the door on crutches. The President immediately beckoned him forward, and at once attended to his request. One gentleman appeared with a large package of papers under his arm, and as he was slow in response to the President's question "What will you have me to do?" Mr. Lincoln interrupted him by asking "Do you want me to read all those papers?" "Yes," said the man. "Well I can't do it," said Lincoln. His business was in connection with the Navy Department, and the President said: "Show them to my Navy, and if they back you, then I will."

An old gentleman desired a pass to the battlefield, where he had a son. He showed Mr. Lincoln a pass over a portion of the way. "Where did you get that?" asked the President—"From the War Department," responded the aged man. "Then sir, that is the place for you to get another one," replied Mr. Lincoln. The rapidity with which he dispatched business was wonderful to behold.





Sir Edwin Landseer.

ANIMAL STORIES.

Sagacity of a Horse that Escaped from the Custer Massacre.

Col. Rice, who has seen service in the Indian campaign, relates a striking anecdote concerning the sagacity of a horse which lost his rider in the Custer massacre. Some months after that battle a steamer having on board a portion of the Fifth Infantry was pursuing her voyage near the mouth of the Powder River, on the Yellowstone. The men on the look out, one of whom was the famous scout Buffalo Bill, who was scouring the surrounding country for indications of the hostile Indians, saw in the distance an object moving slowly towards the boat. They anxiously scrutinized it as it continued to approach, supposing that it might be the advance of a body of hostiles. Their suspicions were not lessened when they discovered it to be a horse, which might be that of a scout watching their movements or signaling the advance of the enemy in force. When the animal came to the bank of the river, however, it was seen to be unmounted, and alone, and on approaching the boat it neighed and pranced, manifesting every sign of its joyful recognition. The boat was stopped, and, when the horse was taken on board, it was found to bear the brand, "Seventh Cavalry." The place where it was found was seventy or eighty miles in a bee line from the scene of the Custer fight. The animal had evidently seen or heard the boat in the distance, and recognized it as a sign of civilization, and, being tired of its free life in the wilderness, gladly embraced the opportunity of returning to its accustomed duties.

A Horse found Swimming in the Ocean.

Capt. Edwards, of the fishing smack *Amelia*, reports that when off "Skunnett," on the Rhode Island shore, some time since, he discovered an object swimming off his bow which he finally made out to be a horse. He made sail but could not overhaul the animal, which was making desperate struggles to reach the main land three miles away. At times he would disappear from sight in the waves which broke over him,—the sea running very high at the time,—but a moment later would reappear, and, with a loud snort and toss of the head, would shake off the water from his ears and eyes, and then renew his struggle. At last he made the shore, and, without pausing a moment, dashed up the beach, his long tail and curling mane floating outward on the wind. The splendid animal was possessed of immense strength, else he could not have swam that long distance in such a sea. Where he came from nobody knows. No vessel was in sight from which he could have escaped.

An Owl Imprisoned by Martins.

The owner of a large farm not far from Lancaster, Pa., had an opportunity some time since of witnessing how an interloper is punished by the Martin species of birds. A pair of Martins had taken possession of a small box, and were building their nest.—One day, while they were absent, a screech owl took possession of the box, and when the martins came home at night, this little owl would not allow them to enter. The smaller birds were nonplussed for a while, and in a short time flew away, seemingly giving up the fight. But if the owl was of this opinion he was mistaken, for in a short time the little ones returned, bringing with them a whole army of their companions, who immediately set to work and, procuring mud, closed up the entrance to the box. They then all flew away. In a few days the box was examined and the owl was found dead.

Miss Fleshman's Terrific Fight with a Rattlesnake.

Miss Mary Fleshman, daughter of Mr. Perry Fleshman, living two miles east of Platte City, Mo., had a thrilling adventure recently with a rattlesnake. She was riding on horseback along through the woods, near that city, when she dropped her glove. She dismounted to secure it, and while stooping to pick it up, she discovered a large rattlesnake at least six feet long, coiled and in the act of striking. It did strike, but failed to reach her feet. She sprang back with a cry of horror, but almost instantly the snake recoiled and struck again. This time the venomous fangs struck in the front part of her bonnet, and the hold tearing out with the force of the blow and the weight of the snake, it fell on the ground at her feet. Instantly it reared up in front of her, its venomous breath right in her face. Scarcely knowing what she did, she seized the snake just below the head with both hands and holding for a moment, with a desperate energy, she slung it from her and fled. It was a narrow escape, but Miss Fleshman sustained no other injuries than those which result from violent excitement and nervous prostration.

A Thrilling Adventure with a Bear and Indians in the Black Hills.

A man named Montgomery Smith, hailing from St. Louis, had two singular and narrow escapes rolled into one, in the following manner: He left a camp about two miles up the Hills to bring letters to Deadwood, and trying to shorten the distance a little he lost the regular trail and got into a bad bit of country. While hunting for the trail he came across fresh signs of Indians, and while hurrying out of the neighborhood he ran directly upon a large brown bear which was sleeping on the sunny side of a thicket. The thicket was on a side hill, and Smith was going at a good pace when he turned the clump.—The bear was so near when the man caught sight of him that there was neither time to halt nor chance to turn out, and bruin

was cleared by a fly leap. He made a stroke at Smith as he went over, inflicting a slight scratch on one leg, and then set off after the miner with the intention of eating him for dinner. The flight led over broken ground, up and down a ridge, and then along the base of a broken ledge.

Knowing that the bear would soon overtake him, Smith was on the alert for some place of refuge, and he found a good one. Close to the ground, was a rift in the ledge made by a portion of the rocks settling down or crumbling away, and the bear was not a hundred feet in his rear. There was no time to guess whether the crevice was big enough to admit the man, and too small to let the bear in after him, or so small that the victim would be there overtaken and devoured. He had dropped his gun to aid his flight, and running at full speed he made a dive and went into the crevice head first, raking his shoulders and back in a terrible manner. The bear wasn't ten seconds behind him, and as Smith reached the back end of the cave, which was not over six feet deep, the bear put his head into the mouth of the cave and tried to work in his body. This he couldn't do, owing to his stout shoulders, but for a quarter of an hour Montgomery Smith was doubtless the worst frightened man in North America. There was room enough for him to turn around in, but he was compelled to lie at full length and look into the fiery eyes of a bear which could get within four feet of him and wanted to come nearer. Bruin didn't give up trying till he had sadly cut and bruised himself against the stones, and his snarls and growls put more religious thoughts into Smith's head than perhaps had ever lodged there before. The bear couldn't get him, but neither could he get the bear. He had nothing to shoot with, neither food nor drink, and yelling at a bear to clear out and go home has no effect in that rarified atmosphere. The mouth of the crevice was ten feet long, and Smith could look out over his trail for forty rods or more, no matter at what point the bear was.

The animal was walking up and down the ledge, probably fishing for a plan by which he might get something better than roots

for dinner, when the miner caught sight of three Indians creeping along the trail he had made. They had, perhaps, followed it for a mile or more, and must have known that the bear had the first claim. The redskins had just come into view when they saw the bear; the bear saw them, and Smith saw the whole thing. The bear looked in on Smith in a despairing manner, and then made a bee line for the red men. They fired at him once a piece and then turned and ran, and after about three minutes waiting, Smith crawled out and made good his escape.

How a Dog Adapted Himself to Circumstances.

A story is told in the German papers about the manner in which an intelligent dog adapted himself to his condition. A deaf-and-dumb lady living in a German city had as companion, a younger woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder lady a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever any body rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into absolute disuse.

Death Struggle Between a Sea-Lion and Sturgeon.

The following fight between a Sea-Lion and Sturgeon was witnessed by some passengers on a boat in San Francisco Bay:

The Sturgeon had swam away from the nutritive mud of the San Joaquin in quest of something to suck in the bay, and its flipped enemy had entered the bay on a prowl. One wanted to eat and the other to escape. The seal saw its chance for a

magnificent meal on what is too often sold as sea bass in chowder, and the sturgeon was painfully conscious that nature ought to have endowed it with shark's teeth and the capacity to crush like the squid. Fish and mammal came to the surface, the former to breathe, and the latter because it couldn't stay down.—The seal bit viciously at the gill openings of its adversary, and showed a superior finesse in planning the campaign, while the sturgeon lashed the water powerfully with its unequally-lobed tail, and occasionally administered a stunning blow to the seal. Blood flowed profusely, and the water was dyed for yards around, but eventually the sturgeon yielded up the ghost, being seized unluckily by the tail and paralyzed in movement by having its only propeller nearly bitten off. Thus wounded and circumvented it desisted from the battle, and the seal administered the coup de grace, and towed his dinner beneath the waves. The spectacle was an exciting one.

The Dying Monkey.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," said James Donohue, the night watchman of the Central Park Museum. Zip, one of Mr. Barnum's monkeys, was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief. Superintendent Conkling examined him, and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him, and left warm milk by his side.

"Yes, in all my experience as a night watchman among beasts, I never saw such a thing in my life. At eleven o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all wide awake, sitting silent and moveless, watching Zip's dying agonies. Zip lay in a corner, sobbing and moaning. Jack and Pete, the two trick monkeys, were at his side. Jack had Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and wet Zip's lips.

"But there's a stranger thing about it yet," Mr. Donohue con-

tinued. "At midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly and Barnum's man say they never saw the like of. As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack he gave a little low squeal, and Pete sprang to his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on his breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then gave a shrill squeal. Jack in answer dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised him in his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and, as Zip did not move, sprang to the uppermost perch. Wasn't that strange?"

"Then, sir," continued Mr. Donohue, "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the Park. The monkeys set up the most piercing screams. The baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered, and pointed to poor Zip. Finally Pete and Jack, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage.—They were all silent now, moving slow, and in form of a circle they gradually came nearer. Then hugging close, they stopped. All night long they remained watching the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one for earnestness and sympathy."

The Pet Serpent.

A remarkable story of "snake charming" was recently brought to light at Annapolis, Md. Mr. Luke Brewer, who lives near the dock, is the father of a little girl and boy aged respectively nine and six years. He discovered one day that these children had been in the habit of playing with a water snake three and a half feet in length. It appears that the reptile had made its land home underneath the kitchen flooring of Mr. Brewer's dwelling, and came thence through an orifice in the ground just outside the house. The little girl on the day mentioned, informed her father that they had a pretty pet just like an eel that came out of a hole in the ground, and played with them and the kittens.

He asked the child to show him where it was, but was told that it would not come out while he was there. He left for a few minutes, and while returning was met by his daughter, who said she had called her pet, and it was now playing with her brother. The frightened father hastened to the yard, and was almost paralyzed with fear on discovering his little boy caressing the snake's head. He ordered the little fellow away. The child reluctantly complied by stepping back, whereupon the father seized a club, when the reptile commenced to make for its den. The boy then moved towards it, calling it endearing names, and was about to pick it up when Mr. Brewer dispatched it, against the earnest and tearful entreaties of the infatuated children. The boy, a robust, hearty little fellow, refused to be comforted, abstaining from food the rest of the day, and begging to be allowed to bring the dead serpent into the house. Mr. Brewer thinks that the children had been amusing themselves all summer with their strange pet. The tail of the snake for a distance of three inches from the end bore evidence that two kittens, which were in the house, had also been participants in the sport.

Saved by Feigning Death.

There are on the foothills in Gunnison County, Colorado, at certain seasons of the year, great numbers of deer and elk, with many mountain lions and bear. William Yule and brother left Mr. Preston's ranch on the Gunnison to hunt for deer and elk. A wagon drawn by two animals, guns, ammunition, and provisions completed their outfit. They traveled all day and reached the hills about nightfall and encamped. Seeing the next morning signs of game, they concluded to remain at least one day, and try their luck. Early in the morning they started in different directions with their guns, powder and ball. After going about five miles from camp and seeing no game, William Yule concluded to return. He had proceeded but a short distance before he heard, as he thought, the rustling of the dry leaves. Looking up, he saw, only about thirty yards from him,

a huge bear coming directly towards him with open mouth, growling, and giving other evidences of a thirst for blood. Yule waited until the brute came within a few paces of him, when he took deliberate aim, but unfortunately his gun missed fire.

The ferocious beast ran directly against the hunter, knocking him down, and as quick as thought Yule turned over on his face and feigned to be dead. The bear bit him severely in four places, disabling one arm and one leg. After the lapse of a few minutes, neither feeling nor hearing the beast, Yule cautiously raised his head, and saw his antagonist about thirty yards off, apparently covering up something with grass. Seeing a tree near him, he made up his mind to reach it and get up it if possible, even though seriously wounded. So off he crawled through the snow, keeping an eye attentively on the bear and the tree.—Reaching the tree, he started to climb it, and the bear started from his retreat directly towards him, growling and gnashing his teeth. He soon reached the tree. Yule had gone up only a few feet—just high enough for his own safety, but not too high for the bottoms of his feet to be touched by the nose of the beast. He again attempted to use his gun, but in vain. The animal whined, growled, and gnawed at the tree. After a while he returned to what appeared to be a large pile of grass, and commenced again to work as though he was concealing something.

Yule though suffering much from cold and his wounds, resolved to make a last effort to save his life. So descending cautiously to the ground while the bear was at work, he crawled a few steps till he got a low, bushy tree between himself and the bear, watching the animal closely in the meantime. He could not travel more than a hundred yards at a time without resting. At last he reached the camp, completely exhausted.

The next day Col. Cashion, James Preston, P. T. Stevens, and John M. Smith armed themselves and went to the scene of the fight, and when within about thirty-five or forty yards of a large pile of straw, they saw a large beast emerge therefrom and make towards them, evidently with the intention to fight, but he

did not proceed far before he fell, pierced with ten balls. He weighed eight hundred pounds gross, and was neither a grizzly or a cinnamon, but a cross between the two, called silver tip or range bear, a malignant and ferocious beast. Covered up in his bed was found a large, dead deer, which it was supposed a mountain lion had killed and the bear had stolen.

How the Swallows Come Home.

Near the Buckan school house in Homestead, Michigan, stands a large hollow tree, which it seems has been chosen as the general headquarters of the chimney swallows of that part of the country. It is said that the swallows commence to congregate every afternoon at about four o'clock, coming in immense numbers from all directions, they continue to assemble for about two hours, when the last bird having apparently come home, at about six they form a circle, one side of which comes close to a hole in the side of the tree, which is about four inches in diameter, and which has been selected as the main entrance. As the birds fly past they begin to go in as fast as they can, two or four at a time; at this rate, flying in as fast as possible, it takes about two hours for them all to enter. After they have all entered, the tree, on inspection, appears to be perfectly full.

A Duck Battle.

A gentleman from Packwaukee, Wis., relates the particulars of a novel sight he witnessed at Buffalo Lake. His attention was attracted towards the lake by a roar that resembled the approach of a hurricane, and, on looking there he discovered myriads of ducks engaged in mortal combat. He watched them for a while, and discovered that the battle was between the Mallards and the canvas-backs, who were evidently striving for the supremacy on the celery fields. The lake was fairly strewn with feathers, as if all the ducks in the land had been picked for the occasion.

The Largest Snake in America.

The largest snake ever killed in North America was recently dispatched by Mr. G. M. Smith and son, of Quapaw Bayou, La. While he and his son William, aged about thirteen years, were out in the woods driving up cattle, their attention was attracted by the bleating of a calf some distance from them.—Thinking probably that the poor animal had got bogged, they started to its assistance. They had gone a short distance down the bayou when they discovered a yearling, about two years old, in the coils of a huge snake, the body of which was suspended from the limb of a black gum tree about twenty feet from the ground, and which projected from the bank immediately over the water. Mr. Smith and his son were almost terror-stricken at the sight, and stood speechless for several moments, unconsciously watching the movements of the huge reptile as he entwined himself around the already dead body of the yearling, and at every coil of the snake they could hear the bones of the calf break.

After coiling itself around the lifeless form of the yearling and crushing every bone in its body, the serpent let loose its hold from the tree and dropped down alongside its victim, and began licking it all over, preparatory, it is supposed, to swallowing it. About this time Mr. Smith recovered his senses, and, after watching the monster snake open its capacious mouth several times, he fired on it with his rifle, striking it near the head, and was quickly followed by his son, who discharged a double-barreled gun loaded with buck shot. Both re-loaded as quickly as possible and again fired on his snakeship. In the meantime the reptile had coiled itself into a huge mass, and was making a hissing sound that could be heard fully one hundred yards, and was protruding its forked tongue several feet. After discharging about a dozen volleys each, Mr. Smith and his son succeeded in dispatching one of the largest snakes ever seen in Louisiana, and probably, North America. It measured thirty-one feet in length, and the body measured, ten feet from the head, thirty inches in circumference, and about the centre of the body forty-two

inches. It has a regular succession of spots, black and yellow, alternating, extending from its head to its tail, while either side is deep purple. Mr. Smith has no idea what kind of a snake it is, but thinks it must be of the boa-constrictor species. No doubt this snake has for many years inhabited that section of country and depredated upon the young animals that came within its reach. The skin has been preserved.

A Close Fight with a Panther.

A Canadian hunter named Jacob Farquarson, while passing through the forest between White Fish Lake and Black Trout Lake, near the headwaters of the Madawaska river, encountered a puma, or American panther. He came across the carcass of a deer, which he stopped to examine, and found it to be the remains of a large upland caribou. While looking at it he heard a noise at some distance off among the tree tops. Shortly after the sounds were repeated, and, on looking up, he saw a large animal leaping from tree to tree toward the spot where he stood. He was armed with a Ballard rifle, and soon as the animal came near enough he fired at it, when to his surprise and alarm, the brute sprang from the tree directly at him. In the meantime the hunter had rapidly reloaded, and having jumped aside and behind a large pine before the infuriated animal could recover for a second spring, he gave it another bullet. Both shots had taken effect, as was afterwards discovered, but neither in a vital part. After the second shot the puma turned and darted with a roar at the hunter, who drew a long, keen-edged knife, and with his back against a tree awaited the enemy. The enraged animal sprang at him and fastened his long, curved claws into his shoulder, when he drove the knife repeatedly to the hilt into its breast. Both came to the ground together, but the struggle did not last long, for the huge animal, weakened by the loss of blood from the bullet and knife of Farquarson, soon turned over dead. The animal, which is quite rare in Canada now, was one of the largest size, measuring nine feet from the nose to the extremity of the tail.

A Diver's Adventure with a Devil Fish.

A Diver engaged at Belfast, Australia, in the Moyne River, during last year, had the following terrible adventure with a Devil Fish: It appears that Mr. Smale had fired off a charge of dynamite and displaced a large quantity of stones at the bottom of the river. He went down to prepare for lifting these stones by the aid of chains into the punt. While engaged in rolling over a large stone, he saw something which he supposed at the time was a piece of clean-looking kelp moving about in front of where he was working. In a few seconds this object came in contact with the diver's arm, about which it quickly coiled, partly holding him. Immediately as Mr. Smale touched what was coiled round his arm he became aware of his position, and tried to extricate himself from the grasp of a "sea-devil," but found it a far more difficult job than he anticipated. Catching hold of the part hanging from the arm, he walked along the bottom of the river toward the end of it, when he saw he was firmly held by one of the feelers of a large octopus, better known among sailors as the "devil-fish." Mr. Smale tried to pull the fish off from its hold of the rocks, but without effect for some time. At last the fish, perhaps thinking it had not got sufficient hold or power upon its prey, loosened itself from the stones and quickly transferred its feelers or arms around the diver's legs and body. In this position Mr. Smale thought the best thing for him to do was to get up on deck as soon as possible, and he quickly made tracks for the ladder which reaches from the deck of the punt to the bottom of the river. The diver was certainly a curious-looking object when he came up. This huge, ugly-looking thing appeared to be entangled all over him, holding him in a firm embrace. However, Mr. Smale's fellow-workmen were not long in freeing him from the unfriendly hug of his sub-marine companion. The body portion of the octopus was only about the size of a large soup plate, with eyes in its head like those of a sheep, but it possessed nine arms, each about four feet in length, at the butt as thick as a man's wrist, tapering off at the end to

as fine a point as that of a pen-knife; thus it could spread over an area of nine feet in diameter. All the way along the underneath part of each feeler are suckers every quarter of an inch, giving it immense power.

Abducted by an Orang-Outang.

Numerous stories have been told of women being abducted by orang-outangs, carried off to their wooded retreats, and treated with the utmost deference and admiration. Incredulous persons have questioned these stories, but here is one that cannot be doubted, for we have it on the authority of a grave and dignified Professor,— no less a personage than Prof. Austin, of Cambridge.

In 1864 a young fellow by the name of Tuba was missing from one of the Bornean villages. His people began to fear that some terrible accident had befallen him, and concluded to ferret out the mystery.

Having armed themselves, they accordingly started out and searched through the jungle for four days without finding any trace of the lost. On the fifth day they came to the Sakarang River, where every one of them went in bathing. They went down the river a short distance, when one of the number fortunately discovered some clothing on the nearest bank, which, on examination, proved to be that of their missing friend. Close beside it lay the sumpitan, or blow-pipe, and the short sword which he always carried with him.

A little later the party heard a voice, and after dressing they set out in search. They followed a narrow ravine which led back from the river, scanning every nook and hole, searching under coverts of leaves and dead, fallen branches, but in vain. They were on the point of retracing their steps when they again heard the voice.

It was the voice of Tuba, and, strange as it may appear, he was soon discovered high in a tree naked, and a large orang-outang was his companion. A rifle-shot soon brought her to the

ground, where they finished her with knives, Then the young man came down and told the story of his singular adventure.

He had been out hunting, he said, and late in the afternoon had gone into the water of the Sakarang to bathe. On returning to the bank to dress, he was seized by the arms by an orang-outang, who made him follow her into the ravine. They arrived at the foot of a tall tree, which the youth was forced to ascend until he had reached the animal's nest, where he found himself a prisoner in comfortable lodgings. Day after day he remained there, the orang-outang graciously supplying him with fresh fruit and vegetables, and even bringing him water in a cocoa-nut.

When I first heard this story I very naturally refused to believe it. But a more searching investigation proved conclusively that the facts of the case were indisputable and the attending circumstances corroborative in full. This incident has fully established in my mind the conviction that abductions by orang-outangs have taken place,—a conviction which is also shared by St. John, the author of a very readable book on Bornean travels.

A Remarkable Story of a Hunter.

Capt. Gilmore relates, in his late record of travel in South Africa, a remarkable story of the prowess of a hunter, who, less known than Gordon Cumming rivaled him in courage and skill. Mr. Finnety, the hero of the tale, was one day traveling over the uncultivated plains near Bamanwath, riding one horse and leading another. He had watered his horses at a pool, or sley, as it is there called, and, passing on a little way beyond, "Two lions sprang from the bush on either side of the road, each seizing a horse. The mount that he was on fell in a moment, and shot him over its head; but the hunter was on his feet in a trivet. With the right barrel he killed the assailant of the horse he was riding, with the left the brute that attacked the led horse. So quickly was the whole done that neither of the nags was injured."

Another exploit, told of the same hunter, is less brilliant, yet attests his singular coolness and accuracy of aim. As night closed in he shot a large white rhinoceros, and left the game to be attended to in the morning:

At break of day he started alone to find his quarry, and, after going a mile or so, found it dead, with three lions around it.—Mr. Finnety strolled up within a short distance of them, and killed the trio,—each requiring only a single bullet. Soon afterwards, having discovered an elephant-spoor, he followed it up, and after noon overtook the herd and bowled over a couple of tuskers. Retracing his steps to gain his wagon, he had to pass by the dead rhinoceros, and, when doing so, found two more lions beside the dead carcass. These he also killed. In the morning Mr. Finnety went out with his people to secure the ivory of the elephants slain the day before. On their route they passed a pool in a dry river bed, and by it were two lions. He left his people, and, unsupported, walked up to them and killed them right and left. Thus seven lions fell before his gun in little over twenty-four hours.

A Snake Battle.

The big black snake is the bitter enemy of the rattlesnake. When they meet, a fight takes place, and the black snake generally conquers. A gentleman thus describes a combat which he saw between two of these snakes: "In the middle of the road lay an ordinary black snake and quite a large rattle-snake eyeing one another fiercely, and in the attitude of instant attack. I stood motionless to see the battle take place; but I waited long, and still the combatants did not move. At length, tired of watching, I slightly shook the bar in the fence, which caused the rattle-snake to look away from its opponent to me. Instantly the black snake sprang on the other, twisted itself tightly around its body, and glided off, and there lay the rattle-snake dead. The victim, we all know, was a powerful foe, the victor as harmless a snake as there is in the land."

Terrible Encounter with Two Vipers in a Dark Room.

A terrible calamity befel Dr. Palhamous and his accomplished daughter Eleanor, at Williamsburg, Pa., in September 1878. It seems that two tramps captured a pair of enormous reptiles, which the Doctor pronounced to be of that deadly species known as "blowing viper." The Doctor having a desire to contribute something that would commend itself from this district, purchased the reptiles, intending to forward them to the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia. Biding their transportation the snakes were placed in a large glass jar, the top being carefully secured by a covering of wire gauze. The jar was then placed on an elevated bracket in a remote corner of the doctor's office. One evening the doctor and his daughter were returning from a visit to the country, and, the doctor having occasion to make up a prescription, they both entered his office, the doctor lighting a lamp. And now comes the terrible denouement. A large owl swept in through the transom above the door, and flew with the speed of an arrow against the lamp, knocking it over and scattering the oil and broken glass in every direction. The bird seemed frantic, flying in every direction, while a general crashing of bottles and glasses was heard on every side. Meantime the doctor had lit another match, but just in time to receive his daughter, who sprang, with a wild cry, to his arms. In the darkness he gathered his darling in his arms, and in a moment realized the situation. The owl had dislodged the jar from the bracket, and the vipers were at large. Speedily he groped his way, calling loudly for help, which, the hour being late, was slow to put in an appearance. They seemed slow, but scarcely five minutes elapsed until full a dozen ladies and brave men were on the spot. No living hand can indite the horrors of the next few minutes. Miss Eleanor, who had been insensible since she sprang to her father's arms, was now being cared for by the ladies, when one simultaneous shriek almost froze the blood and paralyzed each nerve—yet not all! It was Thomas Lutz's hand that seized the glittering reptile by the neck and choked

its fearful fangs apart. It had bitten the lady midway between the ankle and the knee. She was now carried immediately to her home, where every known antidote for poison was administered by her frantic father, but all to no avail. She died at 6:30 o'clock the next morning. After taking the poor, unfortunate young lady home, one of the men, knowing there had been two snakes, returned to the office and soon dispatched the other. An examination showed its two large fangs missing. This led to the conjecture that possibly the Doctor had been bitten. A hasty return and close examination resulted in finding the fangs in the thick leathers of the Doctor's boots, who, being so alarmed for his daughter, had not the slightest knowledge of being struck. The corpse of the young lady was swollen to enormous dimensions, while her complexion was in harmony with the spots and general coloring of the snake. The larger of the snakes measured four and a half feet; the smaller, four feet. They were pronounced the largest of the species. It was the shorter one of the two that bit the young lady.

How One Apache Indian Stampeded 400 Cattle.

An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in the way of cool daring, when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a ranch in Arizona. The owner of the ranch was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a blockhouse, and, adjoining it, a courtyard and corral, surrounded by an adobe wall eight feet high and two feet thick. In the corral the herd was nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard four hundred head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd while feeding two or three miles away from the blockhouse. But the vigilant herdsmen had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral before the Indians could "stampede" them. One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing but a blanket to protect him from the cold rain, climbed over the corral wall;

crouching in the corner, he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsmen, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out. The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache; vaulting on the nearest horse, he clutched his mane with one hand, while with the other he waved his red blanket and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush and the stampede began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As in a frenzy they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and throwing his body on one side of the maddened animal, disappeared from view. A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd down that valley. The herdsmen fired a volley which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

Mark Twain's Great Frog Story.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result.— I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his

tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*,—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man, about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied.

Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd watch you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him: and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump.—

And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, 'an kep him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do almost anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor agin as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do.—You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strongest suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up the money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—its only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for

one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," says he, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe youv'e had experience, and maybe you ain't only an amature, as it were.—Anyways, Iv'e got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad-like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—*git!*" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a Church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he

was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, *I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.*"

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow."—And ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——"

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

An Affectionate Goose.

In the public gardens at Halifax, there is an eccentric goose that seems to manifest a genuine affection. Whenever a certain old gentleman, whose name we do not know, approaches the pond and calls "Bobby," the goose will leave the pond and sit beside him, and when he leaves to go home, will follow close at his feet, like a dog, to the gate, and sometimes into the street, when it has to be forcibly put back, to its manifest disgust, for it goes off to its native element twisting its tail with indignation, and giving vent to sundry discordant squeaks. The old gentleman says he has never fed it, or petted it in any way, which makes it more remarkable; but we are told by a frequenter of the

gardens that about two or three years ago a man used to come there and feed this identical goose regularly, so we are inclined to think that it is a case of mistaken identity on the part of his gooseship. Anyway, it is an interesting question for ornithologists to solve, whether geese (supposed to be the most stupid of birds) have memory and can experience the sensation of gratitude.

Two Snakes Killing a Raccoon.

A fishing party on the banks of Shoal Creek, Jasper County, Missouri, heard a noise in the underbrush, and, going the direction of the sounds, saw a large coon and two large black snakes in deadly combat, the former getting the worst of the fight.—One of the reptiles was coiled around the coon's body, and whenever it attempted to use its teeth the other snake struck at its eyes. It attempted retreat, but the snake which encircled it dropped a coil, and as quick a thought took a "half-hitch" around a small sapling. It tried hard to pull loose, and while its energies were bent in that direction, the other snake took a coil around the coon's neck, and in a few minutes choked the life out of it. The spectators, who had been dumb witnesses of the struggle, advanced and killed the victors. One measured nine feet and the other seven feet six inches.

Swallow-Love.

I, along with several onlookers, says a friend, recently, observed a swallow enter an exhaust-pipe in the roof of one of the Grand Trunk workshops, evidently for the purpose of building her nest in it. Unfortunately for her, she could not get out again; and her partner entered the pipe also, and backed out again with a feather in his beak. Three times did he ineffectually attempt to rescue his mate. When work was resumed in the afternoon, the swallow was blown out of the pipe by the steam, and lay dead on the roof of the building, the survivor standing by and showing signs of deep distress.

Ant-Wars in South Africa.

Bishop Colenso writes from Maritzburg: "I noticed one morning that along the bottom of the front wall of my house, on the veranda, there lay a quantity of reddish brown powder; there was enough to fill a coffee-cup. On looking closer I saw that it was made up of small and larger fragments which glistened, and on inspecting some in my hand they turned out to be the heads, legs, trunks, etc., of countless ants. A number of these animals were still on the wall above, and my attention being now arrested I watched them and saw that they were contributing to the carnage beneath.

"The species of ant is a small, comparatively harmless one, the chief sin of which is that it makes its way to every species of food and swarms on it. As is usual with ants, the general body of insects is accompanied by larger individuals, which are provided with heads and jaws quite disproportionate to their bodies, and with these jaws they do all the cutting up. Among the ants on the wall there was a large sprinkling of these 'soldier ants,' and the whole community seemed bent on destroying them. The proportion of heavy-jawed to ordinary ants was about one to ten. I saw a group of little ones fastening on to a big ant, which made desperate efforts to release itself. At first the big one bit several little ones in two, and the parts dropped down from the wall; but after a while the little ones severed all the legs of the big one, and finally got on his back and cut him in two. The group then dropped down to swell the mass below. Similar scenes were enacted elsewhere on the wall.

"The commencement of one combat was as follows: A big ant walked along till it met another big one, and the two shook antennæ. Just then a little one seized hold of a hind leg of one of these big ones. Neither took any notice, but continued a rapid conversation. Suddenly other small ones came up, when the big one whose leg was grabbed, turned furiously on the little one and seized him by the middle. This could not be done until the big one had doubled himself up; as soon

as he had hold of his small antagonist he lifted him in the air and snipped him in two. Meanwhile all the big one's legs had been seized by the little ones, and the party seemed to turn over and over, little bits tumbling down, now a leg, now a half ant, till the big one was vanquished. The ant is most assuredly subject to passion. The way in which the big ant turned on the little one was singularly indicative of rage. The determined manner in which he laid hold of the little one was quite human. If I had had a magnifying glass, the scene would have been really exciting."

A Canary Which Sings "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

J. G. Christopher, of Minneapolis, Minn., is the possessor of a canary bird, the voice of which has been developed in a peculiarly painstaking manner, so that now this "educated" songster can successfully render the well-known air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The bird will commence to warble like any other of these pets, and after uttering a few notes will immediately strike into the tune, and when its voice has attained full height the above tune will be sung entire, and in a manner that sounds singularly melodious and attractive, literally setting to note its natural vocal powers. This was only achieved after the most dilligent and patient attention. As soon as the bird was old enough to pick up a living it was put in a room apart from all others, and a music-box also placed in the apartment and kept perpetually going, so that this singular pupil had nothing to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship, the owner was rewarded by hearing his little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as naturally and perfectly as if that was the song of its ancestors.

A Deer That Went Over Niagara Falls.

About the year 1826 to 1830 there lived on the "Sander's Settlement Road," about four miles from the Falls, a family by the name of Straw, who had captured, in the then dense forest

of the neighborhood, a young fawn, which was domesticated, and became so much attached to its captors that it would follow the children into the house, and played with them like a dog. In time it became so much attached to the team and its driver that it would follow wherever they went.

One day a grist was taken to the mill at the Falls to be ground, and the deer, as usual, followed to keep company. As the mill was approached a hound gave the deer a chase, which, for safety, leaped the raceway and sought an asylum below the mill, but was instantly swept by the rushing waters down and over the American Falls. Soon it was discovered below by some persons who had watched the cruel chase, and seen to swim ashore at the Ferry landing, and it actually climbed out upon the rocks, where, from some injury it had received from the fall, or from fright, it soon perished.

An Arab's Love for His Horse.

When Napoleon was in Egypt he wished to purchase of a poor Arab of the desert, a beautiful horse, with the intention of sending him to France as a present.

The Arab pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented on receiving a large sum of money in payment for the animal. Napoleon at once agreed to pay the sum named and requested the Arab to bring his horse.

The man, so indigent as to possess only a miserable rag as a covering for his body, arrived with his magnificent courser; he dismounted, and looking first at the gold, and then steadfastly at his horse, heaved a deep sigh.

"To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? To Empereur! who will tie thee up close; who will lead thee, who will trot thee, who will render thee miserable? Return with me, my beauty! my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words he sprang upon his back and was out of sight in a moment.

The Better Dog of the Two.

A strange scene occurred the other day at Slerck on the Mosselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank at once; but during his struggles the rope slipped off the stone, and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and, striking at him with his oar, lost his balance and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was saved, we are happy to say.

A Hunter's "Bear Story!"

One day, a long time ago, about the time when Jackson ran for President the first time, perhaps, I was one day hunting upon the ridge between Meadow Run and Cucumber Run, which tumbles off the rocks just across there.

I had known for some time by the signs that there was a nest of cub bears somewhere in the neighborhood, so on that day I concluded that I would put in my time finding them, as a party up in Uniontown wanted a pair to send over to Baltimore to a friend who was fond of outlandish pets.

You see that it was along about the first of September, and pretty warm at that, and after walking up and down the ravines, I began to get pretty tired. I was not so heavy then as I am now, and did not weigh more than a couple of hundred pounds. As I said, I was a little tired, and so on the top of the ridge I sat down by the side of a smooth chestnut stump about twelve or fourteen feet high. I hadn't sat there more than a minute until I heard something inside the stump, and soon made out that it was a couple of the cub bears playing with one another.

I looked on all sides of the stump to find an opening, but

none was to be seen. Then I happened to notice the marks of claws up the side of the stump, and I understood it. The hole went in at the top. I set my gun against a bush, up-ended the branch of a tree, and was soon at the top of the stump, looking in at the two cubs, which were about the size of full-grown rat-dogs.

I was so excited that I jumped down into the stump and grabbed the cubs. They at first began to squeal, and then turned on me for fight. But they were small enough to handle, and in a minute or two I had their mouths tied so they could not bite, and their feet fastened so they could not scratch.

I knew that the old bear would be along pretty soon and make it hot for me if she found me in the nest, so I swung the youngsters into my buckskin belt preparatory to getting out.

Get out? Did I get out? Land of love! it makes me shiver to think of it yet. I could no more get out of that stump than I could fly. The hollow was bell-shaped, larger at the bottom than at the top—so large, in fact, that I could not put my back against one side and my feet and hands against the other and crawl up, as rabbits and other animals climb up inside of hollow trees.

In no way could I get up a foot. There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain.—About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing up the outside of the stump. With only my hunting knife as a means of defense, and in such close quarters, you may possibly imagine the state of my feelings.

The old bear was not more than half a minute, at the outside, climbing up the stump, but it seemed like a month, at least. I thought of all my sins a dozen times, at least. At last she reached the top, but she didn't seem to suspect my presence at all, as she deliberately turned round and began slowly descending, tail foremost.

I felt as though my last hour had come, and began to think seriously about lying down and let the bear kill me, so as to get out of my misery as quickly as possible. Suddenly an idea

struck me, and despair gave way to hope. I drew out my hunting knife and stood on tip toe. When the bear was about seven feet from the bottom of the hollow I fastened on her tail with my left hand with a vise-like grip, and with my right drove my hunting knife to the hilt into her haunch, and at the same time yelling like a whole tribe of Indians.

"What did she do?" chorused the whole crowd, who had been holding their breath!

What did she do? Well, you should have seen the performance. She didn't stop to reflect a moment, but shot out at the top of the stump like a bullet out of a gun. A hair's breadth to the minute. I held on until we struck the ground, some thirty feet from the stump. Then the old bear went like lightning into the brush, and was out of sight in half a second. I was a little bruised by the fall, but that was all. I took the cubs to Uniontown the next day, and on account of the adventure, I got five dollars apiece for them, and in those times five dollars was as good as fifty dollars now.

Canine Sagacity.

Col. Hamilton Smith in his *Cyclopædia of natural History* mentions a curious instance of fidelity and sagacity in a dog. He states that in the neighborhood of Cupar there lived two dogs, mortal enemies to each other, and who always fought desperately when they met. Capt. R—— was master of one of them, and the other belonged to a neighboring farmer. Capt. R——'s dog was in the habit of going for messages, bringing butcher's meat and other articles from Cupar.

One day, while returning charged with a basket containing some pieces of mutton, he was attacked by some curs of the town, who, no doubt, thought the prize worth contending for.—The assault was fierce, and of some duration; but the messenger, after doing his utmost, was at last overpowered and compelled to yield up the basket, though not before he had secured a part of its contents. The piece saved from the wreck he ran off with,

at full speed, to the quarters of his old enemy, at whose feet he laid it down, stretching himself beside it till he had eaten it up. A few sniffs, a few whispers in the ear and other dog-like courtesies were exchanged; after which they both set off together for Cupar, where they worried almost every dog in the town; and what is more remarkable, they never afterwards quarrelled, but were always on friendly terms.

A Self-Denying Cat.

A cat in possession of a family once showed great self-denial in the following manner: She was a terrible eater of small birds, chickens, etc., and therefore, when on one occasion she was found to have passed the night in the aviary of doves, great was the alarm. However, on inspection, not a dove was missing; and though she was asleep in an inner cage, close to a nest of young doves, she had not touched a feather. What made her conduct the more remarkable was the fact that on being released she ate ravenously.

A Dog that Knew his Own Property.

The following is authenticated by a contributor to Mr. Wood's "Man and Beast:" "Property of every description requires a certain amount of supervision, whether 'real or personal,' as the lawyers say, and has its attendant anxieties as well as its attendant pleasures; but I never saw any animal so impressed with the responsibility as our present little dog appears to be.

"Having been in our possession all his little life-time, the items of his personal property have gradually increased. At first he occupied the basket of his predecessor, which was taken up-stairs for him at night. After some time, another basket was purchased for the drawing-room, the old one retaining its place up-stairs.—New things are always favorites with children, and this at first was supposed to be the case with our little animal: he would not occupy the old basket at night, so the new one was brought up at night and placed beside it. This was continued for a short

time: when the old one was taken down, the new one only remained up-stairs. This was not the right thing to do; he then refused to occupy the new one.

"I must confess to humoring his little peculiarities, so I fetched the old basket up, leaving *both* in the room. This was quite what he wanted, and gave evident satisfaction; he jumped into one, which he arranged comfortably, then performed the same operation in the other, and finally occupied both baskets at intervals during the night. He will now never compose himself at night until both baskets are in the room. One night I purposely removed his dish of water; he missed it, sat up begging on the spot it always occupied, and great was his delight on its restoration, although he had no wish to drink. I have given him duplicate property, and placed his baskets, water-dishes, etc., at different parts of the room; he never fails to go round and inspect his property before fixing himself for the night, and most amusing it is to witness his anxiety until he has the whole of his goods under his protection."

A Very Polite Horse.

The following account of a horse is by a clergyman:—"A neighbor possessed of a young foal, which, with its mother, used to pass our house daily, early in the morning, during our breakfast time, and had a habit of straying upon a piece of waste ground which then occupied the front, but has since been inclosed and formed into a front garden. My daughter, who is extremely partial to horses, used to run out and offer the little animal a piece of bread.

"This went on regularly, until at last, when he was between two and three years old, he would not wait for the bread, but used to go to the door, plant his fore feet on the steps, so as to gain sufficient elevation, and then lift the knocker with his nose, afterward waiting for his morsel. It is evident the horse had seen the knocker used; had noted the result and had followed the example, using, of course, his nose in lieu of a hand.



On Guard.

"Deko."

A Detroit paper gives the following interesting account of a remarkable dog:

The propeller *Maine*, of the Northern Transit Company, called at this port Friday, bound down on her way from Chicago to Ogdensburg, and among the through passengers was Mrs. W. J. R.—, and Hetty, her seven-year old daughter, who were going to their home in Albany, N. Y.

While the boat was moored at the Northern Transit Company's wharf at the foot of Third street, the little girl engaged in a play spell with "Deko," a large Newfoundland dog, who is a fixture at the wharf, and as well known in the vicinity as any of the many boats which call there. They were having a glorious time when the girl ran along the wharf towards the stern of the boat and with her head partly turned to look at the dog she ran headlong off the wharf into the water. "Deko" stopped an instant as though shocked, then sprang into the water near to where the girl was floating supported by her dress and cloak and about ten feet from the wharf. Taking one of her shoulders in his huge mouth the noble dog supported her until a small boat put out and she was rescued from her perilous position.

"Deko" thus added another event to his already eventful life, he being a most remarkable dog. Marvelous stories are told of his sagacity. Two years ago he was an inmate, a sort of night-watch, in the Northfield (Minn.) Bank, and was on duty the night the notorious Younger Brothers robbed that institution. He had a fight with Charles Younger at the time, and to this day carries a broken tail, caused by a bullet from Younger's revolver. Since his residence in Detroit, "Deko" has learned the sound of various propeller whistles, and instantly, when a Northern Transit boat signals, the dog jumps, and, if in the office, barks furiously to be let out. If the boat arrives late at night, when the clerks have all gone to their homes, "Deko" starts for the Cass House, where one of the clerks boards, and before the boat touches the wharf has some one who can talk on hand to receive the Captain. As one of the Captains says: "If 'Deko' could only talk, he

could run the office at night without help." As soon as a boat is made fast to the wharf, "Deko" steers for the door of the cook-room, and will not leave until he receives a meal, and, after eating, he stands guard at the gangway until all the freight is moved and the order is heard to haul in. Then he jumps ashore to wait for the next craft.

A Cold Water Horse.

The pump was in a corner of the horse box in which the horse was accustomed to be shut for the night, and the coachman used to be puzzled at the fact that when he came in the morning the end of the stable was always an inch or so deep in water. At last he suspected that the horse might have been the delinquent, and so fastened him up without giving him any water, and watched him unobserved when let loose in the morning. The animal went at once to the pump, and took the handle in his teeth, and worked it up and down, and, when the water was in full flow, placed his mouth under the spout to drink. He could not endure being watched while pumping, and, if he saw any one observing him, would rush at him with open mouth in order to scare him away.

Bird Charity---A Little Wren Adopts Four Orphan Robins.

Last summer a pair of Robin Red Breasts built their nest in the vicinity of a fashionable country boarding house. In due time the heads of four young robins were observed by some of the boarders peering above the sides of the nest, when some thoughtless boys passing that way shot both the parent birds and left the young ones to perish.

The ladies and gentlemen, moved to pity by the poor helpless young birds were devising plans for relief when a little brown wren flew to the nest, surveyed the unfortunate state of things for a moment, then disappeared. In a few minutes it returned bearing food of some kind to the starving robins,

Much surprised at this the human sympathizers resolved to await further developements before proceeding to put their plans of relief into operation and were delighted to find that the wren had in real good earnest assumed the care of that orphan family. With untiring energy it hunted worms and food of such kind as was suited to the wants and tastes of its proteges, and continued its kindly offices until the birds were full fledged and were enabled to take care of themselves. Strange as this may appear, we have it from the most reliable authority.

A Dog's Appreciation of Money.

A Quincy, Ills. journal tells this story: "A few evenings since, while a number of persons were chatting in a drug store, a gentleman came in, followed by a small dog. While the master was procuring some medicine the dog walked around the store-room, and finally picked up something and ran to one of the gentlemen and attracted attention by scratching his clothing. The man looked down and noticed that the dog had a piece of paper in his mouth, but thought nothing more of it. The dog, not satisfied, repeated his apparent appeal, but not with success, and then went to his owner, who took the paper and saw it was a ten dollar bank note. The dog had found it on the floor, and evidently knew that it was valuable. It subsequently transpired that the money belonged to Dr. J. T. Wilson, and it was returned to him. The dog was rewarded for his sagacity by the present of a handsome new collar."

A Remarkable Horse.

Miss Charlotte Thornton of Woodford, Ky., has an old black horse which goes straight to the blacksmith-shop and deliberately walks in, unattended, every time he loses a shoe. A negro boy usually rides him to drive cows to and from the pasture. One day this darkey didn't come to time, and the intelligent horse drove the cows to the pasture. At another time he went to the pasture alone and drove the cows home.

How a Dog Won a Wager Under Difficulties.

"One day, when Dumont, a tradesman of Rue St. Dennis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a silver six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it.—Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Dennis. Meanwhile a traveler, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn, in the Rue Pont aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went to the inn, and stuck close to the traveler. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveler, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches, than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveler opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches, and away he flew. The traveler posted after with his night-cap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. 'Sir,' said the master,

'My dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you.' The traveler became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other smiling; 'without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you.' The stranger's rage now changed to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which gave him so much uneasiness, and such an unpleasant chase.

The Fire Escape Man's Dog "Bill."

On an alarm of fire Bill barks his loudest, dashes about in a frantic manner, till his master and the escape are on their way to it. He, of course, is there first, giving the police and the crowd to understand that Wood and his fire-escape are coming. When the escape is fixed and Wood begins to ascend the ladder, Bill runs up the canvass; as soon as a window is opened, Bill leaps in and dashes about to find the occupants, loudly barking for assistance as soon as he has accomplished his errand of mercy. His watchfulness and sagacity are never at fault, although on more than one occasion he has stood a fair chance of losing his life, and has sustained very severe injury. Not long ago a collar was presented Bill as a reward for his services; unfortunately for him, he has since lost this token of public regard—a misfortune very much to be regretted. The following verse was engraved on the collar:

'I'm the fire-escape man's dog; my name is Bill.
When 'fire' is called I am never still:
I bark for my master, all danger brave,
To bring the escape—human life to save.'

Collared or collarless, Bill is always ready to lend a helping bark.

A Parrot Tricks a Cat.

A lady who owns a beautiful parrot allows it the freedom of the house. In that house there is also a cat, with which Polly is pleased to amuse herself. One day when the cat was lying asleep on the rug the parrot began to mew and scream just like young kittens when they are hurt. Up jumped the cat and rushed in frantic haste to her beloved offspring, and was very much astonished to find them all safe and comfortably asleep.—She returned to the rug; but as soon as she had curled herself up and settled herself comfortably for another nap the parrot recommenced her mews and cries, and again the cat flew to the rescue. In this way the mischievous bird managed to dupe the cat three different times, a feat which the parrot greatly enjoyed.

Wonderful Sagacity.

A gentleman of property, in Ithaca, N. Y., had a mastiff of great size, very watchful, and, altogether a fine, intelligent animal. Though often let out, to roam about, he was in general chained up during the day in a wooden house constructed for his comfort and shelter.

On a certain day, when let out, he was observed to attach himself particularly to his master, and when the servant came to tie him up, he clung to his master's feet, showed much anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so peculiar in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was, and with him he continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he staid with him, and on going toward his bed-room the dog resolutely and for the first time in his life, went up along with him, and rushing into the room took refuge under the bed from whence neither blows nor caresses could draw him.

In the middle of the night a man burst into the room, dagger in hand, and attempted to stab the sleeping gentleman; but the dog darted at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call for assistance.

and secure the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman, and who afterwards confessed that seeing his master receive a large sum of money, he and the groom conspired together to rob him, and they plotted the whole thing *leaning over the roof of the dog house!* This is a remarkable story.

How Two Goats got out of a Dilemma.

George Black was an eye witness to the following: At Ardینگlass, in Red Bay, near Glenarm, in Ireland, two goats happened to be moving towards each other, over a dreadful precipice, on a path so narrow that it was impossible for them to pass each other, and still less practicable for either to turn round; the least attempt to effect the one or the other of these movements, would have precipitated them from the rock, which is three or four hundred feet perpendicular. In this dilemma, they looked at each other with great seriousness, for a length of time, as if they were deliberating how to extricate themselves from the difficulty; which, at length, they contrived to do, by one of them lying down prostrate, while the other walked over his body, each afterwards pursuing his own course with perfect composure.

A Mouse Charmed by a Serpent.

Some naturalists dispute the existence of this power in the serpent, and imagine that fear occasions this self-devotion of its prey: while others suppose, that the maternal affection of birds induces the old one to present herself to the ravager, with design to withdraw his attention from her young; and in her anxiety for their safety, to venture so far, that she can no longer recede from the grasp of her enemy. That this is not always the case, is proved by an experiment mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions. "A viper-catcher, who had more than sixty living vipers in a chest put a living mouse in among them. Now it is well known, that these creatures never feed while in confinement, unless it be a female that is with young. One of the vipers in this chest happened to be in this situation. None

of the others paid any attention to the mouse, but she raised up her head a little, and looked furiously at it. The terrified mouse stood still for a considerable time, though the viper continued rolled up in a spiral form, only raising up her head and looking at it, vibrating her tongue at the same time. The mouse at length took courage to move, but without running away, only walking as if terrified, round and round the viper, squeaking frequently as it went, till at length it came before the head of its enemy, which was still in an erect posture, with the mouth open. The unfortunate mouse, after some time, drew nearer, and at last, crept into the viper's mouth, where it was gradually swallowed, without obliging her to alter her position."

How the Elephant Got Out of Difficulties.

On a large island in the Ganges, opposite Cawnpore, in June 1873, an event occurred which excited my admiration. With three friends I had been riding hard all the afternoon, and, feeling very tired, we determined to go home on the elephant.

"We had traveled some way, and were nearing the river, when one of us noticed that the ground looked rather unsafe, and that the elephant seemed to become uneasy. So we all decided to dismount and walk to the river, previously instructing the mahout to take the elephant by a short circuit, so as to avoid the soft ground. The man, however, evidently considered that he knew better than we did; and we therefore went straight on, not thinking of looking around.

"We had not proceeded far when we heard the elephant trumpeting (a well-known signal of distress or anger,) and on looking around saw that the poor beast was in a quicksand, and that the mahout had dismounted and was making the best of his way out of reach of the animal. I may here mention that to be on an elephant's back or within his reach under such circumstances is certain death: he is sure to take hold of a man and place him under his feet, so anxious is he to get something solid to stand upon.

"We were then about fifty yards from the river and it was rapidly getting dark. The elephant was making frantic efforts to escape out of his difficulties, and the ground heaved all around him. How to help him we did not know; for he was sinking deeper and deeper, and go near him we dared not.

"As good fortune would have it, there happened to be at hand a number of large planks which had been left by some villagers. We went as near the elephant as we dared, and threw planks within his reach. The clever animal seized them in his trunk, drew them to him, and laid them one upon the other in front of him. When he thought he had enough, with one gigantic effort he got his fore legs out of the quick-sand, and in a short time he had managed to extricate himself, and was standing safely on the planks, though trembling all over.

"He had still some fifty yards to go before he could reach the river, and the intelligent beast never moved a step until he got a plank and placed it in front of him. He thus moved on, step by step, on successive planks, until he reached the river.—The mahout then remounted him, and he crossed the Ganges in safety. This was no small relief to our feelings; for the loss of the elephant would not only have been a very costly business, but the mode of his death would have been inexpressibly painful.

The Sectarian Dog.

The following curious dog story is vouched for by a paper in Montreal: A gentleman owns a dog that has some remarkable instincts. On week days he has all the passions and propensities of other dogs, but on the Sabbath his peculiarities and sentiments come out. He knows when this day comes. He is not the same dog as on other days. He indulges in no pastimes, encourages no company, and seems to say, in actions louder than words, "Six days may we play and do all our sport." The family are Presbyterians; the dog is a methodist. On Sabbath mornings he attends the family to the Presbyterian house of worship, and then goes on his solitary and unbroken way to his

own church, which is a little farther on. He has a particular place up stairs where he sits. No belle or madam of fashion who sweeps up the aisle of a popular church and finds a plebeian in her pew can give a more decided expression of displeasure than this dog if he finds any one in his pew. He seems to attend to the service, and give dogmatic heed to the word spoken. An example to many professed christians, he may be seen on his way to church in foul weather as fair---not a half-day hearer either, while his denominational preferences are as well known as those of any in the city.

A Cunning Sparrow.

A Hartford paper tells the following story of an English sparrow on the authority of a friend who had it from the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence: "This gentleman, who resides in New York, had erected, in his back yard, a large box for sparrows' nests. It was divided into three rows, each containing four compartments. These were all speedily taken possession of by a dozen pairs of sparrows, and the business of making nests proceeded amid the customary chippering din of these fussy and pugnacious feathered colonists. Sitting idly at the window one Sunday, watching the birds, the gentleman saw one cock-sparrow come flying to the place with a fine, soft white feather in his bill. The box was so placed that he could see into the compartments, and he saw this bird fix the feather into an incomplete nest, and then fly away. No sooner was he out than a female sparrow from the adjoining compartment, who had evidently seen that proceeding, hopped into her neighbor's house and pulled out and carried off the coveted feather. Becoming interested, the observer watched the performance expecting to see the little thief carry her stolen prize to her own nest; but no; she knew a trick worth two of that, and here is where she displayed an undeniable reasoning process, and acted on a clear perception of cause and effect, making a prudent use of her knowledge of the character and disposition of her plundered

neighbor. She flew off with the feather to a neighboring tree, where she securely fastened it in an inconspicuous place upon and between two twigs, and there left it. Pretty soon the bird she had defrauded came back with a straw to add to his nest.— Discovering his loss, he came out with an angry chirruping that boded no good to the despoiler of his hearth and home, if he could only find the rogue. His first demonstration was to visit his next-door neighbor without any search-warrant. In that abode of peace and innocence he found no trace of the stolen feather; and as for the actual guilty party, she was hopping innocently about, and loudly demanding—as far as bird tones could be understood by the man at the window—what was meant by this ungentlemanly intrusion. The cock-sparrow was evidently puzzled. Unable, after a minute search, to find the lost feather, he apparently gave it up, and flew away in search of another. The thief demurely waited till he got well off, and then flew to the tree, secured the stolen feather, and took it in triumph to her own nest.

Dog Drowning a Cat.

An English paper contains a record of a somewhat curious occurrence which took place at Morebattle, a village near Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire. A pup of the collie breed, about four months old, belonging to Alexander Woodcock, a shepherd at Morebattle Tufts, was observed to watch closely the drowning of a cat belonging to its master, in the water of Kale, which runs close to the shepherd's door. Woodcock is also possessed of a kitten with which this young collie is in the habit of romping. Shortly after the drowning of the cat, somehow or other the collie, feeling aggravated at the kitten scratching him, lifted it in his mouth, walked down to the little wooden bridge that spans the water, and quietly dropped the kitten in, just in the same way as he had seen his master disposing of the cat, thus showing that the drowning scene made a deep, if not a lasting impression on the dog's mind.

The Trained Horse "Porter."

Mr. Morris Lewis, of Indianapolis, who raised and trained Porter, recently gave an exhibition of the young horse's abilities before the directors of the Zoological Garden of Cincinnati.—There were old, experienced horsemen and showmen present, and all united in saying that they had never seen anything in the way of a trained horse to compare with 'Porter,' for that is the name he answers to. He waltzes, dances a jig, walks on his hind feet alone, pretends lameness, pretends sickness, lying on his side and groaning dolefully, answers questions by a shake of the head, counts off his age with his feet, shows how a horse acts when he is restless, shows how he acts when he is tired and hungry, shows how he would pitch a bad man off his back, and how he would help a pretty girl on, and sits up and smokes a pipe. He fetches and carries like a dog, and seems to be almost human in his attempts to make himself understood. He is a beautiful fellow, full of fire and spirit, and now and then gets on his ear when he feels he is not master. He has never been publicly exhibited, and there is a pressure on Mr. Lewis from showmen in all parts of the country.

A Remarkable Story.

"The fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity, by a monument in *basso-relievo*, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall at the castle of Montarjis, in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative. Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, traveling alone through the forest of Boudy, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave for several days, till at length compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of his unfortunate master's, at Paris, and, by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He re-

peated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and, with dumb eloquence, entreated him to go with him. The singularity of the dog's behavior, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found. Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all the historians who relate this fact, the Chevalier Macairi, when, instantly seizing him by the throat, he was, with great difficulty, compelled to quit his prey. In short, whenever the dog saw the Chevalier, he continued to attack and pursue him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined to Macairi alone, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macairi's envy and hatred to Mondidier had been conspicuous. Additional circumstances increased suspicion, and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The King (Louis the Eighth) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he perceived Macairi in the midst of several noblemen, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling and attacking him as usual.

"In those rude times, when no positive proof of a crime appeared, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and the accused. These encounters were denominated *the judgment of God*, from a persuasion that Heaven would rather work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy. The king, struck with such an accumulation of circumstantial evidence against Macairi, determined to refer the decision to the chance of a battle. In other words, he gave orders for a combat between the Chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an uninclosed, uninhabited place. Macairi's weapon being a great cudgel, the dog had an empty

cask allowed for his retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Everything being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt, in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of which, after a few days the Chevalier was convicted, upon his own acknowledgement, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame. This curious narrative is translated from the *Memoires sur les Duels*; and is confirmed by many judicious, critical writers, particularly Julius Scaliger, and Montfoucon, neither of whom have been given to the fabrication of idle stories."

Parrot Story.

A parrot, belonging to one of our servants, very soon knew us by name, and could distinguish the tread of its favorites, showing its joy by ruffling its feathers and making an odd noise in its throat. 'Polly' was very tame, and was sometimes allowed to walk about the house, always announcing its arrival in a room by 'Polly going a-walking.' In hot weather she enjoyed having water poured over her, and when satisfied would say, 'That's enough.'

She used to tease our large dog by whistling loudly, and calling him 'Bran, Bran!' on which he ran in and looked around, and on the cook coming in, Polly would say reprovingly, 'Go back, Bran, go Back;' out went Bran, and by and by, when the cook's back was turned, the same scene was acted over again, until Bran grew wiser and neglected the call.

Polly was a very accomplished bird, and, when quite alone, could be heard going through her acquirements. She sang 'Cheer, boys, cheer,' very plainly, and could dance. If a stranger went into the kitchen, and no one was there, Polly called out, 'Somebody's wanted;' and she has more than once startled people by saying, 'What's your business?'

We used to go in and see 'Polly' before we went to bed, and she always said 'Good-night' several times, each time in a different tone of voice. She called 'mamma my dear' until told it was not respectful, after which she always said 'ma'am.' The remarks this bird made were so apposite that it really seemed at times as if it understood what was going on.

Robin Stories.

In the years 1864 and 1865 a robin made itself at home in my dining-room, always coming to the window and tapping to have it opened at breakfast-time. When he came in, he shared my oatmeal porridge with me, seating himself on the edge of the cup and picking out such grains as caught his fancy. He then picked up crumbs of bread or toast, and, when he had satisfied himself, he sat on the back of my chair and sang, or sometimes betook himself to the top of a large screen. When he wished the window to be opened for him, he used to make a peculiar little noise, unlike any sound I ever heard from a bird—not loud, but very much like articulate language.

As you may fancy, he was a great favorite with every one in the house. If the day were very cold, he always seated himself on the edge of the fender as soon as he was let in, puffing out his feathers to receive the heat, and when he found that he was warm enough, he came to his breakfast.

During the summer of 1864 he came occasionally to the window, but seldom came in, and then only for a moment, though he would sometimes follow me out of doors. In the winter of 1864—5 he again established himself in the house, on his own familiar terms, and became even a greater pet than ever. He then began to prefer the butter-cooler to the porridge-cup for his breakfast, but I never allowed him to take too much. He almost lived in the house, sometimes remaining all night when the weather was bad.

When summer came around again, he appeared one day at the window with his wife and children, who sat on the ledge of the

window while he entered and took food out to them. It then came out that of late he had often been detected in carrying off food from the peacock's bowl which I kept in the dining-room; this food he had doubtless carried to his lady in her nest; the dining-room window, being mostly open in summer, gave him access to the bowl.

A sister-in-law of mine and her daughters came to stay with me just then, and to see the little redbreasts get their breakfasts daily from their papa was one of our morning's amusements.—

But, alas! one day he came looking very ill, with his feathers puffed out, and looking twice his natural size. I observed that he swallowed large lumps of butter himself while helping his young ones. This went on for some days, and at last he did not make his appearance at all; his wife and family came without him, and then we knew that he must be dead. There was general mourning for poor 'Bobby' in the house. I have never had so tame a redbreast before or since, though his wife and children, who seemed to miss him much, still continue to receive their dole at the window.

I heard a still more wonderful story about a robin, from my sister-in-law, who knew the lady to whom the bird belonged. She had made it so tame that it used to fly after her carriage; and when she went in the winter to spend a few days with a friend who lived several miles from her house, the bird followed her. On the following morning, when she opened the window according to custom and called the robin, he at once entered the room and perched on her finger.

A Tiger Frightend by a Mouse.

Here is an anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta, India: What annoyed him far more than poking him up with a stick or tantalizing him with shins of beef and legs of mutton was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. The plan was

to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it, he leaped to the opposite side; and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself in the corner, and stood trembling and roaring in the ecstasy of fear. Sometimes he had to pass over the spot where the unconscious little mouse run backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, he would not move, till, at length, by the help of a squib, he was obliged to start; but, instead of pacing leisurely across the den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage.

Wonderful Instinct of a Dog, Horse and Cat.

A dog belonging to Mr. Taylor, a clergyman, who lived at Colton near Wolseley Bridge, was accused of killing numbers of sheep. Complaints were made to his master, who asserted that the thing was impossible, because he was muzzled every night. The neighbors persisting in the charge, the dog one night was watched, and he was seen to get his head out of the muzzle, then to go into a field, and kill and eat as much of a sheep as satisfied his appetite. He next went into the river, to wash his mouth or quench his thirst, and returned afterwards to his kennel, got his head into the muzzle again, and lay ve. quietly down to sleep.

Dr. McDonnell, of Belfast, mentions that the same design is apparent in a horse, which had been observed to disengage his head from the halter, then to open the door of the stable, and go out, in the middle of the night only, and regale upon corn in a field at a considerable distance from the stable. The horse returned to his stall before the break of day, and had continued this practice some time, without being detected. He adroitly opened the door, by drawing a string fastened to the latch, with his teeth. And, it is said, that on returning to the stable he shut the door.

Some years ago, a family in Waterford were alarmed by an outer door belonging to their house being frequently opened without any visible cause. At last, after many surmises, a cat was observed approaching the door, and striving to push it open; but, on finding it shut, she leaped up, put one paw on the handle of the latch, and with the other pulled down the thumb-piece, till the latch was raised; then she let herself down, and pushed with her head against the door, till it was sufficiently open to admit her. The family to whom this cat belonged saw her repeat the same feat several times.

A Generous Sparrow.

A lady possessed, among other birds, a canary, whose cage used to hang outside the window. One morning a sparrow perched on the cage, and seemed to hold a sort of conversation with the inmate. Presently he flew away, but shortly returned with a grub, which he dropped into the cage. Every day at the same time the sparrow made his appearance with his accustomed offering, and the canary at last became sufficiently familiar to take his food directly from the sparrow's beak. The lady then put some more cages out of the window, and the sparrow fed all the inmates, invariably, however, selecting the canary for his first visit, and making the longest stay with that bird.

A Horse with a Snake Eye.

This is from a Penn Yann, (N. Y.) paper: The horse with a snake in his eye was in town last week on exhibition at the stables of the Knapp House. The reptile is comfortably located in the watery humor of the left eye, is several inches in length, perfectly formed, of a white color, and about the size of an ordinary darning needle. It is plainly visible, and is constantly on the move, wriggling and twisting in every direction. Its presence does not seem to annoy the horse in the least, and has evidently created no inflammation in or about the eye. It has, however, changed the color of the eye ball, it being of a lighter shade than

that of the right eye, and has affected the sight somewhat. The snake was first discovered about two months since, when it was somewhat smaller than it is now. How it came in the horse's eye is a question which puzzles scientists. The horse is owned by a gentleman residing in Clyde.

Fishes Fighting a Whale.

Capt. Crow relates the following from personal observation :—
“One morning during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at three in the morning to witness a battle between several of the fish called threshers, a fox shark, and some sword-fish on the one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest.

“As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the threshers, springing several yards in the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancor, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their long tails, the sound of which resembled the report of muskets fired at a distance.

“The sword-fish, in turn, attacked the distressed whale, striking it from below; and thus, beset on both sides, and wounded, where the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood.

“In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him, and I have no doubt that in the end they completed his destruction.”

Tantalizing Swallows.

“I have entertained,” says Philip Skelton, “a great affection and some degree of esteem for swallows, ever since I saw a remarkable instance of their sense and humor played off upon a cat which had, upon a very fine day, rested herself upon the top of a gate-post, as if in contemplation, when ten or a dozen swallows knowing her to be an enemy, took it into their heads to tantalize

her in a manner which showed a high degree not only of good sense but of humor. One of these birds, coming from behind her, flew close to her ear, and she made a snap at it with her paw, but it was too late. Another swallow, in five or six seconds, did the same, and she made the same unsuccessful attempt to catch it; this was followed by a third, and so on to the number just mentioned; and every one as it passed seemed to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy very like the laugh of a young child when tickled. The whole number, following one another at the distance of about three yards, formed a regular circle in the air, and played it off like a wheel at her ears for near an hour, not seemingly alarmed at me, who stood within six or seven yards of the post. I enjoyed this sport as well as the pretty birds, till the cat, tired out with disappointment, quitted the gate-post, as much huffed, I believe, as I had been diverted.

Trained Dog.

A gentleman at LaSalle, Ill., recently owned a setter that would bring meat, milk, or any articles desired, if furnished with a proper vessel for carrying it. She would go to the post-office and get the letters and papers. Should her master, either by accident or design drop anything and inform the dog of the fact by a word or two, she would immediately return and obtain it.

While out hunting, her owner would frequently send her home for a supply of powder, caps and shot, which she would bring him, even when five or six miles from home. In fact she manifested almost human intelligence and was trained to perform many tricks. On one occasion, her master made a wager that she would obtain a sum of money from the bank without the knowledge of the officers, and in a short time the knowing brute succeeded in carrying off five hundred dollars.

She was useful also, as well as amusing. While duck shooting one day, her owner accidentally fell into deep water, and being unable to swim, would soon have drowned; but the faithful animal plunged in after him and by her timely assistance saved his life.



Trained Dog.



A Cat's Gratitude.

With regard to the sense of generosity and gratitude which can be developed in the cat, the following anecdote was related by a friend of the owner of the animal:

The cat had some kittens, and one of them was taken ill, and was apparently in a dying state. The mother did all that she could for it; and then, finding all her efforts useless, brought the sick kitten to her mistress, laid it in her lap, and left it in her care. The lady accepted the charge, nursed the kitten through its illness, and at last was able to give it back to its mother quite restored to health.

Some time afterward the lady herself was seized with illness, and was unable to leave her bed. By some mysterious means, whether by instinct, or by gathering the meaning of the conversations around her, the cat became aware of her mistress' illness. Finding herself unable to enter the room by the door, she contrived to climb up the wall of the house, scrambled in at the window, jumped on the bed, and laid on the pillow a mouse, as an offering of affection and gratitude.

Suicide of a Dog.

A fine black dog of the Newfoundland species, belonging to Mr. Floyd, of Helmsforth, committed suicide by drowning himself in the river which flows near the owner's habitation. For several days previous the animal seemed less animated than usual, but on this particular occasion he was seen to throw himself into the water and endeavor to sink by preserving perfect stillness of the legs and feet. Being dragged out of the stream the dog was saved and tied up for a time; but he had no sooner been released than he hastened away to the water again, tried to sink and was again got out.

This occurred many times, until at length the animal with repeated efforts appeared to get exhausted and by dint of keeping his head determinedly under water for a few minutes succeeded at last in obtaining his object, for when taken out this time he was indeed dead.

—Rev. J. G. Wood has a friend who pets butterflies, that know their keeper and come at the call of their names.

—A wolf in the Zoological Gardens at Clifton immediately recognized an old friend after an absence of two years.

—A mole in St. Malo is said to have known its name, to come when called, and would collect scattered silver coins and return them to its master.

—A wasp whose "remains" now occupy a place in the British Museum, was the pet of a gentleman whose attention it always appreciated with singular acknowledgements.

—A gentleman residing in Paris purchased a dog whose native place was four hundred miles away. The dog was safely taken to Paris, but soon made his escape and returned home.

—A cockatoo whose mistress was absent three years, was the first of the family to greet her return, by flying to the carriage at the front door, saying "Kiss me, my dear, kiss me Sa!"

—Near Litchfield a hare was shot that had several young ones. These were carried off by a cat that was expected to make a meal of them; but it appeared afterward, that she adopted and nurtured them as her own

—A gentleman once said in the hearing of an old dog who was at the time basking in the sun—"I must have Ponto killed, for he is getting old and is offensive." The dog slunk away and never came near his master afterwards.

—I had a dog, says Berkley, having once scalded his tongue, always afterward, when I gave him his milk for breakfast, put his paw very cautiously in the saucer, to see if the liquid was hot, before he would touch it with his tongue.

—A peewit that was kept tame in a garden took up its abode in a house, and associated with a dog and cat; and gradually became so familiar as to show marks of indignation if either of them interrupted him when he was bathing himself in a basin of water.

—A cat that evidently intended to make a meal out of an English sparrow one day in London, was set upon by a whole flock of these birds and dreadfully mobbed. Poor Tommy was compelled to retreat, badly wounded, into the house, when he ran up stairs under a bed.

—A horse that had been sold and had not seen its original owner for seventeen years, recognized him one day when his name was called, and though harnessed to a cart, followed him along the street, and it was with difficulty he was induced to move away.

—A mule which belonged to a convent was averse to work;—there were eighty-four mules, each being worked on one day of the week. This mule knew its own day, and that morning it always tried to keep the servants out of the yard by backing up against the door!

—Dr. Bennet in his "Gatherings of a naturalist in Australia," mentions that a couple of young duckbills in his possession used to play at hide-and-seek behind the furniture of the room. One would hide itself and then give a squeak, when the other would hunt for it, and at last find it.

—A lady informed Rev. J. G. Wood that, when a girl, she had a pony that would play hide-and-seek with the children. Hiding was necessarily only a pretense on the part of the pony: but the animal would go to some corner, hide its head, and make believe that it was entirely concealed.

—Says Mr. Jesse; "I have been informed of two instances of dogs having slipped their collars and put their heads into them again on their own accord, after having committed depredations in the night; and I have now in my possession, a dog who undid the collar of another dog chained to a kennel near him."

—A man in Norridgework, Maine, says he has a goose sixty-eight years old. Though having attained this green old age, she

is by no means a green goose. The secret of her longevity, it is said, consists in the fact that she hid away about Christmas time, until she became too old for a holiday dinner. Thus she is permitted to live on!

—One of the carriers of a New York Paper, having become indisposed, his son took his place; but not knowing the subscribers he was to supply, he took for his guide a dog which had usually attended his father. The animal trotted on ahead of the boy, and stopped at every door where the paper was subscribed for, without making a single omission.

—Mr. Wood, in his "Man and Beast," alluding to the humor of animals, remarks: "I knew of one case—a solitary one I hope—where the rooster scratched as usual, called his wives, and, when they had assembled around him, ate the morsel himself. It was just like the old school practical joke. Old boy to new boy, holding out an apple: 'Do you like apples?' New boy to old boy: 'yes.' Old boy to new: 'then see me eat one.'"

—In illustration of the memory of dogs, Mr. Jesse remarks:—"In my younger days I had a favorite dog, which always accompanied me to church. My mother, seeing that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to shut him up every Sunday morning. This was done once, but never afterwards; for he concealed himself early every Sunday morning, and I was sure to find him either under my seat at church, or else at the church door.

—An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America during the war of the Colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of the apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leapt upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet.

—On the farm of Mr. Wm. R. Arnold, near Providence, R. I., a white hen turkey that had a brood of young ones, was killed by a dog. The white gobbler that had been daily accompanying the mother and chicks, seemed to comprehend the sad situation of the little ones and showed his paternal wisdom and good nature at once by scratching, feeding, covering and otherwise caring for the young turks, to the best of his ability. This fatherly gobbler was a present to Mr. Arnold by R. S. Rhodes, of Chicago.

—The writer, when a boy was always delighted with the gambols and traits of his father's horses. Each had its individual peculiarities, "Logan" was decidedly obedient, and would come and go at the beck; "Alice" knew the "noon hour" to a dot, and expected her dinner "on time." "Charlie" disliked gunpowder and sharp lightning; "Pomp," a fine runner, would chase a hare like a dog; and "Peg" and "Tava" were remarkable for their gentleness and good disposition, the former allowing herself to be he "circus horse," when "we boys performed."

—In illustration of the humor of animals, Mr. Wood cites an instance where two ladies were sitting at work in a room in which was a pet canary belonging to one of them. The bird threw a reel of cotton on the floor, took the end of the thread in his beak, and wound it first round the neck of one lady, and then round that of the other, until the reel was empty, when the bird perched on a chair, and seemed quite pleased with the freak. The lady to whom the bird belonged tried to unwind the thread from her neck; but every time she attempted to remove it, the canary flew at her and flapped its wings in her face so as to prevent her from freeing herself.

—A fireman's dog "Bob," always starts up promptly when the fire alarm bell rings, and runs before the engine, barking, to clear the way. For years he has attended every fire, and so efficient has been the aid rendered, that the dog has been presented with a fine collar, properly inscribed. On one occasion a fire broke

out in a chemical laboratory, filled with explosive materials. Undeterred by the noise and smoke, "Bob" rushed in, and finding that every person had escaped, came away, bringing a dreadfully frightened cat in his mouth, which he saved from a cruel death.

—"When I was a boy," says a friend, "I knew a little dog, a King Charles spaniel, which was an accomplished player at the well known game called 'tag' or 'touch.' The little animal displayed quite as much enthusiasm as any of the human players, and would dart away from the boy who happened to be 'touch,' with an anxiety that approximated to terror. Of course to touch the dog was an impossibility; but he was a generous little creature, with a strong sense of justice, and so, when he thought his turn ought to come, he stood still and waited quietly to be touched."

—A gentleman staying at a hotel in Dublin, had ordered dinner at a certain hour, and, afraid of being too late, he hired a cab, and desired the driver to put his horse to its speed, so that he might reach the hotel in time. The whip was applied, but the animal got restive, and warped and twisted, endangering the shafts of the vehicle. "Can't ye get on?" said the impatient traveler; "I'll be too late." "Well sir," said Pat, "I'm doing all I can, but you see the brute knows that your honor is a stranger in Dublin, and he wishes you to stop and take a look at the public buildings!"

—An old family horse that had been running at large through the streets and commons of Madison, Ohio, lost one of his shoes recently, and with the intelligence of a human being, walked up to the blacksmith shop where he had been shod for the last fifteen years, and to the best of his ability asked the smith to shoe him, by raising his foot and stamping on the ground. The smith being busy, drove him away several times during the day, and thought nothing of it. The next morning the horse came back, and entering the shop, walked up to the anvil and raised his foot. The smith understood the case at once, and attended to his wants, and the grateful animal trotted contentedly away.



The Lassie.

LOVE STORIES.

"The Heart Never Forgets."

Robert Collyer is responsible for the following interesting little story:

A fine old Highlander told me last year how the year before he had gone back to the glen he had left half a century ago, where no man knew him or remembered him. "But," said he, "I heard of one woman alive, up the glen, whom I had thought well of as a lassie, and she of me, in a shy way; still, you see, we had no troth between us to make things sure, and so the strain of time and distance broke the thread. I settled down hereaway; and the memory of it was all but dead, until I heard her name. Then I said, "I will go up the glen and see her." I wondered whether she had lost all track of me; for it was rather sad, ye see, to be left out in the cold in this way. She came to the door, a white-haired woman, so altered it was hard to mind her at all. She looked at me in a wondering way, gave one sharp cry, and said, "John, is that you after all?" I asked her, after a while, how she knew me; and was answered, "The heart never forgets, John; don't you mind what good friends we were? I saw the laddie and heard him speak when I saw your face and heard your voice." Memory flashing out into remembrance had made all old things new for her, as she sat in the near neighborhood of that inheritance in life where there is no marrying or giving in marriage, but where men and women shall be as the angels of God.

A Child Queen.

The following story is told of a little French Princess, who was married and crowned Queen of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve:

The child-sovereign was born many hundred years ago—in 1387—at the Palace of the Louvre, in Paris. She was the daughter of the poor King Charles VI., whose misfortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing cards were invented, and of his Queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Isabella was the eldest of twelve children.—She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire Court of France.

King Richard II of England, who was a widower about thirty years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isabella.

"She is much too young," he was told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The King, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of his marriage, and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remedy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the Court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and consisting of Earls, Marshals, Knights, and Squires of Honor uncounted, with attendants to the number of five hundred.

When the Embassy reached Paris, and the offer of marriage had been formally accepted, the Archbishop and the Earls asked to see the little Princess who was soon to become their Queen. At first the French Council refused, saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might behave. The English noblemen were so solicitous, however, that at last, she was brought before them. The Earl Marshal immediately knelt before her, and said in the old fashioned language of the time: "Madam, if it shall please God, you shall be our Lady and Queen."

Queen Isabeau stood at a little distance, curious and anxious,

no doubt, to know how her little daughter would answer the formal address. To her great pleasure, and the great surprise of all present, the Princess Isabella replied:

"Sir, If it please God and my father that I be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased, for I am told I shall then be a great lady."

Then giving the Marshal her tiny hand to kiss, she bade him rise from his knees, and leading him to her mother, she presented him to her with the grace and ease of a mature woman.

According to the fashion of the time, Princess Isabella was immediately married by proxy, and received the title of the Queen of England. Froissart, the celebrated historian of that epoch, says: "It was very pretty to see her, young as she was, practicing how to act the Queen."

In a few days, king Richard arrived from England with a gay and numerous retinue of titled ladies to attend his little bride.—After many grand festivities they were married, and taken in state to England, where the Child Queen was crowned in the famous Westminster Abbey.

A Physician "Pops the Question" by a Queer Prescription.

On one occasion, when I was ill, the General called in Dr. Hunt, his family physician. The Doctor was a tall, lank, ugly man—"as good as gold," but with none of the graces that are supposed to win young ladies; yet he was married to one of the loveliest young creatures I ever knew. General Jackson accompanied him to my room, and after my pulse had been duly felt and my tongue duly inspected, they drew their chairs to the fire and began to talk. "Hunt," suddenly exclaimed the President, "how came you to get such a young and pretty wife?" "Well, I'll tell you," replied the doctor. "I was called to attend a young lady at the convent in Georgetown. Her eyes were bad; she had to keep them bandaged. I cured her without her ever having a distinct view of me. She left the institution, and a year afterward she appeared here in society, a belle and a

beauty. At a ball I introduced myself without the slightest ulterior design, as the physician who had restored her sight, although I supposed she had never really seen me. She instantly expressed the most heart-felt gratitude. It seemed so deep and genuine that I was touched. That very evening she informed me that she had a severe cold, and that I must again prescribe for her. Well! it don't look reasonable, but I did it. I wrote my name on a bit of paper, folded it and handed it to her, telling her she must take that prescription. She read it and laughed. 'It's a bitter pill,' she said, 'and must be well gilded if ever I take it.' But whether it was bitter or whether it was gilded, we were married."

A Professor's Love.

A charming love story, with a college professor—possibly Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin—for its hero, is told as follows: Among the white Hills many years ago, a young student met a lovely girl and lost his heart, but dared not tell her, so timid and retiring was he. She seemed to be aware of his attachment, and looked upon him with kind eyes, but nothing came of the acquaintance. They separated, and subsequently each married another. He became a college professor, evinced talent of high order, and won reputation at home and abroad. At last the weight of years compelled him to give up the duties of his professorship. She who had shared the honors of his career had passed away, and the white-haired professor was left alone. He made a journey to those granite hills where he had sighed and dreamt in boyhood, and there he found a silver haired widow—his old-time sweetheart. After a long time he rose to take his leave, and the dignity, reserve and bashfulness which had been the instincts of his life, seemed to forsake him. Taking the venerable lady by the hand, for the first and last time in his life, looking her tenderly in the face and calling by her Christian name, he said; "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant me a kiss?" Their lips met with all the fervency, if not the passion of youth, whilst tears streamed down their aged cheeks.

The Widower and the Widow.

When Mr. Thomas Thompson was courting the widow who became his sixth wife, said he, taking a pinch of snuff and looking wise, "I will tell you what I expect of you, my dear. You are aware that I have had a good deal of matrimonial experience. Ho-hum! it makes me sad to think of it. My lot in the cemetery is almost full, and I may truly say that my cup of misery would be running over at this moment if it were not for you. But to business. I was about to remark that Jane, my first, could make better coffee than any other woman in this world.—I trust you will adopt her recipe for the preparation of that beverage."

"My first husband frequently remarked"—began the widow, "And there was Susan," interrupted Mr. Thompson. "Susan was the best mender that probably ever lived. It was her delight to find a button off, and, as for rents in coats and things, I have seen her shed tears of joy when she saw them, she was so desirous of using her needle for their repair. Oh, what a woman Susan was!"

"Many is the time," began the widow, that my first hus"—

"With regard to Anna, who was third," said Mr. Thompson, hastily, "I think her forte above all others was in the accomplishment of the cake known as slapjack. I have very pleasant visions at this moment of my angelic Anna as she appeared in the kitchen of a frosty morning, enveloped in smoke and the morning sunshine that stole into my window, or bearing to my plate a particularly nice article of slapjack, with the remark, 'That's the nicest one yet, Thomas. Eat it while it's hot.'—Sometimes I assure you, my dear, these recollections are quite overpowering."

He applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and the widow said, "Ah, yes. I know how it is, myself, sir. Many is the time that I see, in my lonely hours my dear first hus"—

"The pride and the joy of Julia, my fourth, and I may say, too, of Clara, my fifth," interrupted Mr. Thompson, and with some apparently accidental violence of tone, "lay in the art of making

over their spring-bonnets. If you will believe it, my dear, one bonnet lasted those two blessed women through all the happy years they lived with me. They would turn them, and make them over so many, many times! Dear! dear! what a changing world!"

"I say so to myself a hundred times a day, sir," said the widow with a sigh. "I frequently remarked to my first hus"—

"Madame!" said Mr. Thompson suddenly, and with great sternness, "oblige me by never mentioning that cheap man again. Are you not aware that he must necessarily be out of the question forever more? Can you not see that your continual references to him sicken my soul? Let us have peace, Madame—let us have peace."

"Very well, sir," said the widow, meekly. "I beg your pardon, and promise not to do it again."

And they were married, and their lives were as bright and peaceful as Mrs. Miller's sundown seas.

How an Emperor Found his Wife.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, is indefatigable in his application to business. He retires to rest at the hour when life is beginning in Vienna, and at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, the Emperor, active, laborious, and watchful, is always on foot again. He breakfasts on a cup of coffee placed on his desk, smokes one of the ordinary Viennese cigars, while reading his voluminous despatches, and remains hard at work till the early family dinner. Enthusiastic sportsman as he is, and devoted to mountain scenery, no wonder he is delighted to hurry away to his favorite hunting grounds in the hills of the Salzkammergat. He leaves Vienna in the evening, like an honest merchant who has finished his business; he crosses the Traunsee in the night, and arrives at Ischl at five in the morning. There he is to be seen in his blouse, with his great walking stick, roaming about in the most enchanting district of all his picturesque dominions, or chatting familiarly with the peasants, or their children. He is very happy in his marriage. His first meeting with his future

Empress was romantic. One of her sisters had been destined for the Imperial throne, and when Francis Joseph in his hunting dress arrived one evening at his father-in-law's residence on the Traunsee, he was received by four young ladies of the family, who have all since made excellent marriages. As he was chatting with the group, he saw an apparition of beauty, with magnificent hair floating over the shoulders, illuminated in the full glow of the sunset, approaching them from the neighboring wood. It was the Princess Elizabeth, the fifth of the sisters, and the Emperor from that moment became her slave.

An Alaska Romance.

A young man in Alaska fell in love with the only young lady on the Island, a girl of fifteen, who was possessed of extraordinary beauty, and whose hair fell below her knees. But he was unable to communicate the "old, old story" to her, for she did not understand a word of English, nor did he speak Russian. In his dilemma the arrival of the priest on his once-in-two years visit was a god-send, and to him he made known his love. The priest, knowing the young man to be possessed of a high character and a fair fortune, thought it was a lucky chance for the young lady to escape from a life of such isolation, and he willingly persuaded the girl's mother (her father was dead) to consent to the match, but the young lady herself was not to be persuaded. She argued that she had never spoken to the young man who expressed such a desire to be her husband, and only seen him twice, and he had been on the Island only forty-eight days, but her objections were overruled, and the marriage took place. After living in Alaska for several months, the young man brought his bride to his home in Cleveland, O. She was astonished at the fashions she saw, and declared that nothing would induce her to wear her hair otherwise than flowing—as she had always worn it. But before twenty-four hours had passed her mother-in-law had persuaded her to try the effect of braids around her broad and shapely head; and now she dresses as much in the

fashion as any lady in Cleveland. Last year her husband went to Alaska again and brought home the young sister, who is eleven years of age, and promises to be as beautiful as the elder. The mother, bereft of both her children, still clings to her home on one of the Islands of Alaska.

A Nurse who Sacrificed Her Own Life to Save Five Children.

One of the nursing Sisters of the order of Troyes succumbed recently at Paris to an attack of hydrophobia, contracted under circumstances of no ordinary heroism. A month ago Sister Mary was taking charge for a walk of five convalescent children, the eldest of whom was only eight years of age, when they were assailed by a sheep-dog, whose jaws were running with foam, and who attacked them with fury. She instantly saw the danger of her charges, and, resolutely interposing between the terrified children and the furious animal, bravely withstood its attack. She was severely bitten, and the dog, excited by the cries of the children, endeavored to rush upon them. Then followed a splendid act of devotion. Protecting with her body the children who hung on her petticoats shrieking with terror, this brave girl threw herself courageously upon the dog, and for ten minutes grasped it, rolling over with it, and thrusting her fist into its mouth to prevent its biting the children. Some persons who came up at last, beat off and killed the dog. The Sister was found to have fifteen deep wounds on her hands and lacerated arms; an important artery was wounded. Skillful care was given to her wounds, ligatures were applied, the parts torn were cauterized, and for a short time after her return to Paris some hope existed that she might escape the ultimate fate which there was so much reason to fear. Later, however, the pharyngeal spasm, vomiting, and hydrophobia, in all its characteristic symptoms appeared; and Sister Mary died from this fatal and fearful disease, finding consolation in the certitude of having saved at the price of her life, the five children who had been confided to her.

"To Have and to Hold."

A prominent Episcopal clergyman was invited to one of the hotels in Detroit to marry a couple from Canada. They did not want any witnesses, and they wanted the ceremony to be about one minute long. To this the reverend gentleman objected. Under the law of this State a marriage is not valid unless witnessed by two persons. They were procured, and the couple struck an attitude calculated to show to an advantage an array of fine clothes, and two rather good looking faces, the owners of which would (so the marriage certificate stated) never see their twenty-sixth birth day again. The ceremony ran smoothly until the pledges were given.

"I, Kate," continued the minister

"I, Kate," she faltered,

"Take thee, William,"

"Take thee, William,"

"To be my wedded husband—"

"To be my wedded husband,"

"To have and to hold—"

A smile puckered the corner of her mouth, which was finally extended in a hearty laugh; no response. The minister was astounded at the untimely exhibition of frivolity; the witnesses were highly amused, and the would-be bridegroom struggled to retain his self-possession.

"To have and to hold—" repeated the minister.

"To have—Te! he! he!" and she broke down again. A repetition of the former scene was broken into by the solemn and commanding voice,

"To have and to ho!—"

"To—" she began; then indulged in a frenzy of mirth which spread to all but the dignified and chagrined tyer of the knots.

"You think this a very trivial matter," he said sternly, "but I fancy you won't find it so funny if you intend beginning life together in this ridiculous manner. I've a mind to punish you by refusing to complete the ceremony, but on second thought, I think it will be better to read you a homily, and then I will

finish that which I have begun if I have to stay here until to-morrow morning."

The homily was delivered, and the couple, now quite serious, resumed their trying position, and were duly married.

"I wouldn't have laughed," said the bride, by way of explanation, "but I never heard the Episcopal marriage ceremony before, and it was so funny to think that I had got to promise to hold this great big fellow all the rest of my life, that I couldn't keep from laughing."

Queen Victoria's Love for Prince Albert---Their Marriage.

The following interesting meeting, interviews, and final marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is from James Parton in "Eminent Women of the Age":

Prince Albert was naturally uneasy at her silence. A young man of twenty-one must not long delay to choose a career. So far, his life had been shaped by a secret but confident expectation that he would one day be the consort of his cousin Victoria, and if this was not to be his destiny, it was necessary to seek another. Impatient to know his fate, he came to England in October, 1839, resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion. Three years had passed since the cousins had seen one another.

When last they had met, she was a girl of seventeen, living a retired life at Kensington Palace with her mother and her tutors, with little revenue and less ostentation. He was but a lively lad, not grown to his full stature, and unbecomingly fat. But now how different were they both!

It was half-past seven in the evening of October the 10th, 1839, when Prince Albert and his brother alighted at the principal entrance of Windsor Castle, one of the grandest looking royal residences in Europe. At the top of the staircase, the queen herself met them in evening attire, and invested with the dignity which the very title of queen seems to carry with it. Nor was the change in him less striking in a maiden's eyes. The

prince had grown tall, symmetrical and handsome. That down upon his upper lip of three years before was now an elegant moustache. He had become a man. There was also in his countenance, we are told, a gentleness of expression, and a smile of peculiar sweetness, with a look of thought and intelligence in his clear blue eye, and fair, broad forehead, which conciliated every one who looked upon him. He was the very prince of Romance,—just the hero wanted for the dazzling fiction of which Victoria was the gentle heroine.

His fate was decided promptly enough. The queen was delighted with his appearance and bearing. She conducted him herself to her mother. It was about dinner-time when they arrived, and yet they could not dine with the queen that night, for a reason which the queen herself explains: "Their clothes not having arrived, they could not appear at dinner, but came in after it in spite of their morning dresses." There was a large company of lords and ministers staying at the castle then, and the etiquette of the dinner could not be dispensed with, even in favor of those young princes.

Four days sufficed! On the fourth day after the arrival of the prince, the queen told Lord Melbourne that she had made up her mind to marry him. The minister said he was very glad to hear it, and that he thought the news would be well received.

"You will be much more comfortable," added Lord Melbourne, in his simple, fatherly manner; "for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be."

Accordingly, on the following day Prince Albert came in from hunting at the unusually early hour of twelve, for he had received an intimation the evening before that the queen had something particular to say to him. On being summoned to the queen's presence he found her alone. Precisely what occurred on the occasion will never be known. It seems, however, that it devolved upon the queen to propose the momentous question. The following is the Prince's version of what passed, as given in his letter to his grandmother:—

"The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last

settled. The queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice. The only thing which troubled her was that she did not think that she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together. Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk a great deal about our future life, which she promises to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you? I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me."

As soon as the interview was over, the queen, according to her custom, recorded her feelings in her diary.

"How I will strive," she wrote, in the first gush of tender emotion, "to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest (his brother), who congratulated us both and seemed very happy. Ernest told me how perfect his brother was."

The same afternoon, she wrote to her Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, who had from the first favored the match most warmly. This letter is highly creditable to the good, simple heart of the maiden queen:—

"My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact,—a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much be-

wildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it."

To which the good old king replied, very sensibly and happily:—

"In your position * * * you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable 'Interieur.' And I am much deceived, (which I think I am not,) or you will find in Albert just the qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life. You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say *all*, will depend on your affection for him. If you *love* him, and are *kind* to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and, at the same time, a cheerfulness in his character which will facilitate this."

Nothing remained but to announce the intended marriage to the Privy Council, and through the council to the country. The council met, November 23d, to the number of eighty, in one of the large rooms of Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence. It devolved upon the queen herself to make the announcement to this formidable company.

"Precisely at two," the queen wrote in her diary, "I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration.—I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Landsdown then rose, and, in the name of the Privy Council, asked that 'this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.' I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the

small library where I was standing and wished me joy."

The queen wore a bracelet in which was a portrait of Prince Albert, and she says in her journal, "It seemed to give me courage at the council."

On the 11th of February, 1840, at the Royal Chapel of St. James, in London, in the presence of all that was distinguished and splendid in the life of Great Britain, the marriage was solemnized. The queen, as brides generally do, looked pale and anxious. Her dress was a rich white satin, trimmed with orange blossoms, and upon her head she wore a wreath of the same beautiful flowers. Over her head, but not so as to conceal her face, a veil of Honiton lace was thrown. She was sparingly decorated with diamonds. She wore, however, a pair of very large diamond ear-rings, and a diamond necklace. Her twelve bridesmaids were attired in similar taste, and they were all young ladies of remarkable beauty. Prince Albert was dressed in the uniform of a British field-marshal, and was decorated with the collar and star of the Order of the Garter. At the moment when the queen and prince advanced to the communion-table, and stood before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the scene was in the highest degree splendid and interesting. But its splendors seemed to fade away before the majestic simplicity of the marriage service. There was really a kind of simplicity in the plainness and directness of the language employed:—

"Albert wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and "Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband?" and "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

To this last question the Duke of Sussex replied by taking the queen's hand and saying "I do." Perhaps some in the assembly may have smiled when the Queen of England promised to *obey* this younger son of a German Duke, and when he said "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." The queen tells us, however, that she pronounced the word *obey* with a deliberate intent to keep her vow, and that she kept it.

There was, of course, the wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace, which was attended by the royal family, the ministry,

the maids of honor, and other personal attendants of the queen and prince. Soon after seven o'clock in the evening, the royal chariot dashed into Windsor with its escort of life-guards, amid the cheers of the whole population of the town. The honeymoon was spent at Windsor Castle.

Love Stronger than Law and Death.

The case of Edward Cooper, tried before one of the Courts-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia, during 1863, illustrates his great love for his wife and children:

The prisoner was charged with desertion. He declined the use of counsel. The Judge Advocate opened the case and clearly proved his guilt. The accused was told to produce his witnesses. He said that he had none, and his only defense was a letter from his wife, which he handed to the President of the Court. It read as follows:

MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said, "What is the matter, Eddie?" And he said, "O, mamma, I am so hungry." And Lucy, Edward—your darling Lucy—she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Your MARY.

The President, General Cullen A. Battle, and other members of the court were melted to tears, and asked the artilleryman what he did on the reception of the letter. He replied that he had made three separate and ineffectual applications for a furlough, and then resolved, upon whatever cost, to visit his home. Upon meeting his wife she was broken-hearted at learning his absence without leave, and, "I am here, gentlemen," said he, "not brought back by any military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court." Ed-

ward Cooper was found guilty of desertion, and sentenced to death, as it was the plain duty of the court, but Gen. Lee pardoned the prisoner.

Poverty--Beauty--Riches and Royalty.

Beauty is only skin deep, to be sure; nevertheless it is a dowry to be prized, and frequently proves a means of advancement. During the troubles in the reign of Charles I, a beautiful country girl came to London, in search of a place as a servant maid; but, not succeeding, she hired herself to carry beer from a brew house, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewer was dropped, and to the young woman was recommended Mr. Hyde, a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs.—Hyde, who was afterward the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterward the wife of James II, and the mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

How a Widowed Clergyman Married.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown up daughters.—The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father, which stated that he "had married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there were weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and when

the day of arrival came, the house was anything but inviting.— At last the Rev. Mr. X—— came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious.” At last the eldest daughter mustered courage. “Where is our mother?”

“In heaven,” said the good man.

“But where is the widow with six children whom you wrote you had married?”

“Why, I married her to another man, my dears,” he replied, delighted at the success of his joke.

Choosing a Wife by Proxy.

The following occurred on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road: A gentleman traveling between Pueblo and Kansas City was engaged in conversation by a very intelligent but rough looking miner, who had been for four years an auriferous adventurer in the San Juan country, and who had “struck it rich.” He made no secret of the fact that his visit to a certain town in Michigan was for the purpose of marrying the “girl he left behind him,” for whose comfort he had built and furnished a house high up among the snow capped mountains of Colorado. But this does not interest the reader as will the balance of the story. He left in San Juan, a partner, whom he describes “as square a man as ever struck a drill,” with whom he had constantly labored three long years as mere “prospectors,” and with whom he now held jointly one of the most valuable properties in their district. Jim, too, desired to go East, but their mutual interests made it impossible; he didn’t know any one in particular East, but then he wanted to go. Jim was rather a bashful, reticent man, and did not like to tell even his partner the real purpose of his visit: but on the eve of the departure of the latter, the purpose of whose visit was known, Jim made the request, in dead earnest, that he bring him a wife. “Will you do it?” he was asked.— “Do it, you bet!” “Had he any instructions to give in regard to

the selection?" "Yes; he said, 'Harry, bring me a good, honest, sensible girl, what there's no foolishness or show about,—a girl what 'll make an honest man an honest wife,' and that's just the kind o' woman I'll take out, and the one that 'll be Jim's wife." While this manner of choosing a wife is a somewhat novel one, it must be confessed that Jim's ideas of the woman best calculated to make with him the journey of life was a good one.

Henry M. Stanley's Romance--The "Dark Continent," the Back-ground of a Thrilling Picture.

The following is from a New York journal: There are few men in the world to whom life should apparently be so pleasant as to Henry M. Stanley. All England is ready to do him honor; he has been overwhelmed with praise and congratulations; the Queen has received him; Parliament has thanked him; the two great journals for which he has made his explorations have amply rewarded him. But he seems morose and discontented.

Mr. Stanley has had a romance. Before he went upon his second expedition to Africa, he met and fell madly in love with a charming young lady, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Jewish extraction, whose name is perhaps best known in connection with the erection of an extensive but unfortunate opera-house. Mr. Stanley's passion was deep and violent, but he was told that at least he must wait, and that an immediate marriage was out of the question. He was anxious to win even greater fame and fortune and lay them at the feet of his beloved. It was at this moment that the second African expedition was proposed to him; in it he saw the coveted opportunity for distinction and reward, and he eagerly embraced the perilous commission.—Throughout the whole of that terrible journey through the jungles of Africa, and all his toils, dangers, sickness, and disappointments, he was sustained by the thought of his love, and by the confident hope of receiving the reward which was dearer to him than the applause of the world or the riches of Golconda.

He gave the name of the young lady to the most beautiful lake which he discovered, as he gave it afterward to the handsome boat in which he made a portion of his exploration,—the Lady Alice. At length, the source of the Congo was found; the great deed was accomplished, and Stanley returned with a proud and happy heart to the coast. At Zanzibar a packet of letters was awaiting him; and he hastened to open them, hoping to find some messages of love and affection from the mistress of his soul. A fatal blow struck him. One of the letters contained the intelligence that Miss Alice—— had been married several months.

From that moment Stanley was a changed man. His delight in life was wholly lost. His natural good humor and buoyancy of spirit gave place to long fits of melancholy, alternated with violent outbursts of petulance and anger. The plaudits with which he was received upon his arrival in England were distasteful to him; he revenged himself by attacking with unreasonable rage every one who ventured to differ on even the slightest subject with him.

This, however, was Mr. Stanley's second love affair. Chancing to be spending some time upon the Island of Crete, he saw from his window a young Greek maiden in the garden of the opposite house, and he at once felt that his fate was sealed. She was about fifteen years old, and Mr. Stanley has since declared that he never before nor since has he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. He at once sought out the American Consul and revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair, took him forthwith to the house of his innamorata and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. Stanley could speak no Greek, the mother no English; the Consul was the interpreter. He did his work so well that at the end of half an hour the young lady was sent for. Stanley was forbidden even to touch her hand; but he conversed with her by his eyes; they soon understood each other well. At the end of a week he was an accepted lover; at the end of a fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. All this while

he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother. On the day before the wedding he had been permitted for the first time, to take her hand and to imprint upon it a chaste salute. The morning of the wedding arrived; Stanley was dressed for the ceremony, and was awaiting the happy moment. There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had never seen before, and an interpreter. They are introduced as the brothers of the bride, and they produce a parchment which the interpreter explains. It is a deed of settlement which binds Stanley to pay so much a year to the mother, so much to each brother, and so much to the wife, and to plank down the first instalments on the spot. In vain Stanley explains that he is worth nothing and cannot pay; the brothers look daggers, the interpreter frowns, and the scene closes by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty gets Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and ships him off to Athens. He never saw his beautiful Grecian maiden again.

An Erring Mother's Love for Her Child.

The following incident occurred before a Canadian Police Court: A woman carrying a little infant is among the prisoners. The mother is only nineteen; the child is just learning to talk; the mother weeps bitterly; the child crows and claps its little hands as if the howling mob about it had been got up for its special benefit. It lifted a pair of handcuffs from the table and jingled them near its mother's ear, and laughed aloud in excess of joy. "O God!" cried the young mother, "let my babe go.—Send some good woman for it. O I can never take my babe into a cell. It is innocent. I am wicked. The child is fit for Heaven. It has never sinned. O let it not be tainted with a cell." She held it up before all present, her hair falling over her shoulders, and her hot, wild face quivering with agony. She held it high up, the little crowing, chirruping thing. It jingled the handcuffs and laughed. A hush fell on that place as if an angel's presence were there. A brazen-faced girl in silks and

satins came sweeping forward to take the child, but the mother snapped at her like a brutish animal and pushed her back. "O no, she hissed, "O no, no, no, no,—not you, not you." Chief McMenemy knows how to do his duty as well as any man, but he saw this was an extraordinary case and sent the baby home. The mother went into her cell holding her heart. She came rushing back and kissed her baby, and whispered in its ear, "It were better for you, my child, that you never saw me again."—The child was carried away crying because they took the handcuffs from it.

A Light in the Window.

Off the coast of one the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago, there lived in this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach.—His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor, and weak; but she said in her heart that while she lived no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell, arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she has won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light house, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

Bird Love.

A drake was stolen one night, with some other birds, from Mr. Beale's aviary. The beautiful male alone was taken, and the poor duck was left behind. The morning following the loss of her husband, the female was seen in a most disconsolate condition; brooding in secret sorrows, she remained in a retired part of the aviary, pondering over the severe loss she had just sustained.

While she was thus delivering her soul to grief, a gay, prim drake, who had not long before lost his dear duck, which had been accidentally killed, trimmed his beautiful feathers, appeared quite handsome, and, pitying the forlorn condition of the bereaved, waddled toward her, and, after devoting much of his time and all his attention to the unfortunate female, he offered her his protection. She, however, refused all his offers, having made, in audible quacks, a solemn vow to live and die a widow if her mate did not return.



Mandarin or Bridal Duck.

From the day on which she met with her loss she neglected her usual avocations, forsook her food and usual scenes of delight, where she loved to roam with him now absent, and to excite his brave spirit to drive away all the rivals that might attempt even to approach them. But these fleeting hours of enjoyment had passed, perhaps never to return, and no consolation that could be offered by any of her tribe had the least effect. Every endeavor was made to recover the lost bird, as it was not expected that the beautiful creature would be killed.

Some time elapsed after the loss, when a person accidentally passing a hut, overheard some Chinese of the lower class conversing together. He understood sufficient of their language to find out what they said, "It would be a pity to to kill so handsome a bird." "How, then," said another, "can we dispose of it?"—The hut was noted, as it was immediately suspected that the lost Mandarin drake was the subject of the conversation. A servant was sent, and, after some trouble, recovered the long lost drake by paying four dollars for him. He was then brought back to the aviary in one of the usual cane cages.

As soon as the bird recognized the aviary, he expressed his joy by quacking vehemently and flapping his wings. The interval of three weeks had elapsed since he was taken away by force; but when the forlorn duck heard the note of her long lost husband, she quacked, even to screaming with ecstasy, and flew as far as she could in the aviary to greet him on his restoration.—Being let out of the cage, the drake immediately entered the aviary, and the unfortunate couple were again united. They quacked, crossed necks, bathed together, and then are supposed to have related all their mutual hopes and fears during the long separation.

One word more on the unfortunate widower who kindly offered consolation to the duck when overwhelmed with grief.—She, in a most ungrateful manner, informed her drake of the impudent and gallant proposals he made to her during his absence. It is merely supposition that he did so; but, at all events, the result was that, on the day following his return, the recovered

drake attacked the other, pecked his eyes out, and inflicted on him so many other injuries as to occasion his death in a few days. Thus did this unfortunate drake meet with a premature and violent death for his kindness and attention to a disconsolate lady. It may perhaps be correctly written over his grave, "A victim to conjugal fidelity."

An Ingenious Mother.

A lady once lamented an ill-advised attachment on the part of her daughter, who had good expectations, and whose affections had been won by an adventurer. The mother had remonstrated against the folly of the engagement and had flatly refused to allow the wedding to take place so long as the girl was under age. The young lady was obstinate by nature, and her tenacity was strengthened by opposition. She avowed her intention of waiting patiently till she was of age, and then of giving her hand to her *fiance*. A year's delay did not seem to have undermined her attachment, and in another six months she would be of age, and her own mistress. Under advice the mother changed her cue and appeared to make the best of a bad business. Since Captain — meant to be son-in-law she said she would do what she could to make things pleasant. She asked him to dinner, and appeared to have fully accepted the engagement.

She kept an eye on all in-coming and out-going letters, and would say, "My dear, you have not written to Captain — for the last two days! When I was engaged to your father I used to write to him every day of the week." Or, "Captain — wrote to you yesterday, my dear, and I perceive that you have not yet answered him; men do not like to be treated with neglect." The girl got irritable under this incessant spurring into her engagement; the mother followed up her advantage by offering her admonition audibly in the presence of other female friends of the daughter. This put the *coup de grace* to the engagement; the gilt all came off the gingerbread when opposition was changed to incitement. Two months before she came of age she wrote to

Captain —— and told him that her feelings had changed toward him. The mother affected to be deeply scandalized; this settled the girl's determination, and the Captain never darkened the door again.

Two Yards Jaconet, or a Husband--James Gordon Bennett's Love Story.

"I wish," said Mary Ann, "I had two yards of jaconet. I want it very much to complete this dress for the next birth-day at Richmond. I want besides a pretty large length of pea-green ribbon. I want a feather—a white feather—to my last bonnet. I want"——

"Well, my dear," said Louisa, her companion, "well, my dear, it seems you never have enough. Pray how many more things do you want besides?"

"More!" returned Mary Ann, "why a hundred more, to be sure," said she, laughing; "but I'll name them all in one—I want a husband."

"Indeed!" said Louisa; this is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select one from among your many admirers?"

"A fig for my admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick, I'm disgusted with my admirers. All come and make silly compliments; one says, Miss B——, how pretty you look to-day; another sickens me with his silly looks; another is so desperately in love with me that he can't talk; another is so desperately in love with himself that he talks forever. Oh! I wish I were married! I wish I had a husband; or at least two yards of jaconet to finish the dress for the Richmond campaign."

Mary Ann B—— was a gay, young rattling creature who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen, possessed a fine figure, rather embonpoint; not tall, but very gracefully rounded off. Her profuse auburn ringlets clustered negligently round a pair of cheeks in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately that where the one began or the

other ended no one could tell. Her eyes were dark blue, but possessing a lustre when lighted up with feeling or enthusiasm which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black.— Her motions were light, airy and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most elegantly formed; and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratic as could be imagined by a Byron or an Ali Pasha. Since the death of her father, which was a period of about two years or more, she had had many admirers, several decided offers and not a few who had hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, and ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry until she had brought at least an hundred to her feet. For several counties round up and down the James river she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the White Sulphur, the Blue Sulphur and Hot Sulphur Springs were not much frequented; but the people of fashion in Lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue mountains during the autumnal months. In one of those excursions the party, of which Mary Ann made a lively member, was overtaken one afternoon in a sudden rain-storm at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains. The party was traveling in an open carriage, with a sort of top resembling a gig, to spread out when a shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion the leather top afforded the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the dark, heavy clouds above. The first house they approached was therefore truly welcomed. They dismounted, went in and found several young gentlemen surrounding the hickory fire which was crackling merrily on a large, white hearth.

A young man of rather modest, easy, but unobtrusive manners, rose at the approach of Mary Ann and offered her his chair. She accepted it with a slight inclination of the head and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at this interview; but a few days after, when they had reached the foot of one of the mountains, which was appropriated as the place of gayety and fashion, the young gentleman

was formally introduced to Mary Ann as Mr. C—— from Williamsburg, in West Virginia. In a very short time he became a very devoted admirer of Mary Ann—was extremely and delicately attentive, and, of course, gave rise to many surmises among the match-makers of the Springs. At the close of the season he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual, she spent a whole night thinking, crying, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal. So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all hopes of revival. The parties never again met till the moment we have now reached threw them accidentally into each other's company.

Since the period just referred to, Mary Ann had considerably altered in her feelings and her views. She had pursued the game of catching admirers, of leading them on to declare themselves, and of then rejecting with tears and regrets in abundance, till she and the whole world of young men became mutually disgusted with each other. Yet she had many excellent qualities—was a fast and enduring friend, knew as well as any one of the folly of her course of life; but her ambition, her love of conquest, her pride of talent, her desire of winning away the admirers of her female rivals, entirely clouded and obscured her more amiable qualities of mind and heart.

"How long have you been in Williamsburg, Mary Ann?" asked her *chère ami*.

"Only three days, and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is. It is called the 'classic shade'—the 'academic groves of the Old Dominion,' and all that sort of thing. One of the professors entertained me a good two hours, the other evening, with the laws of Dido and Æneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of jaconet."

"Or a husband—"

"Or a husband, either; I don't care which. Come, my love, let's go a-shopping in this classic town."

The two ladies immediately rose—it was about noonday—put

on their bonnets, took their parasols and sallied forth.

"For a husband or a jaconet, you say?"

"Two yards of jaconet or a husband."

The town of Williamsburg, like every other little town in Virginia or New York, does not contain many stores. A shopping expedition is therefore soon completed. The two ladies sauntered into this shop, then into that, sometimes making the poor fellow of a shop-keeper turn out his whole stock in trade, and rewarding his pains by the purchase of a six-penny worth of tape. They had proceeded for an hour in this lounging, lazy style, when Louisa said: "O, Mary Ann, here is an old beau of yours in that store with the red gingham flapping at the door like a pirate's flag; come, let us go and plague him for 'auld lang syne,' as Mrs. McDonald, the Scotch lady of Norfolk, says."

"Certainly," said Mary Ann, "but which of my old admirers is it?"

"Have you got your list in your pocket?"

"Not at all, I have it at my grandmother's in Richmond; what a pity."

The two wild creatures bounding like a couple of fawns over a forest glade—for they were reckless of the public opinion among the old dowagers and staid maidens of Williamsburg—entered the store and asked for a sight of gloves, muslins and ribbons. Mary Ann did not seem to pay much attention to the fine articles shown her. She ever and anon cast her eyes by stealth round and round the store, endeavoring to discover if she recognized any of the faces as that of an acquaintance.—She could see nothing to repay the effort. Not a face had she ever seen before. She summoned up to her recollection all her former admirers. They passed through her mind like the ghosts in "Macbeth;" for, notwithstanding her rejection of so many lovers, she ever retained a certain portion of regard for every poor fellow who had fallen a victim to her whim, beauty, witchery and caprice.

"This is an Arabian desert," said Mary Ann, sighing, to Louisa, as she split a pair of kid gloves in endeavoring to get them on.

"Oh no," said the gay young shopman; "indeed, miss, they are the best French kid."

"Pray," said Louisa, in a low tone, "don't you see anything in the back room of the store?"

In a remote corner of the store there stood at the desk a plainly dressed gentleman, leaning over the corner of a wooden railing, with eyes firmly fixed upon the two ladies now so actively engaged in tossing over the counter all sorts of merchandise and light French goods.

"As I live," said Mary Ann, "there is my old Blue Ridge beau. O! how wet I was," whispered she, "drenched with a summer shower, when first I was thrown into his society. I believe the poor fellow loved me sincerely. Come, let us spend upon him at least ten dollars in jaconet; he spent one hundred dollars upon me in balls, dancing, cold, cough-drops and drives. and got nothing for his pains but a neat *billet-doux* declining his poor heart and soft hand. Poor fellow."

With this sally the ladies bought several articles, scarcely caring whether they suited them or not. When they left the store Mary Ann fell into a reverie, was quite silent, which for her was unusual and singular. Louisa's spirits, on the contrary, gathered life and energy as those of her companion sunk away. She talked, she laughed, she ridiculed her beaux, she rallied Mary Ann, and looking into her once melancholy face, said: "So, my love, you are caught at last."

"Caught," said Mary Ann: "indeed you are mistaken. I do not think—that is to say, I fancy I should not like to marry my Blue Ridge beau. Oh! Louisa," said she, after a pause, with a tear in her eye, "what a foolish creature I have been. Mr. Colingwood, for that is his name, I am sure, quite sure, does not think of me; but I cannot remember the attentions he once paid me without a feeling of regret."

"Why! now what's the matter with you? After refusing so many, you are going to throw yourself away on a shop-keeper? A descendant of one of the most ancient families in Virginia to marry a shopkeeper!"

"Alas! alas! Louisa, what is descent? what is fashion? what is all the life I have led? Do you see that little white house with green Venetian blinds across the street? I was one evening in that house, and saw enough to satisfy me that I have been pursuing pleasure—not happiness. Oh, if I could only feel as that young wife does!"

"You laugh. I am sure I do not think of Mr. Collingwood, but there was a time when his soft, quiet, affectionate manner did touch me most sensitively."

"Have you got the gloves you bought?" said Louisa.

Mary Ann looked. She had forgotten them on the counter, or lost them.

"We must return, then," said Louisa.

"Never," said Mary Ann. "I never dare look at him. I am sure he despises me. Oh, if he only knew how I feel—what pangs pass through this heart—I am sure he would not."

"Come, come," said Louisa; "we must return and get the gloves."

"Never!"

"Oh! the jaconet or a husband, most assuredly. You remember your resolution when we set out?"

Mary Ann smiled; while her eye glistened with a tear. They returned home, however, and sent Cato, the colored servant, for the articles they had forgotten.

After this adventure it was observed that a visible change came over the manners and spirits of Mary Ann. Her gay, brilliant sallies of wit and ridicule were moderated amazingly. She became quite pensive, singularly thoughtful for a girl of her unusual flow of spirits. When Louisa rallied her on her shopping excursion, she replied, "Indeed, Louisa, I do not think I could marry Mr. Collingwood; besides, he has forgotten every feeling he may have entertained for me." In a few days after this event a party was given one evening at neighboring house. The family in which Mary Ann resided were all invited. The moment of reunion approached, and Mary Ann, dressed with great elegance, but far less splendor than usual, found herself at the head

of a cotillion, surrounded by several young gentlemen, students of William and Mary, professors, planters and merchants. They were pressing forward in every direction, talking and catching a word or a look from so celebrated a belle. Mary Ann, however, did not appear to enjoy the group that surrounded her.

She was shooting her dark blue eyes easily and negligently towards the entrance, as every new face came forward to see all the party. The music struck up, and, rallying her attention, she immediately stepped off on a *dos-a-dos* with that elegance and grace for which she was so particularly remarkable. At the close, as she stood up beside her partner, throwing a beautiful auburn ringlet back upon her white, round neck, her eye caught with sudden emotion a quiet, genteel-looking person, at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Collingwood. She immediately dropped her eyes to the floor and looked very narrowly at her left foot as she moved it on the toe backwards and forwards, as it were, for want of thought or to divert her thoughts. In a few seconds she looked up in the same direction. Mr. Collingwood still stood in the same position, watching every motion she made and every look she cast around her. She blushed, felt embarrassed, and went altogether wrong in the cotillion.

"What in the world are you thinking of," asked Louisa.

"I scarcely know myself," said Mary Ann.

In a few seconds the the cotillion was brought to a close, and Mary Ann's partner escorted her to a seat. Mr. Collingwood approached through the crowd and stood before her.

"How is Miss——!" asked Mr. Collingwood with suppressed emotion.

Mary Ann muttered out a few words in reply. She dropped her glove. Mr. Collingwood picked it up.

"This is not the first time you have lost a glove," said he with a smile.

She received it and cast a look upon him of inconceivable sweetness.

"Do you dance again, Miss——?"

"I believe not; I am going home."

"Going home!" said he, "why, the amusements are scarcely begun."

"They are ended with me," said she, "for the night. I wish my servant would fetch my cloak and bonnet."

"Oh, you can't be going home already?"

"Indeed I am," said she.

"Well," said he with a smile, "I know your positive temper of old. Allow me to get your cloak for you?"

"Certainly."

Mr. Collingwood left the room. Louisa and several other female friends gathered around her, persuading her on all sides not to leave the party ere it was begun. She would not remain. Mr. Collingwood appeared at the door. In the hall, for it was the fashion then and there to do so, Mr. Collingwood took her bonnet and put it on.

Allow me," said he, "to tie the strings." She nodded assent, and while he was tying the ribbons under her chin, he could not help touching her soft cheek. He was in ecstasy—she was quiet and resigned. He took the cloak—he unfolded it—he stood in front of her—their eyes met—both blushed—he pulled the cloak around her shoulders—he folded it around and around her bosom. He trembled like a leaf; she trembled also. He pressed her warmly to his heart, whispering in her ear, "Oh, Mary Ann, If I may hope—yet indulge a hope?" For a moment they were left alone, her head sunk upon his breast. She could not speak, but her heart was like to burst.

"Will I—dare I expect to be yet happy?" Their warm cheeks met; their lips realized it in one long, long, long respiration. They tore away from each other without another word—everything was perfectly understood between them.

At this moment Mrs. Jamieson, the good lady of the mansion, approached and insisted that Mary Ann should not go so early. "It is really shameful, my dear," said she, "to think of leaving us at this hour. When I go to Richmond do I leave you thus abruptly? Why, Mr. Collingwood, can't you prevail upon her to stay a little longer?"

He shook his head. "All my rhetoric has been exhausted," said, he, "and it has proved unavailing."

Mary Ann looked at him very archly.

"Well, now," continued the lady, "I insist upon your staying;" and she forthwith proceeded to take off her bonnet, untie her cloak, and sent the servant with them into the side apartment. Mary Ann was unresisting. She was again led into the room. Collingwood danced with her all the evening. He escorted her home in the beautiful moonlight, and every now and then he pressed the cloak around her, with which she appeared not by any means to find fault.

In about a month Mary Ann became Mrs. Collingwood, and immediately, as the parson had finished this great business of the evening, Louisa, who was one of her maids, whispered in her ear, "Two yards of jaconet or a husband." She smiled, and passed her arm around Louisa's waist. "Both, my love—both my love. Jaconet and a husband, a husband and jaconet."

Selecting a Wife in the Cars.

On the whole, pleasant traits and characters are not common in the cars. This opinion I expressed to my friend Summers the other day. In reply to my remark he related a little adventure, which, as it is *appropos*, and moreover, involves a little love and sentiment, I give it without apology, in his own words. It appears that in the most unlikely places, love and sentiment may be discovered.

"I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte——, to whom at the time I was quite devoted. Charlotte could scarcely find room to spread her crinoline and arrange her voluminous flounces. I stood up near her, there being no vacant seat.

"After a few minutes, came in a poor woman, who deposited a basket of clothes on the front platform, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl hung to her dress. She looked tired and weary, but there was no vacant seat; to be sure Charlotte might have condescended to contract her flounces, but she

did not. Beside her, however, sat a very lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying, by moving down closer to others, to make space enough for the stranger between herself and Miss D——. At last she succeeded, and with the sweetest blush I ever saw she invited the poor female to be seated. Charlotte D—— drew her drapery around her and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and she looked annoyed at the proximity of the new comer, who was, however, clean and decently, though thinly clad.

"The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle around the small half-clad form, and put her muff over her half-frozen little hands.

"So great was the crowd, that I alone seemed to observe. The child shivered—the keen wind from the door blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly draw from under her shawl a little woolen shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one; the mother looked on with a confused wonder. After a short time she arose to leave the car, and would have removed the shawl, but the unknown gently whispered, "No, keep it for her." The woman did not answer, the conductor hurried her out, but her eyes swam with tears. I noticed as she descended to a basement, and I hastily remarked the house.

"Soon after my unknown also arose to depart. I was in despair, for I wanted to follow and discover her residence, but could not leave Miss D——.

"How glad, then, I was to see her bowing, as she passed out to a mutual acquaintance who stood in the doorway. From him, ere many minutes, I learned her name and address.

"To shorten the story as much as possible, that lady is now my wife. In the small incident which introduced her to me she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage I showed her the blessed crimson shawl, which I redeemed from its owner, and shall keep it as a memento. There are sometimes pleasant things to be found in unexpected places; certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."

—Flirtation is attention, without intention.

—It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink of his own account afterwards.

—Voltaire once said to a lady: "Your rivals are all the perfection of art, but you are the perfection of nature."

—Some women think they can do nothing without a husband, and when they get one, they can do nothing with him,

—The solution of the question, whether woman is equal to man, depends upon who the woman is, and who the man is.

—On a pretty girl saying to Leigh Hunt: "I am very *sad you see*," he replied. "Oh, no, you belong to the Jewish Sect, you are very *fair I see*."

—Upon a gay Lothario marrying his young wife, she said:—"Now I hope you will mend." "You may depend on it," said he, "This is my *last folly*!"

—If a lady says to you: "I can never love you," wait a little longer, all hope is not lost. But if she says: "No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I," take your hat.

—Sheridan's wife once displayed great indignation and asserted that her husband was a villain, because she had discovered that all the love letters he sent her were the very same as he sent his first wife.

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated at letting her daughter marry a printer, as there were then already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third!

—The Prince of Conti and lover of Madame De Boufflers was greatly attached to the sex even when old. He did not succeed as well, however, and said, "It is time for me to retire; formerly my civilities were taken for declarations of love, but now my declarations of love are taken for civilities.

—When Wilberforce was a candidate for Parliament, his brilliant sister offered a new gown to the wife of every freeman who would vote for her brother, on which a cry was raised: "Miss Wilberforce forever." She replied, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you. I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce forever*."

—"Martha, dost thou love me?" said a young Quaker. "Why Seth, we are commanded to love one another." "Ah Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth!" "I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought perhaps that thou wast getting more than thy share!"

—Xenophon relates, that when an Armenian prince had been taken captive with his princess, by Cyrus, and was asked what he would give to be restored to his kingdom, he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty I value them not, but if my blood would redeem my princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the princess was asked what she thought of Cyrus. "I did not see him," she said; "I noticed only him who offered to die for me."

—When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mrs. Mathews in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher; but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him," and they walked life's pilgrimage together. How honored would that reluctant father have been, could he have foreseen that his daughter would be the mother of Matthew Henry! And how different would be the world's estimate of men, if they were judged less by their origin, and more by their destiny!

MARVELOUS STORIES.

A Fortunate Presentiment..

In March 1878, while the ill-fated United States steamer *Huron* was lying in the harbor of Port Royal. S. C., Lieut. Arthur H. Fletcher, her executive officer, left the vessel on a twenty-four hours' leave of absence, and, failing to return at the expiration of that time, the ship sailed for another port without him. A few days after Mr. Fletcher returned to Port Royal, reported to Commodore J. H. B. Clitz, "senior naval officer present," and stated to him that for some time past he had a presentiment that, if he went to sea in the *Huron* for the purpose of finishing the cruise, (two years,) he would be wrecked. This feeling took complete possession of his mind, and he used every means to get detached, but the Navy Department refused to order it without a better reason. When he found that all his efforts had failed, he left the *Huron* in the manner stated, with the intention not to return. For this he was placed under arrest, and tried by court-martial at Washington Navy Yard in August last. In defense he made a statement, in substance as above, and called Commodore Clitz, Commander George P. Ryan of the *Huron*, and other officers, to prove that, before leaving the ship, he told them of the dread—in fact horror—he had of finishing the cruise in the vessel. This is a matter of record, on file in the Navy Department, and though such a line of defense was laughed at when made, the fate of the *Huron* will cause many superstitious people to think that Mr. Fletcher's premonition was fully proven to be a true one by the wreck at Kitty Hawk, N. C.

A Strange Story.

Thirty-three years ago a family named Benton, consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, resided in one of the Western States near a small town called Blank. The father was wealthy and lived in style, and his daughter Mabel, a child between two and three years of age, was always elegantly dressed, and George, the son, a boy of seven, was preparing to enter an Eastern school. One day little Mabel disappeared, and her parents never heard of her again, although they spent thousands of dollars in searching for her. The heart-broken mother died soon after the loss of her darling, and the father wandered over this country and Europe, and finally settled in New York, where he died. George grew to manhood, and the memory of his lost sister was almost effaced from his mind. In his twenty-seventh year, while visiting a married friend, he fell in love with the governess of his friend's children, a beautiful girl of about twenty-three, and after some months they were married and lived happily for five or six years, a boy and girl being born to them during that time.

By the death of an uncle in San Francisco George was left a considerable fortune, and the lawyer who conveyed the intelligence to him also stated that his sister's career had been traced. A tramp on his beath-bed in a St. Louis police-station confessed that he and two companions had stolen little Mabel for her clothes and a locket which she wore, and that she had continued with them for several years, when her bright, pretty face attracted the attention of a kind-hearted lady in Ohio, who adopted her and sent her to school, where she remained until her patroness died. Mabel then became a teacher in a large school in Cincinnati, but as her health began to fail she applied for a position as governess, and was now in the family of Mr. M., or at least that was the last place he had heard of her being in.

"What was the name of the family she was with?" asked George.

"M——," was the answer.

"What name did my sister have?"

"Mabel Ferris."

"My God!" cried George, in agony. "She has been my wife for five years."

Upon further investigation this proved to be the truth, and the girl nearly went crazy, as she was a devout Episcopalian. A separation ensued, all property being equally divided. The children were placed with friends, as neither parent could bear the sight of what was to them the fruit of a crime against God and man. The poor girl is still living in a quiet city in New England, while the husband and brother, after spending all his property save a few hundred dollars in dissipation, shut himself off from all communication with his friends, and is to-day a poor farmer in the county of Garrett, among strangers, and where few know his sadly remarkable story.

Singular Phenomenon.

There has been found, says a California journal, a pair of field glasses in the desert near what is known as Death's Valley. The glasses are supposed to have belonged to Hahn, a lost guide of Wheeler's Expedition. They were brought into one of the interior towns by an Indian, and purchased from him. The most singular fact connected with them is that every object within range of where the glasses had been lying for a year or more is distinctly photographed upon them. We have heard of such phenomena before, but this is one of the most remarkable instances we remember. Both object glasses are covered with perfect and beautiful photographs or etchings of desert shrubs, stems, branches, leaf-stalks. Leaves and leaflets are distinctly marked as if laid on by a master hand. There is no mixture or confusion of one plant with another, each plant having a clear border of unmarked glass, rendering it probable that the sun or lightning photograph, or whatever it may be, was received through the eye-glass. These pictures seem to occupy a position about the center of each of the object glasses, but a little nearer the plane than the convex side.

How Great Men Escaped.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window. It then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming; "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Bancon, the sculptor, when a boy five years old, fell into a pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret-window, and ran with him along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various devices were used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All was unavailing, his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again; when the monkey quietly retraced his steps, and deposited his burden quietly upon the bed. On a subsequent occasion the water had well-nigh quenched his unsatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman was the sole instrument of his rescue.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by believed she saw signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena, one of them peculiarly helpless. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but a history of marvelous deliv-

erances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

Whimsicalities of Insanity.

A literary gentleman of some celebrity, who, in consequence of a slight affection of the brain, was for several months an inmate of an insane asylum in Scotland, has recently published his "impressions" of life therein. He says that one of the most singular of his fellow-sufferers was a gentleman who was a very beautiful billiard-player, an old inmate of the house, and quite a psychological study. He seemed like a man in a waking dream, and historical events and personages, from the dream-land of his memory, were perpetually mirrored on his brain. He complimented the writer by supposing him to be four thousand years old, and considered the events and persons of the present generation unworthy of notice. The following is a specimen of his extraordinary reminiscences. "O, yes, Mr.—, I knew very well. There were two Noahs whom I knew, but old Mr. Noah lived some thousand years before the Noah you refer to who built the ark. I had a good deal to do with the construction of the ark, and furnished some very useful hints in regard to the admission of air and light, and so forth. He was a very respectable man, Noah, with a decent family, but unfortunately he got into very dissipated habits in his old age, and in spite of all I could say to him, he indulged in wine to a very hurtful excess. Julius Cæsar was a very clever man with a bald forehead; but I was more intimate with Alexander the Great, of Macedonia, as I was long in the military profession myself. I one time com-

manded three battalions of men about three-quarters of an inch tall. No; they were not Lilliputians. I knew Captain Gulliver very well. And they were smart enough little fellows; but my men were excellent marksmen—they always aimed at the eyes and never missed. I'll tell you Mr.—, the most extraordinary thing you ever heard, which beats railroads. I was once transported from the farthest shores of India to the center of Africa in three minutes! By what means?" he repeated in reply to a question respecting his method of transit.—"By a bomb!" In reply to my remark on the danger of being wafted so rapidly over vast oceans, he continued: "Yes; it was attended with considerable danger. I once came down souse into the ocean; but fortunately I hailed a vessel which came to my relief, and I pursued my journey to the wilds of Africa with the loss of only two minutes." Sometimes, however, the poor gentleman would seem doubtful of his own veracity, or the strength of his memory, and remark: "My memory is not so good as it was, and my health for the last hundred years has rather failed me, which makes my head a little confused." And thus he moves about in his waking dream, wearing out his existence between his pipe and a game of billiards, diversified occasionally by a short excursion in the neighborhood in charge of an attendant.

The Phantom Whistle.

Two singular incidents, which will furnish nuts for unbelievers to crack in the supernatural, have recently come to light in England in regard to the recent loss of the *Avalanche* in the British Channel. A lad, who was a great friend of one of the apprentices who was lost, made arrangements to accompany him down the channel and came ashore with the pilot, but at the last moment before sailing he was seized with such an indefinable and ungovernable misgiving that he declined to go, and thus escaped almost certain death. The apprentice who was lost had a retriever dog who was very fond of him, and which answered to a shrill dog-whistle that he carried. On the the night of the shipwreck his mother and aunt were in the sitting-room, and the

dog in the kitchen. Between nine and ten o'clock the ladies were startled by hearing a shrill whistle up-stairs, in sound resembling that of the dog-whistle used by the young man. The dog heard it also, gave his usual recognizing bark, and bounded up stairs, where he supposed his master was. The whistle was heard just about the the time the Avalanche went down, and it was heard by two credible witnesses, whose testimony was confirmed by the response made to it by the dog of the lost sailor.

Taking Advantage of Misfortune.

A quarter of a century ago there was a memorable conflagration at Sacramento City, Cal., by which the entire business portion of the city was laid in ashes. When the great fire was at its maximum of fury, a wealthy merchant named McNulty, who owned some of the heaviest business establishments in the city, gazed for a few moments upon the work of destruction, and then, instead of folding his hands and weeping over the disaster, he went to the nearest livery stable, hired a fleet-footed horse, rode like John Gilpin during the remainder of the night, and before daylight the next morning had purchased every foot of lumber and every sawmill at Grass Valley and Nevada City.—There is, possibly, no human being, on earth who would think of running off by the light of his burning property in order to literally make his fortune out of the disaster except an American. McNulty did so, however, and almost immediately realized out of the sale of his lumber fourfold as much as he had lost by the great fire.

How a Madman Recovered.

A famous watchmaker of Paris, infatuated for a long time with the chimera of the perpetual motion, became violently insane from the overwhelming terror which the storms of the Revolution excited. The derangement of his reason was marked with singular trait. He was persuaded that he had lost his head on the scaffold, and that it was put in a heap with those of many

other victims; but that the Judges by a rather too late retraction of their cruel decree, had ordered the heads to be resumed, and to be rejoined to their respective bodies.

He, however, conceived that by a curious kind of mistake he had the head of one of his companions placed on his shoulders. He was admitted into Bicetro; where he was continually complaining of his misfortune, and lamenting the fine teeth and wholesome breath he had exchanged for those of different qualities. In a little time the hopes of discovering the perpetual motion returned, and he was rather encouraged than restrained in his endeavors to effect his object. When he conceived that he had accomplished it, and was in all ecstasy of joy, the sudden confusion of a failure removed his inclination to resume the subject.

He was still, however, possessed with the idea that his head was not his own, but from this notion he was diverted by a repartee made by him when he happened to be defending the possibility of the miracle of St. Denis, who, it is said, was in the habit of walking with his head between his hands, and in that position continually kissing it.

"What a fool you are to believe such a story," it was replied with a burst of laughter. "How could St. Dennis kiss his head? Was it with his heels?"

This unanswerable and unexpected retort struck and confounded the madman so much that it prevented him from saying anything further on the subject. He again took himself to business, and entirely regained his intellect.

Mary Anderson's Dream.

A very curious circumstance is related of Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, which decided her choice of a profession and her entrance upon it. She sought an interview with Charlotte Cushman at Cincinnati, and was accorded "five minutes," Miss Cushman doubtless anticipating that in that time she could satisfy herself that her caller was only another stage-struck girl to be remanded to private life. Their interview, however was pro-

longed to over three hours, during which Miss Cushman tested the young Kentucky girl's abilities in many ways, and gave her much good advice as to methods of study for the dramatic career, upon which she pronounced her competent to enter at once. This was in February. Miss Cushman died a few months later, and it is a coincidence that the day she died was the same on which Miss Anderson attended her first rehearsal under a regular professional engagement. That very night Miss Anderson had a strange dream, the impressions of which are ineffacable. In her vision she found herself in Boston, in a room in which Charlotte Cushman lay dead in her coffin with a laurel crown upon her head. As she approached the coffin she heard Miss Cushman's well-known voice exclaim, "Play Medea," and soon the dead tragedienne rose from her casket dressed in the costume of that Queen of the Argonauts, and walked to and fro in the room with all her olden majesty, ever and anon exclaiming, "Play Medea," and as the vision faded away the echoes of those deep tones resounded in her ears, "Play Medea." Miss Anderson has never yet, we believe, assumed this role, being firmly resolved never to play any character wherein she has to identify herself with women whose influence was corrupting. "Lady Macbeth" is the only possible exception she has made to this, and in her case Nemesis comes so quickly that there is no danger that any one should imitate her in crime.

Treasure Trove.

Curious discoveries by plowmen, quarrymen and others of caves, coins, urns and other interesting things, would fill volumes. Many valuable literary relics have been preserved by curious accidents, often turning up just in time to save them from crumbling to pieces. Not only mineral but literary treasures have been brought to light when excavating mother earth. For instance, in the foundations of an old house "Luther's Table Talk" was discovered, lying in a deep, obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within

and without. There it had remained hidden ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. The poems of Propertius, a Roman poet, long lurked unsuspected in the darkness of a wine cellar, from whence they were at length unearthed by accident, just in time to preserve them from destruction by rats and mildew. Not only from beneath our feet, but from above our heads, may chance reveal the hiding-places of treasure trove. The sudden falling-in of a ceiling, for example, of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn revealed the secret depository of the Thurlow state papers. Other literary treasures have turned up in an equally curious manner. Milton's essay on the "Doctrines of Christianity" was discovered in a bundle of old dispatches; a monk found the only manuscript of Tacitus accidentally in Westphalia; the letters of Lady Mary Montague were brought to light from the recesses of an old trunk; the manuscripts of Dr. Dee from the drawer of an old chest; and it is said that one of the cantos of Dante's great poem was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill.

Curiosities of Etiquette.

The rules of Etiquette are as old as society and as varied as are the races of people who inhabit the earth. As a rule, probably, it may be safely set down that the ruder the people the more absolute are the codes of manners. The punctilious etiquette observed in Spain, where a woman dares not sit with her legs crossed, and where a monarch hardly feels at liberty to put on his shirt without the permission of the Chamberlain, has long been the wonder of less formal people. It is not so very many years since Spanish ladies were not allowed to eat at the same table with their husbands. But this fine breeding is outdone by the Bulgarians. The newly married wife in Bulgaria dares not speak to her husband for a month or more. The prohibition used to last nine months. She is relieved from her obligation of silence when her lord presents her with a gift. Among the Caffres of South Africa the women are not allowed to mention

the name of their father-in-law, and they must hide themselves when they meet their sons-in-law. This delicacy about calling names is extended to the parliamentary practice of civilized people. In the Legislature it is the height of impropriety to call an honorable member by his right name, although the custom is found to be a very convenient one in ordinary life. In New Caledonia the names of natural objects are given to children; but if the child dies the relatives must no longer call the natural object by its former name. A new appellation has to be invented for use in that particular family. The custom gives a remarkable variety to the New Caledonian dialect, and tasks the invention of parents who are so unfortunate as to lose their offspring. On "tabu days" in the South Sea Islands, any one who makes a noise must die. This regulation is as bad as any of the Connecticut blue laws. But there is hardly any form of etiquette that has survived to do duty in polite society but has its origin in some of the grosser observances of antiquity.

A Musical Mountain in Nevada.

A gentleman who has been taking a look among the old abandoned mines in Truckee district, in Nevada, made a critical examination of the musical mountain, of which a good deal was heard some years ago, when the mines were first discovered. Some of the early miners pitched their tents at the foot of the mountain, and were not a little surprised and puzzled at hearing during the quiet hours of the night, tinkling sounds that seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere, coming from they could not tell where. The sounds were not unlike those of a small music-box. At times they supposed that the sounds were caused by the wind playing among the twigs on the side of the mountain, but they found that this solution would not answer, as the same bushes were found everywhere, while the musical sounds were heard nowhere else than on the side of the mountain, at the foot of which they were camped. They spent much time in scouting about and listening of nights and quiet hours during the day,

and at last tracked the strange sound to a great bed of small pieces of rock that covered the slope of the mountain. These bits of rock were found to be quite sonorous, and the miners concluded that the sounds were caused by the action of the wind among them. The gentleman who recently visited the mountain says he went to it expecting to find it a good deal of a humbug, but found it much more of a curiosity than he had anticipated; the mingled tinklings much resemble those of an æolian harp and frequently attaining a startling degree of loudness and distinctness. The sounds seem to rise and fall, approach and recede, as though caused or governed by the wind. On a close examination it was found that the small flakes of rock covering the face of the mountain contain a large per cent. of iron. This iron is supposed to be magnetic, and there appears to be a constant motion among the chips of it, which appear to cover the ground to the depth of several feet in many places. The whole drift of broken rock seems to be moving down the slope of the mountain with the slow, creeping motion of a glacier, and the slipping over each other of the fragments composing the mass is thought to cause the tinkling sounds, which are so numerous as to mingle and rise into a single strong musical murmur.

The Swamp Angel.

Sergeant Feller, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, suggested the name of "Swamp Angel" for the battery built in the marsh between Morris and James Islands, memorable in the siege of Charleston—its construction being the suggestion of Col. Surrell, of the same regiment. The marsh thereabouts was sixteen feet deep, as soundings with a pole showed, and the Lieutenant to whom the work was confided at first gave it up as impracticable, and having been directed to call for anything he might deem necessary for the work, made a requisition on the Quartermaster for one hundred men eighteen feet high to wade through mud sixteen feet deep, and immediately called on the surgeon of his regiment and inquired if he could splice the men

if furnished. This piece of pleasantry cost the Lieutenant his arrest, and the battery was built of five thousand dollars worth of sandbags on a heavy foundation of logs, the work occupying fifteen days, or rather nights. The gun mounted was a two hundred pounder, a Parrot; the distance from Charleston was five miles, and the gun was fired at an elevation of thirty-five degrees. The strain on it was such that it burst at the thirty-fourth discharge. The "Greek fire," of which so much was said, was the greatest humbug of the war. Three shells, filled with ordinary port-fire, were fired into the City of Charleston; but every thing beyond this was due to the fancy of sensational correspondents.

Dying Words.

"It is well."—Washington.

"I must sleep now."—Byron.

"Kiss me, Hardy."—Nelson.

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.

"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.

"Independence forever."—Adams.

"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"God preserve the Emperor."—Haydn.

"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.

"Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.

"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.

"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend. I die."—Alfieri.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

How She Felt at the Bottom of the River.

A young lady at Fredericton, N. H., had a narrow escape from drowning recently. She fell over a wharf, and sunk a third time, and lay on the bottom of the river when a Mr. Orr put down a pole and fortunately touched her. She describes her sensations as not unpleasant; could distinctly see the people on the wharf, and wondered why they did not assist her; saw the pole coming down, and imagined it of immense size and length; the moment it touched her she grasped it, and says she could have climbed to the moon on it. Mr. Orr says she came up the pole like a squirrel.

A California Mining Story.

Not many miles from Shasta City is the gulch, of which the following mining story is told: It is a pretty deep ravine, with rocks showing all the way up the sides. Gold in paying quantities had been found along the stream, but it seemed to disappear a few feet from the channel. One day, whilst a gang of busy men were toiling in the stream, a stranger, evidently ignorant of mining, came along and leaned on ragged elbows to watch, with protruding eyes, the results of their toil. The miners near him took out a five dollar nugget, and anxiety overcame the ignorant stranger. "S-a-a-y," he asked, "where can I go to diggin' to find it like that?" The hardy miner stopped his work, and giving the wink to all the boys, so that the joke should not be lost, pointed up on the barren rocks where no gold had ever been found. "Ye see thet rough-lookin' place?" "Yes, yes," said the new hand. "Well, thar it is rich. Jes ye stake out a claim, an' go to work, and when we finish here, we'll come up too." Then the new hand thanked the honest miner, and the boys all grinned appreciation of the joke. That afternoon there was a solitary figure picking away on the slope, and every time the miners looked up they roared with laughter. But about the next day the new miner struck a pocket, and took out something like thirty thousand dollars in a few minutes. Then, inno-

cent to the last, he treated all around, and thanked the miner who sent him up there, and took his money, and went down into the valley, and bought him a farm. Then the unhappy miners arose, leaving their old claims, and dotted that hillside for days. But there were no more pockets anywhere. The whole thing reads just like the traditional fairy story. But then, I saw the gulch. Much more unbelievable things have happened in the mines.

What Dying People See.

Frances Power Cobbe, who has devoted much study to what people on their death-bed say they see, gives to the world the following remarkable instances. She says:

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance can be placed:

"I have heard numberless instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, what they see in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will, therefore, limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice, and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day, and was so wakeful that I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking

quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture. At the the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face and, after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny, he said to me, in a joyous tone: 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well; but the dying man had a son still living, named John, for whom he had sent, and I concluded it was of John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving so I answered:

'No; John has not been able to come.'

The man turned to me impatiently, and said: 'I do not mean John, I know he is not here; it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him.'

"Yes," I said, 'I remember dear little Jim, who died last year, quite well.'

"Don't you see him, there! There he is," said the man, pointing to the vacant place on which his eyes were fixed, and when I did not answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned around to look at me with a glance of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said 'There's Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment.

"The second case was that of a boy about fourteen years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined, highly educated child, who throughout his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the new life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made

his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees outside the open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment the whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wonderful rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one, but many objects on which he gazed, for his looks passed from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going backward and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of this world, to give her a token that it was so by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand and pressed it meaningly, giving thereby an affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in few moments he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to the last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when somewhat suddenly the summons came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he had been sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed, and his breathing was scarcely perceptible. As the tardy dawn of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he still lived; but suddenly, while they bent over him to ascertain the truth he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of

wonder and joy that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delighted surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the eyelids fell, his head drooped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of case to those narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me who had passed through the miserable experiences of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary, but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quaint old workhouse of St. Peter's at Bristol. For months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing piecemeal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature, when all her little round of error and pain had been run; and her pretty, innocent face might have been that of a child. She never used any sort of cant (so common among women who have been in refuges,) but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage, and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed there hung by chance a print of the Lost Sheep, and Mary S——, looking at it one day, said to me: "That is just what I was, and what happened to me; but I am being brought safe home now." For a long time before her death her weakness was such that she was quite incapable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she of course continued to lie with her head on the pillow while life gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night by the nurse in attendance. Early at dawn next morning—on Easter morning, as it chanced—the poor old women who occupied the other beds in the ward were startled from their sleep by

seeing Mary S—— suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched and her face raised, as if in perfect rapture of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of mysterious ecstasy.

A totally different case again was that of a man of high intellectual distinction, well known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed to suddenly look up as if at some spectacle invisible to those around with an expression of solemn surprise and awe, with an expression very characteristic, it is said, of his habitual frame of mind. At that instant, and before the look had time to falter or change, the shadow of death had passed over his face, and the end had come.

In yet another case I am told that at the last moment so bright a light seemed to shine from the face of the dying man, that the clergyman and another friend who were attending him, actually turned simultaneously to the window to seek for the cause.

Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well-known family one of whose members narrated it to me. A dying lady, exhibiting the aspect of joyful surprise to which we have so often referred, spoke of seeing, one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently recognized, last of all, a fourth brother, who was believed by the bystander to be still living in India. The coupling of his name with that of his dead brothers excited such an awe and horror in the mind of the person present that she rushed half senseless from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

Again, in another case, a gentleman who had lost his only son some years previously, and who had never recovered from the afflicting event, exclaimed suddenly when dying, with the air of a man making a most rapturous discovery, "I see him! I see him!"

Not to multiply such anecdotes too far—*anecdotes which cer-*

tainly possess a uniformity pointing to similar cause, whether that cause be physiological or psycical, I will now conclude with one authenticated by a near relative of the persons concerned. A late well-known Bishop was called by his sisters "Charlie," and his eldest sister bore the pet name of "Liz." They had both been dead some years when the younger sister, Mrs. —, also died, but before her death appeared to behold them both. While lying still and apparently unconscious, she suddenly opened her eyes and looked earnestly across the room, as if she saw some one entering. Presently, as if overjoyed, she exclaimed, "O Charlie!" and then, after a moment's pause, with a new start of delight, as if he had been joined by some one else, she went on, "and Liz!" and then added, "How beautiful you are!" After seeming to gaze on the two beloved forms for a few minutes, she fell back on her pillow and died.

The Clown's Acting Misunderstood.

Among the many comical performances of the Conrad Brothers, acrobat clowns, was the simulation of death. One evening, while performing in Germany, the elder Conrad fell to the ground after a pretended blow, and was turned and returned as usual. His arms and legs were jerked, he was struck and kicked and dragged, but preserved a steady impassibility. Suddenly an expression of distress could be noticed through the grotesquely-painted lineaments of his brother, who hastily dropped on his knees and placed his hands upon the heart of the inanimate clown, exclaiming "my poor brother is dead!" At this the audience only laughed. 'Gentlemen,' said the distressed man, with tears in his voice, 'I assure you that he is dead.' Then taking him tenderly in his arms he bore him from the arena. The crowd appeared struck with the natural manner in which the bereft clown expressed grief, and applauded him vigorously as he departed. There were loud encores for both, but neither presented himself. Death had been more thoroughly simulated than ever before.

Riches in the Skies.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the seventh of January 1878, it was noticed that an immense body, glowing with intense brilliancy, came rushing across the face of heaven, illuminating the earth with the light of day. It traveled in an oblique direction from the southwest to the northeast, and instantaneously a shock was felt that almost threw the few spectators at that early hour from their feet.

A few days after, Mr. Wheeler, who cultivates a ranch in Diamond Valley, Nevada, and who is also in the stock business, came into Eureka, and left a most remarkable substance with an assayer. Mr. Wheeler had a smattering of metallurgical knowledge, and, it seems, had tested the compound with a blow-pipe and other means within his reach, and detected the presence of the precious metals, but was unable to determine the value.

The piece submitted to the assayer was about as large as a hen's egg, and immediately attracted his attention by its unusual weight and peculiar color, it being of a purplish-black shade, and where it had been broken off the main body presenting a laminated stratification that he failed to recognize. Mr. Wacke expended the whole night in a series of experiments, applying every well known test to the article, and detecting the presence of iron, nickel, cadmium, lead, silver, gold, zinc, cobalt, silica, and phosphorus. There was also a residum to each assay, of which Prof. Wacke was unable to determine the properties, but he hopes by the use of the spectroscope to classify it.

A surprising feature of the ore is excessive malleability and ductility, a small portion of it being reduced by hammering to a film not exceeding one-hundredth of an inch in thickness. He has sent a portion of it to the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, and also to Prof. Silliman, of New Haven, and in the mean time is prosecuting his researches. Prof. Wacke has found that the substance will reach three hundred and eighty-seven dollars in silver and forty-two dollars in gold per ton.

The strangest part of the story remains to be told; and now

that Mr. Wheeler has duly recorded his claim and perfected his title, we feel at liberty to disclose the facts. On the morning of the 7th of January Mr. Wheeler was almost thrown from his bed by a violent shock. Getting up and looking out of the window he observed at the foot of the mountain an immense mass glowing at a white heat and of intense brightness. Hastily dressing, he approached as near as possible, and found that the object lay just at the foot of the Diamond mountain range, but the heat was so great that he could not go within one hundred yards of the spot.

He kept his own counsel, and made repeated attempts to reach it, but did not succeed until the 14th inst., when it had cooled sufficiently to allow him to break off the portion brought to town. The main body will measure about sixty feet in height, eighty-seven feet in width, and is three hundred and fourteen feet in length. These are the proportions of the body visible, and it is probable that as much more is imbedded in the earth. Mr. Wheeler calculates that there are at least two million tons in sight, and if it will work anywhere near the assay he will extract an immense sum from the mass.

The First Iron Sword.

There is a legend in Japan of the extremest antiquity. It is that, for a long time in the world, there was no weapon that was not made of flint or stone. At last a sword was made of iron, and it was the maiden sword of this world. It fell into the hands of a young Prince. This Prince, feeling the greatness of such a treasure as the first sword, went forth to see what wrong he could right, what good he could do—went forth a sort of Quixote, but in a more serious mood. He saw a cut stick on the river, and he traveled up the river; and there he found an old man and an old woman with a beautiful maiden sitting between them, and all three were weeping. The Prince asked why they wept, and they said they had eight children, and there was in the neighborhood a terrible monster with eight heads and eight

tails. This monster would devastate the whole country unless every year one of their children was given him to devour. They had given him seven daughters, and now they had brought the last. The monster was expected momentarily. The Prince looked at his sword but did not feel that it was equal to deal with eight heads. So he hit upon the device of preparing hogsheads of wine. He had a park with eight gates and in each of these gates he placed a hogshead of wine, and when the monster came, eight heads appeared, and eight heads went into these barrels of wine. And they sipped the wine, and deeper and deeper they went down, until the eyes were not over the barrel, and, in fact, they became intoxicated; the result was that where their necks met in one, and in the body, the Prince cut off all the heads at one blow, and saved the young lady.

Artists' Superstitions.

The *Signale* of Leipsic records the following superstitions of artists: Josephine Gallmeyer always is tardy in her dressing-room, because she believes it brings her bad luck to be punctual. Frederike Gossmann always executed three scrapes with her right foot before stepping on the stage. Therese Tietjens believed that the person would speedily die who shook hands with her over the threshold at parting. Rachel and Mars claimed to have celebrated their greatest successes immediately after they had met a funeral. The *petite* Dejazet always made her entrance with a tiny seed in her mouth, which she would throw away as soon as she had to open her lips. Once she dropped the seed from her mouth when the Marquis de V. made a proposal of marriage to her, and she rejected him for fear of an unhappy marriage. Vincent Bellini would not permit a new work to be brought out for the first time if on the day announced he was first met by a man. "La Sonnambula" was several times postponed for this reason. Every day on which one of Halevy's works was performed, the composer prayed a *Schaema Israel* three times. Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before be-

ginning an overture, and with closed eyes prayed a *Hamalach Hagolel*. A story is also told of a Vienna tragédienne who never plays unless she has a white mouse in her bosom, which the writer in the *Signale* claims to have often seen peeping from his singular hiding place.

A Remarkable Incident in Connection with Bishop Lee's Death

A very remarkable incident, which is well authenticated, is told in connection with the death of Bishop Lee, of Davenport, Iowa. A few weeks before he died, and while in good health, he had occasion one night after he had retired, and at a late hour, to get up and pass into another room. While doing this, the good Bishop missed his way in the dark, and coming near the head of the stairway, stumbled and fell headlong down the stairs. This sad accident, which in fact, occasioned his death, took place at about two o'clock in the morning. Now follows what the Bishop himself thought one of the most singular facts within the range of his wide experience. At the very same instant he fell, allowing for the difference of longitude, a son of his, residing several hundred miles away, near Omaha, Neb., in a dream of the loved ones at home, was suddenly startled by an apparent noise, and the fall and death of his father. The vision was so startling that it not only awakened him, but drove all sleep away for the night. He arose soon after, and was so disturbed that he at once wrote a letter to his father, narrating the dream, and inquiring if anything had happened to him or any member of the family. The Bishop on receipt of the letter recalled the event of his fall down stairs, and though not in the least superstitious about the matter, noted it as a singular fact, that the fall and the dream should have been exactly simultaneous. In other words as the Bishop afterwards remarked: "It would seem that my son heard the fall." This is a remarkable circumstance, and in its essential facts is as true as it is wonderful.





Falling Leaves.

FALLING LEAVES.

The letter to which bachelors seem most inclined: Let 'er be.

A rousing time: Just before breakfast.

Brown says he's been so often deceived by the chicken at his boarding-house, that he now calls it the mocking-bird.

You can't marry a-miss if you marry a widow.

When a man has no bills against him he feels as though he belonged to the nobility.

An officer on parade was thrown from his horse. He said to a friend: "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I see I have *fallen off*."

Euthanasia means an easy death; but youth in Africa means sure death—for the missionary.

Border troubles—Matching the wall paper.

A good natured passenger fell asleep on a train, and was carried a few miles beyond his destination before he awoke.—"Pretty good joke on you, wasn't it?" said a friend. "Rather too *far-fetched*," was the reply.

Hotel-keepers are people we have to "put up with."

"My dear, the striped hose on our boy, makes his legs look like barber poles." "That's all right; he is a little shaver."

Paradoxical—"High words" only means, in most cases, "low language."

Musk is recommended for moths,—but we suppose it must be kept out of the way of the musk-eaters.

Unwelcome settlers—Those that offer ten cents on the dollar.

A standard Work.—History of the American Flag.

Why a baker should not sell his bread: Because he kneads it himself.

Russian sailors remind one of the dipper-constellation, because they are the great bear's-tars.

It is the break of day that prevents night from going too far.

A robbin' red-breast—The Indian.

The custom of adorning the prows of vessels with a female head or figure is supposed to have originated in a desire to secure good port-rates.

In very warm weather the schoolmaster is the only man who keeps his collars straight.

"Leander," said Mrs. Sprikins, the other morning, as the former was preparing to leave the house, "when commending my good qualities, why are you like a wool-grower?" "Something about sheep in it, ain't there?" queried Spilkins. "Just like you!" she replied. "The answer is: Because you are a she-praiser." "Knew it all the time," chuckled Leander, as he slammed the door and whistled for a passing street car.

A sign of spring: "To Let."

The man who invites you to choose: The tobacconist.

When you meet a man who is "hard up," you cannot do better than to leave him a loan.

What is the difference between a young man and a goose?—Why, one is served with a tailor-bill, and the other is served without a tail or a bill.

The Norristown *Herald* is willing to pay a premium for a pun on isinglass. Well, speak about some young lady looking at herself in a mirror.

The path of duty—Through the Custom House.

The price of sugar is up. Now look for a great syrurprise.

Favorite airs of the fair sex—Solit aires and camel's (h) airs.

How to get along in the world—Walk.

The size of Paris bonnets is growing less, but the size of husbands is growing larger at the price.

The difficulty with the servant-maid of the period is, that she is not maid to order.

A cigar lighter: The box from which you took one.

The girl who imbibed freely of apple juice was, for a time thereafter, be-cider-self.

If a bank can't stand a loan, it must eventually go down.

A circus band may toot in front of a newspaper-office for hours, but that doesn't make up for the failure to liquidate an advertising bill.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*. No, it is a miserable substitoot.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

William Winter calls his new book of poems "Thistle Down." He thinks Thistle make it sell.

So the Kickapoos want to return from Mexico, do they? Let them. It don't do to Kick a poo-r Indian when he's down.

The best thing to fall over now is a fall overcoat.

"This," thought a boy while being trounced by his fond papa, "is very like a whale."

"Do you call a man kind who remits nothing to his family while away?" said an actor. "Call that kindness?" "Yes, *un-remitting* kindness," was the reply of Douglas Jerrold.

Spring openings: rat traps.

A serious man may not be proverbial for wisdom, though he be a solemn un.

Very few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as the drum-major puts on.

No bird is actually on the wing. Wings are on the bird.

A New Orleans editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in a car found himself "crowded out for more interesting matter."

A man who has just had to rig his wife up in a hundred dollar seal skin-cloak, charges it all to the rig-her of the climate.

An optical delusion—A glass eye.

The speaker of the house—The phonograph.

"Do editors ever do wrong?" "No." "What do they do?" "They do write."

One of the horses attached to a street-car got over the tongue the other day; whereupon Piper remarked that the animal had the start of him, as he had received a blowing-up from his wife that morning, and hadn't got over the tongue yet.

"Two for assent."—A bridal couple.

A Bloomingdale man went home the other evening, and told his wife that "It is better to have loved a hoss than never to have loved at all."

Food for repentance—Mince-pie eaten late at night.

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied: "because of the famine in the land."

A stare-case—A telescope.

Old Uncle Ned could never have become a member of any colored society, because, no matter what his qualifications, he would always be black bald.

An exclamation that does not apply to the "girl of the period:" A lass too true!

A corner in flax is bad, but ache on a toe is worse.

If your landlady's daughter is pretty, you may say, "Please pass me that, honey."

The period spent by the chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

"Why did you set your cup on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said the landlady. "It is so very weak, ma'am, I thought I would let it rest."

Now is the time to put your hens under bonds with a coop-on.

The butchers are the ones principally concerned in the adoption of the meat-trick system.

When does a man become a "burning" poet? When he's a versifier.

A shoemaker advertises "medical boots." The virtue is in the heel.

The girls at Wellesley College have had the scarlet fever. Well, we suppose they will be better, red.

It is not aviary foolish thing to call a kitchen timepiece a "cookoo clock."

Two barristers were conversing about a case, when one said: "We have justice on our side." "What we want," said the other, is the *Chief Justice*."

A man asked for a bottle of hock, and said hic, haec, hoc.—The waiter, who knew a little Latin, did nothing. "Did I not order some hoc?" said the man. "Yes," said the waiter, "but you afterwards *declined* it."

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are *so-fist-ical*.

Coleridge once being asked which of the Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied "His daughter Dora."

Foote once asked a man why he forever sang one tune.—"Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote, "you are continually *murdering* it."

"I have asked her to marry me, and I have the refusal of her."

A printer's boy went to see a preacher's daughter. The next Sunday the minister's text was: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a *devil*."

Robert Hall, disgusted with the egotism of a young clergyman, said: "Yes, there was one very fine point in your discourse sir." "Which was it?" "Why, sir, the *passage* from the pulpit into the vestry."

A curate being chided by the Bishop for attending a ball, said: "My lord, I wore a mask." "Oh," said the Bishop, "that puts a *new face* on the affair."

A bachelor having advertised for a wife to share his lot, was asked what size his lot was.

A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid of being seen footing the stockings of her husband.

A port of entry: Port-wine.

Dr. Johnson said of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, which was poor in purse but prolific in its distribution of degrees: "Let it persevere in its present plan, and it may become rich by *degrees*."

A coquette is one who first steals your heart by her address, and then *steals* her own heart to your addresses.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?" "No, sah, I've seen 'em *kill mice*."

Nibs being told that Lucinda took the circumstance very much at heart, said, "Did she, indeed? The poor girl. Would that I were that circumstance!"

Counselor Lamb told Erskine he felt himself growing more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," said the latter; "Every one knows the older a lamb grows the more *sheepish* he becomes."

"Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?" Warren wrote 'Now and then,' Bulwer wrote 'Night and Morning,' and Dickens wrote 'All the Year Round.' "

Which is the most awkward time for a train to start? 12.50, as it's *ten to one* if you catch it.

Why is a bride-groom often more expensive than a bride?—Because the bride is given away, but the groom is often *sold*.

Why was Goliath surprised when David struck him with a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

Why are good intentions like fainting ladies? Because they want carrying out.

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience? Because it's an inner check to an outer man.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn? One is a taper in a cavern, and the other a caper in a tavern.

What is the difference between a man going up stairs and one looking up? One is stepping up the stairs, the other staring up the steps.

Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? Because the more you lick it, the faster it goes.

What is the difference between an engine driver and a school-master? One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

What shape is a kiss? Elliptical. (A-lip-tickle.)

Why is a shoe black like an editor? Because he polishes the understandings of his patrons.

Why is a fishmonger never generous? Because his business is sell-fish.

Prof. Cromwell says that Rome in exchanging her religion exchanged Jupiter for *Jew* Peter. This is considered a remarkable pun.

What relation is a door mat to a door step? A "step farther."

Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive ? Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, and has a train following her.

What man had no father ? Joshua, the son of Nun.

Why is a dead doctor like a dead duck ? Because they have both done quacking.

When can donkey be spelt with one letter ? When it's "U."

Why have chickens no fear of a future state ? Because they have their next world (necks twirled) in this.

Why is a school-boy being flogged like your eye ? Because he's a pupil under the lash.

Why are clouds like coachmen ? Because they hold the rains. (*rcins.*)

Why is love like a potato ? Because it shoots from the eyes and gets less by pairing.

Why is the fisherman's the most lucrative employment ? It's all nett profit.

Why does the sailor know there's a man in the moon ? Because he's been to sea. (see.)

How do you keep water out of your house ? Omit to pay your water tax.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men ? Because they scintillate. (Sin-till-late.)

Why is an umbrella like a pancake ? Because it's seldom seen after lent.

If you saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel disposed at once to name ? Dickens—Howitt—Burns.

When is a man duplicated ? When he is beside himself.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow ? Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it's farthest from the bark.

What word by changing one letter becomes its opposite?—United—Untied.

At what time of day was Adam born? A little before Eve.

How were Adam and Eve kept from gambling? Their pair of dice was taken away from them.

What is that which you can keep after giving it to some one else? Your word.

What most effectually checks a fast man? A bridal.

What tree bears the most fruit to market? The Axle-tree.

Why is a pretty girl like an excellent mirror? She's a good looking lass.

Why is a pig with a curly continuation, like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Because he could a tale unfold.

Who dares sit before the Queen with his hat on? The coachman.

When are apples alike? When pared.

Why does tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace? It makes him *fast*.

What is the difference between a mouse and a young lady?—One harms the cheese, the other charms the he's.

On what day in the year do women talk the least? The shortest day.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it isn't fit for use 'till it's broken.

What money brings the most substantial interest? Matrimony.

Why should Benjamin marry Annie? Because he would be Bennie-fitted, she Annie-mated.

Why are alum mines like cotton mills? Because they have a-loom-in-em.

What two letters express the most agreeable people in the world? U and I.

Why are kisses like the Creation? They are made of nothing and yet are very good.

What most frequently becomes a woman? A little girl.

Why is a lawyer like a restless sleeper? He lies first on one side and then on the other.

What is the difference between a Honey-Comb, and a Honey-Moon? One is composed of little Cells, the other is one Big Sell.

A boy said, "My Father has a Brother but he is not my Uncle." How can you explain the contradiction? The Boy Lied.

What is the difference between Perseverance and Obstinacy. One arises from a strong *Will*, and the other from a strong *Won't*.

Why is the figure 9 like a Peacock? Because it is *nothing* (o) without its tail.

Why do women seek husbands named William? So they can have a *Will* of their own.

What rose is born to blush unseen? Negroes.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave, and the other shavers to raise.

Why are books your best friends? Because when they bore you, you can shut them up without giving offence.

What's the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other killing with intent to salt.

When is a soldier not half a soldier? When he's in quarters.

Why is a man's face shaved in January like a celebrated fur? Because it's a chin-chilly.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-is.

What word may be pronounced quicker, by adding a syllable to it? Quick:

When is a pretty girl like a ship? When she is attached to a *buoy*.

Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen?—Because he rings his own (*K*) Nell.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose? Because it is red (read) to the very end.

What is that which never flies, but when its wings are broken? An army.

When is a man not a man? When he's a shaving.

Why are pretty girls like fire-works? Because they soon go off.

Why is it absurd to ask a pretty girl to be candid? Because she cannot be *plain*.

Why is a melancholy young lady the most attractive of companions? Because she is always *a-musing*.

What is that which never asks questions, yet requires answers? The door bell.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet stands still? The road.

Why is a neglected damsel like a fire which has gone out? Because she has not a *spark* left.

Why is a plum cake like the ocean? Because it contains many *currants*.

What ship is it that no woman objects to embark in? Courtship.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing

What is the worst *seat* a man can sit on? "Self-con-*ceit*."

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show? Because it is a bee-holder

Why is a proud woman like a music book? Because she is full of airs.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a fall.

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they *steal* their petticoats, *bone* their stays, *crib* their babies, and *hook* their dresses.

Why is chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in pieces.

Which is the way to make a coat last? Make the vest and trousers first.

Why does a spoon reclining in a cup of tea resemble a handsome young lady? Because it is in tea-resting.

Who may marry many a wife, and yet live single all his life?—A clergyman.

Where can happiness always be found? In the dictionary.

Why are hot rolls like caterpillars? Because they make the butter-fly.

Why is an amateur artist dangerous? Because his *designs* are generally bad.

Why are old bachelors bad grammarians? Because when asked to conjugate, they invariably decline.

What prescription is the best for a poet? A *composing* draught.

Why is a poor acquaintance better than a rich one? A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Hook at a civic banquet at the fifth course laid down his knife and fork and declared he would take the rest out in money.

A man was killed by a circular saw, and in his obituary notice it was stated that he was "a good citizen, an upright man and an ardent patriot, but of limited information with regard to circular saws."

A colored servant sweeping a room, found a sixpence belonging to a lodger. "You may keep it for your honesty," Afterwards he missed a gold pencil case, and asked the servant if he had seen it. "Yes, sir, I have kept it for my honesty."

A big Yankee from Maine, on paying his bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter. "Wal," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as though he could, though, and there was no further discussion.

"Do you not like to to go to church?" said a lady to Mrs. Partington. "Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on a Sunday morning, and go to church and hear a popular minister dispense with the gospel."

"Martha, dost thou love me?" said a young Quaker. "Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another." "Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?" I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought perhaps that thou wast getting more than thy share."

The day is not far distant, murmurs the *Elko Post*, when the housewife will glance into the woodshed, and, finding that the husband has gone off without splitting the daily allowance of fuel, will take down the phonograph, and howl into it a volley of epithets that will register one hundred and sixty pounds pressure to the square inch on the safety gauge, and then call out to her boy: "Here, John, go down town and grind that out to your lazy old father, and see that you turn the crank, lively too."

Men never love women they do not understand, and women never love men they do understand.

A Scotchman appealed to a clergyman for alms, and upon receiving them said; "I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this, one of thae days"

"If I'm not home from the party at ten o'clock, don't wait for me, wife." "No, I'll not wait for you. If you're not home I'll go for you." He arrived at ten.

A Scottish clergyman heard a contention in a house and asked "Who is the head here?" The man said: "Sit down a little, we're just trying to settle that point."

A man in Bengal asserts: "Tiger hunting is a very fine amusement, so long as you hunt the tiger, but it's rather awkward, when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt *you*."

An Irishman beholding Niagara Falls, said: "What is there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said his companion, "see that mighty river pouring over into the deep abyss."—"And sure, *what's to hinder it?*" said Pat.

Some one endeavored to console a man who had lost three wives, by saying: "The Lord hath indeed afflicted you." "Yes, he has," said the man, "but the Lord didn't get much ahead of me, for as fast as he took one, *I took another*."

"The treasurer of a railroad asked the conductor why he passed a certain passenger, without asking his ticket or fare.—"Oh, he's a conductor on ——— Railroad." "He a conductor! why what makes him dress so shabbily?" "He's trying to *live on his salary*, was the quick reply.

A traveling Munchausen said he had seen a Church in Spain a mile long. "Bless me," said Garrick, "How broad was it?" "About ten yards," replied the startled narrator, who had not supposed Garrick to be listening. "That is not a round lie," said Garrick; "but differs from his other stories, which are generally as *broad as they are long*."

A Scotch wit says there is no reason why the phonograph should not be spoken of as "she." It repeats everything.

What is the difference between the Czar of Russia and one of his peasants? One issues his manifestoes, and the other manifests his toes without his shoes.

A young lady remarked during a storm, she was afraid of lightning. "And well you may be," sighed her despairing lover, "your heart is made of *steel*."

A little boy was shown the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions. He startled his friends by shouting: "Ma, Oh ma! Just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any."

Judge Breckenridge called a prisoner a scoundrel. "Sir," said the criminal, "I am not so great a scoundrel as your honor—takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the Judge.

"It wasn't so very late, only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came in, and looked at my watch, it was three o'clock."—"Well, arn't three *a quarter of twelve*?"

A married lady, referring to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, observed, that while young men and maidens, old men and children were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. A clergymen assured her they had not been omitted, but included in one of the preceding verses under the description of *vapors and storms*.

A soldier running for Congress, said: "Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I have slept on the field of battle, and have walked over frozen ground, till my footsteps were marked with blood." A voter, wiping his tearful eyes with his coat tail, said: "Did you say you followed the enemy over frozen ground till every footstep was covered with blood?"—"Yes." "Well then, I'll be blamed if you havn't done enough for your country. I'll vote for the other chap.

The art of conversation—British tourist (to fellow-passenger in mid-channel)—Going across I suppose?" "Fellow Passenger—"Yaas. Are you?"

A German was about to visit his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-by" to a friend extended his hand and said: "Vell, offer I don'd see you dot onner time, hallo."

"We all knows," said the school-committee-man to the new teacher he was examining for a position, "that A B an' C is wovels; but wot we wants to know is wy they is so."

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor on Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise, and crying "Darling Susie! darling Susie!" He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

Two sisters conversing about a concert which had taken place, the younger of the two, who had been present, was asked if Miss H——, one of the singers was encored. Her youthful fancy must have been drawn in another direction, for she replied, "Oh, no; she was in black velvet."

Mackey, the California millionaire, came to this country a poor Irish boy. Stewart, the New York millionaire, came to this country a poor Irish boy. We might give other illustrations, but these two are sufficient to show that our struggling American youth made a great mistake in not coming to this country poor Irish boys.

By private wire: Mr. Basingbal (city merchant)—"Most convenient! I can converse with Mrs. B. just as if I was in my own drawing-room. I'll tell her you are here." (Speaks through the telephone.) "Dawdles is here—just come from Paris—looking so well—desires to be," etc., etc. "Now you take it and you'll hear her voice distinctly." Dawdles—"Weally!" (Dawdles takes it.) The voice.—"For goodness sake, dear, don't bring that insufferable noodle home to dinner!"

Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient. "I intend to stand *outside* to draw your tooth."

A doting mother labeled her preserves: "Put *up* by Mrs. D." Her son ate them, and wrote on the labels: "Put *down* by Johnny D."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to a friend, who had fallen into a pit in the Irishman's garden. "No matter," said Pat, "*I've found it.*"

"Now my hearties," said a Yankee captain, "you've a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes, 'till your powder's gone, then run. I'm a little lame and I'll start now."

The conductor on a slow train said: "Madam, your boy can't pass at half fare, he's too large." "He may be too large now," replied the lady, "but he was *small enough when we started.*"

Fame is tardy in reaching some men; but if the man is deserving, it is bound to strike him sooner or later. A Berks County editor has had a blue and red canal-boat named after him.

The theology of certain narrow-minded and narrow-hearted people reminds us of the child who told her little friend of French extraction that it was useless for her to say her prayers, because she couldn't talk English.

Said a politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an Alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree, and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then."

A colored firm recently dissolved partnership and posted the following notice to the public: "De dissolution of co-parnsnips heretofore resisting hetwixt me and Mose Jones, in de barber profession am heretofore dissolved. Pussons who owe must pay to de subscriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

Two ladies abused each other. Their friends appealed to Walpole. "Have they called each other *ugly!*" "No." Very good," said he, "I can reconcile them."

A poor cornet got his skull fractured, and was told by the doctor that his brain was visible. He replied: "Write and tell my father, for he always swore I had none."

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three kinds of pride: of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Thackeray was at a St. Louis dinner, when one waiter said to another: "That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" said the other. "Blessed if I know," was the answer.

"I do not think, madame, that any man of the least sense would approve of your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted the better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

Pat: "What is the fare to Putnam?" Agent: "Putnam, Mass. or Putnam, Conn.?" Pat: "What is the fare?" Agent: "Five dollars to Putnam, Mass., and eight dollars to Putnam, Conn." Pat: "Well, bedad, I'll take the cheapest."

A railroad conductor having insulted a lady passenger, she said that the company should never have another cent of her money. "How can you manage that?" said the conductor.—"Hereafter, instead of buying my ticket at the office," said the lady, "I will pay fare *to you*."

The Bishop of Hereford was examining a school-class the other day, and among other things asked what an average was. Several boys pleaded ignorance, but one at last replied: "It is what a hen lays on." The answer puzzled the Bishop not a little, but the boy persisted in it, stating he had read it in his little book of facts. He was then told to bring his little book, and on doing so he pointed triumphantly to a paragraph commencing: "The domestic hen lays on an average fifty eggs each year."

THE AUDIPHONE

A NEW INVENTION

THAT ENABLES

THE DEAF

TO HEAR THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE TEETH, AND THE
DEAF AND DUMB TO HEAR AND LEARN TO SPEAK.



A Class of Deaf Mutes Listening to Music for the First Time, by aid of the AUDIPHONE.
(From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Dec. 13, 1879.)

Invented by RICHARD S. RHODES, Chicago, Ill.

SOLD ONLY BY
RHODES & McCLURE,
Methodist Church Block, Chicago.

1880.



A YOUNG LADY FROM WASHINGTON HEIGHTS DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY, HEARING HER OWN VOICE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE AUDIPHONE.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF.

An Instrument that enables the Deaf to Hear with Ease through the Medium of the Teeth, and the Deaf and Dumb to Hear and Learn to Speak.

INVENTED BY R. S. RHODES, CHICAGO, ILLS.

The Audiphone resembles a fan. It is made of a peculiar composition, that, like a telephone diaphragm, gathers the faintest sounds and conveys them, through the medium of the teeth and auditory nerve, to the brain.

When in use the instrument is strung, or bent, to the proper tension and its upper edge is pressed against the edge of the upper teeth. See Figs. 1, 2, 3.



Fig. 1. The Audiphone in its natural position; used as a fan.



Fig. 2. The Audiphone in tension; the proper position for hearing.



Fig. 3. The Audiphone properly adjusted to the upper teeth; ready for use. (Side view.)

With ordinarily good upper teeth and auditory nerve the Audiphone gives good satisfaction. With artificial teeth, if they fit firmly, it gives good results.

Care should be taken, in all cases, to adjust the instrument properly.

Persons not accustomed to hearing *articulate* sounds, or who, by the use of ear trumpets, have become accustomed to *unnatural* sound, will generally require a little practice before they get the full benefit of the instrument.

In all cases the result improves as the instrument is used. Its use also improves the natural sense of hearing.

FROM PERSONS USING THE AUDIPHONE.

The following testimony is in all respects authentic, and in every instance has come to Rhodes & McClure, unsolicited. The same is also true concerning the notices "From the Press."

"I hear ordinary conversation with ease, and it is a wonder to me every time I use it. Sounds that I had not heard for years and had quite forgotten came back distinctly, and the more I use it the better I like it.

"Oct. 9, 1879.

"ABBIE R. STEVENS,
"Salem, Mass."

"I attend church, hear perfectly six pews from the desk, *and can not hear the minister's voice without the Audiphone*. I go to lectures and concerts, and, in short, am alive again and a part of the world. Sometimes I think my Audiphone is bewitched, it works so well.

"Dec. 13, 1879. [Second Letter.]

"ABBIE R. STEVENS."

"The Audiphone came O. K. By its aid I am now able to join in general conversation, which I have not been able to do for eighteen years.

"Nov. 21, 1879.

"H. K. TAYLOR,
"Cleveland, O."

"The 'Phone at hand; and on trial even more satisfactory than could be expected at first use. My wife and friends are delighted and enthusiastic over it. They are rejoiced that I can hear, and I am glad that it no longer requires an effort on their part to enable me to do so.

"Oct. 4, 1879.

"E. C. ELY (firm, Reynolds & Ely),
"Peoria, Ills."

"114 South Twenty-First Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 15.

"Messrs. Rhodes & McClure.—The Audiphone arrived safely, and I hasten to assure you of its *perfect* success for my hearing. In ordinary conversation I can not use it against the eye-teeth as it makes the voices too loud, although the Audiphone is scarcely drawn. I entered into general conversation with perfect ease, last evening, for the first time for five or six years. A melodeon or piano I hear distinctly at great distances. Reading aloud is also easily heard. My family and friends are so rejoiced at my success, and regard the instrument in wonder. My physician is delighted with it, and thinks, as my deafness arose greatly from nervousness, that the Audiphone will stimulate the auditory nerve, and possibly benefit or restore my sense of hearing. The terrible strain being taken from my mind gives me such rest and good spirits that I almost forget my deafness.

"Yours very truly,

"MRS. F. A. LEX."

"Messrs. Rhodes & McClure.—The Audiphone, per Adams' Express, arrived all right, and my wife is delighted with it. She has been to the theater and other public entertainments, and for the first time in twelve years was able to hear all that was said.

"Dec. 9, 1879.

"H. A. BARRY, 26 Post Office Ave., Baltimore, Md."

"My Audiphone is the wonder of the day. It helps me wonderfully in conversation.

"B. H. MULFORD, ESQ., Montrose, Pa."

"My deafness is of long standing, having originated from an attack of scarlet fever more than thirty years ago. The hearing in each ear is defective and in one almost completely impaired. The Audiphone forwarded has been tested in ordinary conversation and also by attendance upon the opera and perfectly subserves the purposes for which it was intended. My hearing when using the instrument is as acute as though no infirmity existed and the effect of the use of the instrument has appreciably toned up and improved the auditory organs—so much so as to have attracted the attention of my family.

"I have exhibited the instrument to several friends afflicted with deafness. Among the parties who have determined to use your invention are Judge McCorkle, of California; Gen. Boynton, of the Cincinnati Gazette; and General Markham, a resident of this city. All of these gentlemen are afflicted with defective hearing.

"Nov. 28, 1879.

"G. W. CARTER,
Washington, D. C."

"I find that the more accustomed I become to the use of my Audiphone the better results do I obtain, and having been quite deaf for over thirty years I can assure you it is a great gratification to be able to attend any place where public speaking is going on and hear all that is uttered by the speakers—a pleasure that has been denied me all that time.

Nov. 26, 1879.

"JOHN B. SCOTT, New York."

- "It answers the purpose admirably. Has created quite a sensation among my friends."
 "Sept. 21, 1879. "E. F. TEST, Claim Agent, U. P. R. R., "Omaha, Neb."
- "Your Audiphone to hand. The lady (my sister) has tried it and finds she can hear now an ordinary conversation which she can not do without it. I would not part with it for ten times its cost."
 "Sept., 1879. "W. W. EVANS,
 "Grant Locomotive Works, Paterson, N. J."
- "I procured an Audiphone yesterday and can already hear quite well an ordinary conversation."
 "HENRY MILNES, Cold Water, Mich."
- "Music clear in any part of the room. To say that I am gratified would only express moderately how I feel."
 "G. H. PAINE, Freemont, Neb., Sept. 30, 1879."
- "The Audiphone is a great benefit to me. Without it music is a confused murmur of sounds; with it I can hear the different parts as well as I ever could."
 "Dec. 6, 1879. "ABBIE WEST, Canton, Ills."
- "I am satisfied from experiments which I have witnessed that, excepting instances in which the Auditory nerve is totally paralyzed, all the deaf may, by its help, be enabled to hear and intelligently converse."
 "REV. S. H. WELLER, D.D., Morrison, Ills."
- "I have been deaf for thirty years, but can now hear distinctly with the Audiphone."
 "JOHN ATKINSON,
 "Sept. 19, 1879. "Sec., Treas. and Sup't Racine (Wis.) Gaslight Co."
- "St. Joseph's Institute,
 "Fordham, (near New York City,) Dec. 4, 1879."
- "On Tuesday, the 2d inst., the Audiphone was tested by a number of pupils of the Institute with the following results:
 "Cecilia Lynch, aged 16, is supposed to have been deaf from birth. It has, however, been remarked that she could hear very loud sounds and could sometimes distinguish her own name if spoken in a loud tone by a person quite close to her. She says also that she sometimes hears the strains of the organ in the chapel, but so far from deriving any pleasure from the music the confused sounds are very disagreeable to her. By the use of the Audiphone she not only heard distinctly but could repeat almost every word spoken to her. As she has been instructed in articulation and reads easily from the lips it was thought that this knowledge assisted her. One of the persons present then stood behind her and repeated several words which she readily imitated, thus proving, beyond a doubt, the value of the Audiphone.
 "Annie Toohey, aged 10 years, became deaf at the age of three from spinal meningitis. It was supposed that her hearing was completely destroyed, but on applying the Audiphone to her teeth she heard and distinctly repeated after Mr. Rhodes several of the letters of the alphabet. This little girl has begun to make considerable progress in articulation, but up to the day on which she tried the Audiphone the vowel E appeared to be an insurmountable difficulty to her; by the aid of the Audiphone she repeated it with perfect distinctness.
 "Another little girl, Sarah Flemming, also heard the voice of Mr. Rhodes and others who spoke to her. As in the preceding case, her deafness was caused by spinal meningitis, by which she was attacked when five years of age. By the aid of the Audiphone she was able to repeat several sounds.
 "Several others tested the Audiphone with more or less success."
 "MARY B. MORGAN, Principal."
- In a later letter (Dec. 12) Miss Morgan states: "No doubt the Audiphone will be of great service to our pupils."
 "Western and Atlantic R. Co. Office Treasurer,
 "Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 18, 1879."
- "Messrs. Rhodes & McClure.—Will you please send me a Conversational Audiphone by Express C. O. D., the price of which is \$10, as per advertisement."
 "Very respectfully,
 "W. C. MERRILL, Sec. and Treas. W. & A. R. Co."
- "Please send me another Conversational Audiphone by Express."—(Telegram from W. C. Merrill, Nov. 24, 1879.)
 "Please send me Concert Audiphone by Express."—(Telegram from same, Dec. 9.)
 "Please send me Conversational Audiphone by Express."—(Telegram from same, December 12.) [N.B.—Mr. Merrill is not an agent. He purchased these Audiphones, per telegram, for friends who had seen his instrument.]
- "R. S. Rhodes, Esq.—Dear Sir,—I avail myself of this opportunity to tender to you my best wishes for the success of your philanthropic invention."
 "Yours,
 "Dec. 9, 1879. "JAMES J. BARCLAY,
 "Sec. Penn. Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia."

FROM THE PRESS.

"We have seen and tested the Audiphone, to which we feel under obligations because alone of the magical and blessed boon it has proved to several loved personal friends. In some cases the relief has been instantaneous, magical, and, to the patients, overwhelming. We have seen friends burst into glad tears and sink quietly to the floor under the glad stroke of gratitude and joy."—*N. W. C. Advocate* (from the Editor, Dr. Edwards).

"Each note of the musician and each tone of the singer come as clearly and distinctly as they did before my sense of hearing was impaired."—*Hon. Joseph Medill, Editor Chicago Tribune*.

"A man deafer than Edison has shown, by the Audiphone, that people born deaf or made deaf by disease, can actually be made to hear to a greater or less extent."—*Detroit Free Press*. Nov. 25, 1879.

"It is valuable, and will materially help in the education of children like those at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and will doubtless prove an effective aid to the many people of impaired hearing. Its discovery therefore is a cause for congratulation, and its attractive appearance and convenience for use, so different from the old-fashioned ear trumpet, will serve to bring it largely into use."—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant*.

"Deaf mutes were able to hear the music of the piano when at a considerable distance from the instrument."—*N. Y. Observer's Report of Private Exhibition*.

"This wonderful invention promises to be one of great value."—*Illustrated N. Y. Christian Weekly*.

"Mr. Rhodes has shown that people born deaf, or made deaf by disease, can actually be made to hear."—*New York World*.

"Tests were satisfactorily applied to several members of a class of deaf mutes who were present, and the pleasure at hearing sound evinced by one young girl was most interesting and touching. A new organ, or a new use for an organ, is discovered, if not created."—*From Jenny June's Letter in Baltimore American*. Dec. 1, 1879.

"Mr. James Samuelson exhibited, in the Lecture Hall of the Free Library, Liverpool, England, an instrument designed as an aid to the deaf—the Audiphone—which he met with during his late visit to America. . . . The general result appeared to be that, provided the auditory nerve itself was in a healthy condition, the Audiphone was of great assistance to deaf persons."—*Liverpool Daily Post*. Dec. 2, 1879.

"No spectacles will give a blind man sight, but the new instrument does give a deaf man hearing."—*The Interior*. Sept. 8, 1879.

"We have seen persons hear sound in this way (with Audiphone) who never knew what sound was."—*Advance*.

"Catharine Lewis, a young lady, also an inmate of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia, ordinarily was able to hear a very loud voice. With the Audiphone she could hear and repeat words uttered in a conversational key."—*Philadelphia Record's Report of Exhibition in Philadelphia*. Dec. 9, 1879.

"Not a few of the interested auditors were enabled to follow the proceedings by means of Audiphones, and all such cheerfully added their testimony to the great amelioration of what was, in some cases, almost total deafness of many years' standing."—*Philadelphia Times' Report of Philadelphian Exhibition*. Dec. 9, 1879.

"At last the deaf are made to hear. Failing to hear through the front door of the ear the Audiphone carries it to the back."—*Concord (N. H.) Daily Monitor*. November 25, 1879.

"The deaf-mutes were enabled to distinguish the difference between sounds, and enjoyed the singing of one of the ladies."—*New York Tribune's Report of Exhibition*. Nov. 22, 1879.

"The mutes tested the Audiphone. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation."—*New York Sun's Report of Exhibition*. Nov. 22, 1879.

"In this invention Mr. Rhodes has proved himself a benefactor."—*The Standard*. Sept. 25, 1879.

"A very valuable Invention."—*Evening (Milwaukee) Wisconsin, Editor, J. F. Cramer*. Oct. 1, 1879.

"The fact of hearing through the medium of the teeth has long been known, but it has remained for the inventor of the Audiphone to utilize this fact for the benefit of the afflicted."—*New York Star*. Nov. 22, 1879.

"A class of deaf-mutes, from the Washington Heights Asylum were present, and the tests with them were quite satisfactory. Some heard the notes of the piano for the first time."—*New York Evangelist's Report of New York Exhibition*. Nov. 27, 1879.

¹ Seems to discount any of the instruments invented by Edison to aid the hearing."—*New Orleans Times*. Nov. 27, 1879.

"The invention will have practical value."—*New York Herald*.

"It is all the inventor claims it to be." *Evansville (Ind.) Journal*. Nov. 30, 1879.

"The Trial was an eminent success."—*Boston Traveler*. Dec. 2, 1879.

"It has been tested with remarkable results in the Indiana Institute for the Deaf."—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*. December, 1879.

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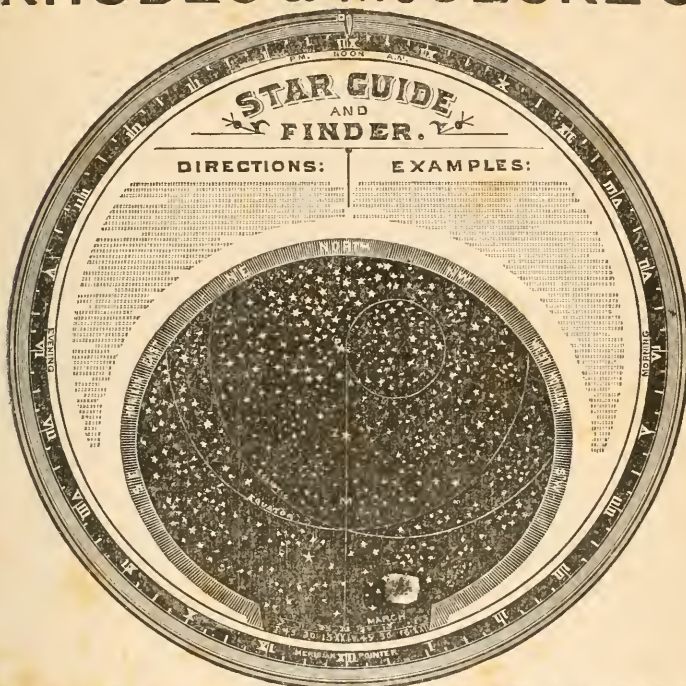
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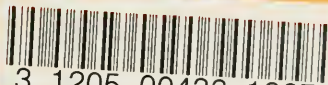


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